

It is hard to say wheter the first entry should stand here or not. Perhaps it ought to have been regarded as the finale of last year. But last year's Log is already bound, so here goes. Late in December, on what day is not recorded, three distinguished Merryweathers came to Camp. They left Gardiner in the small dark hours of the morning, laden with many and useful things, and in due course of time reached the familiar shore. They were J.R., G.W., and J.G.W.; and their purpose was fishing. Now don't say that it is against the law to fish through the ice on Great Pond. We know that as well as you do, and so do they. Ever hear of Hamilton Pond? Quite so. And the Pickerel there are so big that it takes a capital to do them justice.

We cannot give a detailed account of all that this noble trio did, but they did not starve. Here is a list of what they got away with in the course of their stay:

Strip of bacon	1/2 pint syrup
32 eggs	Pint of whiskey
6 qrts. milk	2 cans peanut butter
1 can cocoa	1 lb. butter
4 cans tomato soup	1 cake chocolate
2 cans ox-tail sup	2 boxes shredded wheats
2 cans mock-turtle soup	1 lb. coffee
1 can chicken soup	1/4 lb. tea
2 loaves bread	2 cans tomato soup
2 lbs. crackers	12 eggs
1 can peaches	2 cans chicken soup
1 can pineapples	1 loaf bread
1 peck potatoes	2 lbs. cookies
2 lbs. onions	2 lbs. crackers
3 cans baked beans	1 1/2 lb. butter
Turnovers	2 cans baked beans.
Pancakes	

And the fish? Well, they caught them all the last day they were here, and brought them in to Gardiner. And if ever there was a good pickerel, it was that 3 3/4 lb. monster caught by J.R., whose picture adorns the wall.

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FRIDAY, First and foremost, by automobile, arriving in time
June 20,
Drizzly. for dinner, the Honorable Duke, escorted by

Harry Richards

Rosalind Richards

They found Camp open, and our good friends the carpenters
in charge.

In the afternoon came our new cook and his assistants,
D.L. Mayo, H.H. Hamilton, and E.C. Rhodes.

Andrew has retired, after eleven years of faithful service.
We shall miss him dreadfully, of course, but we hope for a good
summer with our new crew, all of whom are from Hampton Institute.

Necessary tents were put up, and necessary unpacking done.

And in the evening arrived the first of our three prefects,

Charles F. Fuller

SATURDAY, Continued unpacking and arranging. The great job of
June 21,
Fair, the day was the bringing round of the float.
Warm

Arrived by the evening train, with a good deal of baggage,

Alice M. Richards

Oh yes! And R.R. set out junipers in the pasture, and
blackberries near the Point. The junipers ought to do well, if
the cows will let them alone.

SUNDAY, This morning the carpenters went in town, after Mr.
June 22,
Fair, Meserve had shown us two turtle nests up on the
N.W.

hill. If anyone wants a turtle omelette, here is the chance.

Charlie Fuller passed his swimming test this morning,
in spite of the breeze.

In the afternoon, to our surprise and delight, we had a call
from Dr. and Mrs. Thorndike, Miss Alice Thorndike, and Gus. They
were on their way to Bar Harbor, and thought they would drop in.

SUNDAY, Gus will be back on Saturday, heading quite a
(cont'd.)
delegation from Bar Harbor.

It was too rough for a water picnic, so we took our grub up to the Pine Parlour, where we built a very discreet little fire, and were extremely comfortable.

MONDAY Much work going on, of various kinds. And as we were
June 23,
Fair eating a well-earned supper, we heard an appealing
Warm

voice at the door, and there was the Professor! He had ridden all the way from Groton, so he certainly had earned his supper. He reports all well, and not a sign of a measles left. Too bad he has to go right off Wednesday afternoon, but here is his signature, to prove that he really was here.

Carlton A. Shaw

TUESDAY, This morning all the books were brought down
June 24,
Hot from the trap, and put in place. Nothing really feels
Light
rain right till that is done.
p.m.

Shortly before dinner L.E.R. arrived by automobile, and glad we were to get her. *Laura E. Richards*

And then Captain John came by and by, by bicycle, and it was pretty good to get him. *John Richards*

Painters and plumbers also hovered round, so Camp was a busy place all day.

OBSERVATIONS.

Monday afternoon A.M.R. got enough wild strawberries for supper. The crop is not like last year's, however.

The Infirmary has two new windows, on the north side. This will make things more agreeable, both for invalids and editors.

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This seems to be a great year for seedling trees. There are little oaks sprouting everywhere, and we have taken up a good many from places where they would get stepped on, and put them where they were needed.

It is also a great caterpillar year. We collected and burned a bowl-full of cocoons from the buildings the other day. On Pine Island the oaks are stripped bare, and there are signs of trouble at the south end of Oak Island. Whether we shall escape or not remains to be seen.

There are two turtle nests on the hill, not far from the wood-shed.

The pewee has taken up her abode on the back piazza this year, and her young ones sound quite lively. She seems to be a sociable bird.

The doctor's tent has been moved to the site of the old Shawtry, out beyond the Ouananiche house.

There has been a little slide along the shore, just north of faculty coffee.

Last winter Millard Stevens did a big piece of work along the shore from the boat-house to our southern limit, putting a line of big boulders there for protection against the ice. This ought to save the lives of a good many trees.

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WEDNESDAY, A great deal of work was done on the dormitories
June 25.

Fair, this morning, and before the end of the afternoon
Cool they were almost finished.

R.R. and the Professor went out fishing this morning, and
caught two bass and a good-sized pickerel off the Mouse-trap.
An auspicious start of the fishing season!

About four o' clock the Professor mounted his trusty steed,
and started for Gardiner, there to spend the night, and break
the ride home to Groton. Too bad he couldn't stay longer.

Wild strawberries again for supper. A.M.R. picks, and Duke
helps by digging for woodchucks.

There has been a good-sized fire somewhere, for there
was a strong smell of smoke during the night. Some of us did a
little prowling, but as it was coming straight off the pond,
and all seemed quiet along the Potomac, we went back to bed.

THURSDAY, Not a very nice day, but we did a good deal,
June 26
Cloudy, notwithstanding. The shutters were put away, which is a
Chilly,
S.E. great relief. It looks very untidy to have them lying
Rain
late about. Also, till they are put away, it is impossible to
p.m. put the big chests away, as they go in front of the shutters.

During the morning a mournful-looking individual appeared,
inquiring for "the man of the Camp." ^{It} He seemed that he was the
man sent round by the Belgrade Lakes association to put out
buoys, and he wanted to borrow a rock and anchor his buoy for
Pickerel Rock. We lent him a rock, and Pickerel is now wearing a
fine red pole, to warn off the unwary.

Two arrivals in the forenoon:

Alfred Millet
John A. P. Millet

Now that we have our doctor in camp, we shall feel freer with
axes and things of that kind.

We are now eight in number, and fill our two lengths of table
quite respectably.

After supper L.E.R. read us "Prince Hassak's March", a very
moral tale.

FRIDAY,
June 27

Fair
Hot

Shower
11 p.m.

The Hornpout and the Chub now have their names properly lettered, so we shall know which is which.

This noon A.M.R. went to Winthrop, to get some more blankets. Almost every trunk has been late so far, and we do not want any of our brothers to go blanketless.

She returned by the afternoon train, along with E.W.E., whose signature follows.

Eleanor W. Browne

Her trunk was among the missing, but we hope for it later. Apparently they no longer try to make any connection with trunks at the North Station.

Steve Brodie's blankets have already come, also Buster Chapin's. And there is a trunk marked J.C. Wiggins. As for Mr. Lynes's mail, it has been arriving all the week.

There were more mosquitoes in the evening than we have had at all, but by bad time a northerly breeze, the forerunner of a shower, drove them away.

The shower itself was not a tremendous one, but it cooled the air delightfully, and must have helped the gardens.

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SATURDAY, The great day;and a great day,too.We have occasionally
June 28.
Fair, had a rainy departure,but the day of arrival is almost
Warm,
N.W. always fair.

The morning was vvey busy with all sorts of getting ready.
We couldn't get the boats in the water,as the painting was done
later than usual,but we could get the locking-glasses in the
dormitories,and the soap too.What would our beloved brothers do
without soap?

We expected the first arival,by name Smith,in the morning,
as he was to be shipped from New York on the through train to
Oakland.He missed it ,though,so there was nothing doing till
afternoon.

At the usual hour the scout on the hill reported a lone
pedestrian coming round the corner.A few moments more,and he
came scrambling up the bank;Francis Perkins,now a full-fledged
half-past-niner.

Next came a toiling automobile.We do not wish to be personal,
but the three Thorndikes make quite a load,even without the
massive weight of Clarence Corning,and Archibald Coats to fill in.

The first hay-rigging was preceded by a guard of honor,
Messrs. Bennett and Wiggins;and then came the main body.Two
hay-riggings and a beach-wagon,to say nothing of the trunk
wagon,which came later.Truly a great arrival.Fewer bathing-suits
than usual were in trunks,and it did not take long to get the
pond well filled with a splashing crowd.

The signatures follow on the opposite page.

SATURDAY,
(cont'd.)

Twining Lyne

John Radford Abbot

Roger Williams Bennett

L. C. Zahner,

Geo. E. Abbot

John Gregory Wiggins

Augustus Thordike Jr.

F. D. Perkins

Charles F. Batchelder

Wm. M. Houghton

Charles T. Thordike

Philip Batchelder

Richard G. Brodwick

Robert Amory Thordike

Augustus Aspinwall.

Russell Chapin.

Alden S. Foss.

Samuel Town

H. Pelham Curtis

E. Francis Leland Jr.

R. J. Paine Jr.

George H. Cabot

Theodore G. Holcombe

Horace B. Davis

William W. Scott

Frederick N. Dillon

Archibald Coats

Hallowell Davis

Richard N. Greenwood

James B. Thayer

Danny W. Cross

Lawrence H. Canning

Champlin B. Mulliken

Chas. Allen Jr.

W. James

Hancock Dorr

Henry S. Howard

Marien Jencks

Richard Hallowell

Jacob Dummell

Philip S. Barker Jr.

James C. Lowell Jr.

SATURDAY Some trunks were missing, of course, but fewer than
(cont'd.)
usual, and so almost everyone was comfortable in camp clothes.

After supper there was an interval of unpacking and passing
ball, and then came our annual trip to Jerusalem. The train was a
long one, so to win was quite a triumph. We give the winners below.

1st. Round: Chapin.

2nd. Round: Leland

Faculty exhibition: G.E.A.

Ladies' Exhibition: E.W.B.

And then it was half-past eight.

Francis Perkins, Clarence Corning, Dicky Hallowell,
and last but not least, Charlie Thorndike, are now half-past
niners. We haven't had so many for several years. There are ten,
besides the three perfects.

Euster has gone into long trousers, but he is still a junior.

As for little Foster Batchelder, he must have found the foun-
tain of youth, for though his legs grow longer and longer, he
never seems to get any older.

Mosquitoes were rather fierce, but we passed round the
"dope", and began "Calumet K."

SUNDAY, Mr.Lynes's birthday, and a finer day could not be
 June 29
 Fair, asked for.If Francis Leland can give us weather like
 Warm,
 N.W. this,he had better be a permanent institution.

The following appointments have been made:

Lamps, Corning,Dillon.

Flag, James.

Weather,Leland.

After^{service} the eggs and anchors were put out, and in due
 course of time the boats followed.We feel much more comfortable
 with them in place.

It was not an ideal swimming test day, as there was quite a
 breeze from the northwest, but all who tried it passed easily:
 namely, Coats, Thayer, Howard, Holcombe, Mulliken. A good beginning,
 and we hope for more tomorrow.

Holcombe says they call him fat at school; we should like
 to show his schoolmates what we call a fat boy. We name no names,
 but we could surprise them.

At afternoon reading we began "The Tempest". We haven't
 read it since 1910.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIPOGENUS.	ADLER.
T.L.	L.C.Z.	J.G.W.	J.R.A.	G.E.A.
Perkins	Chapin	Dowell	Howard	Dorr
Dillon	Leland	Holcombe	Paine	Thayer
Parker	A.M.R.	C.Batchelder	Brodrick	Hallowell

YAMMERSCOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	OUANANICHE.
J.R.	R.W.E.	A.T.	C.F.F.	H.R.
H.B.Davis	Coats	A.Foss	Aspinwall	J.A.P.M. Cross
A.J.M.	R.R.	James	R.Thorndike	H.Davis Corning
Dunnell	Cabot	Jenckes	Scott	P.Batch. Allen
				Mulliken Hun
				C.Thorndike Houghton
				L.E.R. E.W.B.
				Greenwood Curtis

SUNDAY, We found the picnic^{place} a little untidy, with fish-heads
 (CONT'D.) and other unpleasantnesses, but we went right up to the field
 for "Wolf".

This noble sport was a little modified by the fact that the field was full of wild strawberries. Some wolves carefully chose their hiding-places where the berries were thick, and some sheep were not so energetic in pursuit as they might have been. But a good strawberry patch is not to be found every day.

The mosquitoes were rather fierce, but we built a smoky fire, which discouraged them a good deal.

After supper we had songs and rounds, and then paddled quietly home. At least, it was quiet as far as the point. After that it was "Go as you please", and things were lively for a few minutes.

Then came good hymns till half-past eight, and the half-past niners continued "Calumet K".

As for the missing Smith, we are beginning to wonder if there is any such person. They say his trunk is in Oakland;

"But as for Smith,
 We think he's a myth."

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GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

Dr. Swaim is engaged, to Miss Madeline Gill, of Germantown. He is at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, New York.

Joe Coolidge is engaged to Miss Anna Cabot, and they expect to be married July 30th.

John P. Constable was married this spring, and graduated from M.I.T.

E. Harding entered the Harvard Medical School last fall, and R. W. Bennett the Harvard Law School.

Maynard Rees graduated from Yale this June, and is with the Cleveland Trust Co.

P. H. Wellman graduated from Harvard this June, and is with Willett and Sears of Boston.

E. P. Graves graduated from Harvard this June.

P. P. Chrystie entered the U. of P. law school last fall.

Marcus Morton, Melbert Cary, and Louis Zahner entered Yale last fall. Melbert Cary made the freshman debating team, and Louis when cornered owned up to having stood third in his class.

Ripley Cutler also entered Yale last fall.

Phil Simons and Alec Biddle entered Harvard last fall.

Alec got straight ^{B's} on his final examinations this spring. Phil made his class numerals in baseball, and then had his appendix out.

Barton Marsh graduated from Harvard this June.

Henry Hun is in Arizona, investigating the cliff-dwellers.

Tudor Gardiner stroked the Harvard four in the race with Yale.

Sam Peabody has been on "The Grotonian" for the past year.

Harry Mali stood highest in his form this year at Groton, and had the highest average in the school, month by month, for the whole year.

Leonard Opdycke graduated from Groton cum laude, and Percy Howe magna cum laude. Both are to enter Harvard in the fall.

George Abbot and Alden Foss have both graduated from Noble's, and are to enter Harvard in the fall. The same is true of Henry Minot. Henry and Chick have both anticipated some of their freshman work.

Josè Harris has graduated from the Country Day school, and enters Harvard in the fall.

Jack Ladd has graduated from the Episcopal High School, in Alexandria, and is going into business.

Bill Ladd has a son, several months old.

Charles Wiggins 3rd. is now quite a baby, having arrived in March. His family are building a ^{house} of their own, out in Needham, and hope to move by the end of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw are enlarging their school to take ten boys instead of four.

Edward Pouslnd is in a bank in Paris this summer.

DrMorse is in a private hospital, in Boston.

Mr. Dick and his family have been abroad all the year, but are now on their way home.

Eliot Farley is abroad on business.

Harry Fay was in Dayton al through the terrible flood last spring, and his family did not hear from him for days. He did good service in rescue work, as we knew he would, and his first

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letter home was extremely interesting. He didn't say much about himself, but one could read between the lines.

Abbot Stevens is in the family woolen business, which celebrated this year its hundredth anniversary.

R.G. Hendersen is yrd-master in Worcester, on the N.Y., N.H., & H.

Ten Eyck Perry has been in Baguio all the year, teaching in Mr. Ogilby's school.

Caroline Stevens has graduated from Miss Winsor's school, and enters Bryn Mawr in the autumn.

J.S. Barstow has a daughter, Elizabeth.

Mr. Hackett has now a Ph.D. from Harvard in addition to his other degrees. He is instructo in the Medical School, and is also doing some important work for the Massachusetts Board of Health.

Mr. Jackson, Mr. J.G. Wiggins, and Captain John have all three been teaching at St. Paul's this year, and are going back next fall.

Charlie Ames graduated from Milton Academy in June, and enters Harvard next fall.

The Reunion.

We had a wonderful gathering in March, with every year represented. We played "Boston" and had a story, and much supper; and after some good songs, Skipper said "Half-past nine", and we sang "Taps". It was the best reunion, perhaps, that we have ever had. Here are the signatures.

Laura E. Richards

Harry Richards

Alice M. Richards

Reahind Richards

1900

John Richards

John W. Simmons

1901

Eliot Farley

Trick Carter

1902

Albert Stevens

Samuel D. Stevens

Philip W. Simmons

1903

Barbara Bennett

1904

Caroline Stevens

William Stevens

John W. Simmons

1905

Robert G. Henderson

Edward Bladine

1906

Charles Wiggins

1907

J. A. Jeffries

Russell P. Chan

Commons Blaine

J. S. Wiggins

1908

Arthur E. Hinds

George W. Morse

1909

Duke L. Ames

1910

L. W. Hackett

Frederick W. Williams

1911

Alexander D. D. D.

1912

Turner

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MONDAY, This morning two very early fishermen went out for
 June 30. an hour, but the fish did not get up in time for them.
 B.29.22
 T.63'
 N.W. Skipper is giving us morning talks on Government.
 Light We also began at morning reading "The Scotch Naturalist
 Fair. and in the afternoon "With Fire and Sword." Both are
 Slight showers old friends for some of us, and we are very glad to hear
 p.m. them again.

Great squad work this morning. We were in a dreadful mess, but four efficient yard squads made us feel much more respectable.

The Ouananiche slip is almost ready for business.

The Ouananiche herself spent the day on the float, getting some leaks mended and the paint dry. In consequence the expert division had addy-humps in the road behind the boat-house. The second class were up in the field, as usual.

At morning swim Houghton and Scott passed the swimming test. Cabot swam all the way down along the shore, but was within his depth all the way, so it did not count. We haven't a single boy this year who cannot swim at all; a very unusual thing. The question is, can Smith swim?

In the afternoon there was baseball practice for an hour, followed by the

FIRST JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
WUMPS VS. MUGS.

At first this appeared a very one-sided game. The Mugs had their opponents at their mercy, and at the end of the fifth were leading 8-1. But then the Wumps took a brace, and began hitting. At the same time the Mugs began making costly errors;

MONDAY and though a change of pitchers was made in the eighth,
(cont'd.)
they met defeat, 12-10.

The victors made on the whole more errors than the vanquished, especially at short. The shift of Batchelder and C. Thorndike in the fourth inning strengthened the team. C. Thorndike and Chapin pulled off a double play in the eighth, which made up for a good many wild throws. Thayer caught a fly in right field which everyone supposed was a safe hit. A lively incident of the third inning was Dillon's dive to first, over Batchelder's legs.

A. T., H. Davis, and Hallowell all have two-baggers to their credit.

PUDDING-BALL GAME.

Only the victorious team got as far as a name; Nike Apteros. Sorry we have no Greek type to do it justice. They deserved their name, for they cycled from the start, and finished strong, 15-11.

After supper the call for boats was given, and J. R. took out a crew in the Ouananiche. We had hardly got started when the rain, which had been threatening all the afternoon, came down briskly. We all came home, and as the rain stopped almost immediately we went out again.

One or two boats tried fishing, and Hun caught two fish and Dorr one.

We had a short run of "Spin the Platter", with very little time for forfeits, but the nasal duett between Messrs. Fuller and Hallowell was quite a brilliant performance. Dicky really played a tune, and made it distinctly recognizable.

Half-past nine Boston is always fun; but when Clarence Corning gets mistaken for Gus Aspinwall it is more fun than usual.

Wump vs. Mugs of June 30 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	1		H. B. Davis	5	2-3			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					2	2	0	1
2	2	5	Chapin	6	2-3			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					3	2	2	
2	3	1	H. Davis	1	K			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					4	3	2	
10	3	1	A. T.	2		2-3		2-3		K	2-3	2-3					5	0	2	
7	3	1	C. Thordike	4		2-3		2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					3	0	0	
0	0		Coats	7		K		2-3		K	2-3	2-3					4	0	0	
4	0	2	C. F. Patch	3			K		K		2-3	2-3					2	2	0	
0	0	1	Lawson	9			2-3			2-3	2-3	2-3					4	1	0	
0	1		Lowell	8			2-3			2-3	2-3	2-3					3	2	0	
				10																
				11																
27	13	11	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	4	4	4	30	12	6	
Balks.	Hit by pitt. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	*Double, 3-6.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				6	10													2		
Muffed	Missed	Muffed	Muffed	Wild	Passed															

Mugs vs. Wump of June 30 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	3		Dillon	4	2-3			2-3		K	2-3	2-3					5	2	1	
3	0	2	2-3	6	2-3			2-3		2-3	K	*					4	1	2	1
0	4	1	3-4	1	2-3			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					5	2	1	
6	5		4-5	2	2-3			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					3	2	1	
12	0	1	5-6	3	2-3			2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					4	0	0	
1	0		6-7	5	2-3			2-3		K	2-3	2-3					2	1	0	
0	0		7-8	8		K		2-3		K	2-3	2-3					5	0	0	
1	0		8-9	9		K		2-3		K	2-3	2-3					5	1	1	
0	0		9-10	7		K		2-3		2-3	2-3	2-3					5	1	1	
				10																
				11																
24	12	4	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	2	2	4	3	7	1	8	1	9	10	38	10	7	
Balks.	Hit by pitt. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			8	6												1			
Muffed	Missed	Muffed	Muffed	Wild	Passed															

TUESDAY, The shower amounted to nothing, and the old saying,
 July 1. "Rain before seven, clear before eleven", held true. It
 B. 29.1 cleared off, and turned hot. We haven't the maximum tem-
 T. 65' perature, but it must have been something pretty lively.
 Fair, S.V.
 Light. Early
 shower. Hot.

SQUAD NOTES.

The Ouananiche slip was finished this morning, by a mighty squad. Now the big boat can go in and out comfortably.

A scarcely less powerful gang arranged the little landing for the inhabitants of Sunshine Alley. Many thanks, friends.

The witchgrass squad wrought great destruction to that most objectionable weed in the garden.

A very select cocoon squad of three cleared the buildings and adjacent pine trees of the forest tent cocoons. They got twenty in one tree, which shows how necessary it was to take steps. We don't want to have our trees stripped next year if we can help it.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

PHILIP MOUNTAIN.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. EREBUS.

J.R.A.	A.T.	C.F.F.	Aspinwall
P. Batchelder	Allen	C.F. Batch.	Brodrick
Lowell	Cabot	Dorr	Mulliken
A.M.R.	Paine		

BLUEBERRY HILL.

<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>CAUGHCOMCOMOCK.</u>
J.R.	J.A.F.M.	R.W.B.	G.E.A.
C. Thorndike	H. Davis	H.B. Davis	Chapin
Greenwood	A.J.M.	Howard	Corning
Scott		Houghton	Perkins

MEADOW BROOK

OUANANICHE.

H.R.
 I.C.Z., Hallowell, Hun,
 Cross, Jenckes, Foss,
 Parker, R. Thorndike, Holcombe,
 R.R., E.W.R., Dunnell,
 Curtis.

FISHING.

<u>CHUE.</u>	<u>HORNPOUT.</u>
T.I.	J.G.W.
Coats	James
Leland	Dillon
3 bass	1 bass

2)

TUESDAY, No one realized till the start of these trips quite (cont'd.)

how hot it was, but then we all realized it fully. What little breeze there was followed us, and just neutralized the breeze made by our own motion. Result, great desire for drinks, and brows that were quite as wet as the Village Blacksmith's. Not only brows, but backs, were fairly dripping by the time we got up to Stony Point.

The Blueberry Hillers found strawberries on the way, which were extremely refreshing. There was little view from the top, owing to heavy smoke from forest fires. The old house has fallen flat at last. The wonder that it has stood so long, for it was pretty feeble when we first saw it, fourteen years ago. This company got home first, and immediately adjourned to the pond.

The Philip Mountaineers had a hot paddle and row, and an even hotter climb, but the breeze on top was delightful, and there were strawberries. We didn't stay on top very long, as we wanted to be sure of a swim on our return.

The Ouananiche went up Meadow Brook, and was no cooler than the rest of us. There has been a sad amount of cutting along the banks.

The fishermen had not very startling luck, but four good fish are worth while.

"Games on the Hill" rather ruined the wardrobe of some brothers, and "Predicament and Cure" gave a welcome chance to cool off. Then we had ten minutes of "Shouting Proverbs", a fine exercise for the lungs.

After that the half-past niners adjourned to the float for songs and stories. And judging by the sounds that were heard later, we think that the Faculty had a ten o'clock swim.

22

WEDNESDAY, The peculiar thing about to-day's weather was the July 3rd.
 B.29.11 heavy smoke from forest fires to the northwest of us.
 T.86'
 Fair. The sky was dull and overcast with it all day, and in the N.W.

morning there was a light film of ashes all over the pond.

Dr. Millet has begun a physical examination of all the boys. Some of those who saw their names posted were a little troubled till they saw Aspinwall's there too. Gus doesn't look as if he was very badly off.

Henry Howard has been in the infirmary all day, the result of the extreme heat yesterday.

Dick Greenwood, on the other hand, has emerged from his bandages, and now goes into the water like anybody else.

Much work is being done on the hog-frames of the various tents just now. Some of them were in such a state that a good williwaw might have blown us away.

It is reported that the historic Cow-gate is now cow-proof. We reserve our opinion, feeling that the proof of the gate is in the opening.

We had radishes for supper; the first product of our garden.

FIRST FISHING AFTERNOON.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
T.I.	J.A.P.M.	L.C.Z.	C.Thorndike	J.R.
Corning	Allen	Aspinwall	Perkins	P.Batchelder
Holcombe	Dunnell	Cabot	Leland	Cross
1 bass	1 bass	3 bass	4 bass	3 bass

ARKLET.	CHUB.	PANTASOTE.	WABBLER.	HORNPOUT.
J.G.W.	C.F.F.	R.W.E.	A.T.	E.W.E.
Hallowell	H.B.Davis	Hun	Thayer	H.Davis
Coats	Dorr	Paine	Greenwood	Curtis
5 bass	2 bass	1 bass	1 bass	4 bass
				1 pickerel

TOTAL FOR THE DAY, 26 fish.

Not a bad showing, when you consider that no one stayed out to supper.

WEDNESDAY, The Ouananiche went to the Mills, under command of (cont'd.)

J.R.A. The old float over there never floated much, but this year it is worse than ever. As soon as it saw Amory Thorndike coming, its heart sank, and it sank too.

There were no fireworks to be had, but there was ice-cream, and there were crackers and cookies of all the letters of the alphabet, from Zu-Zus up. In consequence the expedition started ^{home} for heavily provisioned, having braved the terrors of an enormous regiment of girls, who quite filled the stone store.

On the way home the passengers kindly fed the crew with Zu-Zus, to keep up their strength; and to cheer their fainting spirits, Jamesy read the jokes out of the last number of "Life", which the captain had thoughtfully ^{provided} for the purpose.

After supper we had "Games on the Hill", varied by rehearsals musical and dramatic.

FIRST SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Piano and mandolin duett.....E. Davis, R.A. Thorndike
3. Merryweather Quartette.
4. Choruses: "The Bell," Merryweather Chantey", "Camptown Races
5. Duett, First Movement of the 5ft. Symphony.....T.L., A.M.R.
6. Stunt, "The Little Man".....R, T, Paine & Co.
7. "Willikens and his Dinah".....G.E.A., A.T., G.F.F.
8. Merryweather Quartette.
9. Choruses: "John Peel", Camp Song.

Our overture has a new combination this year: "The Swanee River" and "Put on your old grey bonnet". The effect is fine.

Hal and Amory gave us the Schubert Serenade, and for an

WEDNESDAY encore a lively quick-step. We hope to hear more from
(cont'd.)
them by and by.

The Merryweather quartette has begun early; the earlier the better. They gave us various good songs, and we have no doubt that their repertoire will increase rapidly as the summer goes on. There are more than four in it, but the more the merrier.

One can't say very much about a thing as great as the Fifth Symphony. It is a little like saying that you think Shakespeare is very nice.

The sad misadventures of the Little Man were dramatically portrayed. Robbie Paine filled the title rôle (do you observe our circumflex accent?) most acceptably, and the Little Maid was well represented by Jake Dunnell. The various animals of the farm were most lifelike: the placid calm of C. Thorndike as the Cow, the eager appetite of Cross, as the Pig, the noisy excitement of Leland as the Dog, and finally the volcanic energy of Aspinwall as the Pony, left nothing to be desired.

The second stunt was a happy combination of the dramatic and the pathetic. Chick, as the stern parent, was at once powerful and repellent. What lovely maiden could endure the tyranny of such a man? The unhappy heroine, as impersonated by Charlie Fuller, won all hearts; and when she took the "cold pison" there was hardly a dry eye in the audience. Her lover's appearance is all too brief, but he was a noble figure. We would advise Gus to adopt that green shirt. It is very fetching.

The rest of the evening was peacefully with "Calumet K."

By the way, the spring-board made its first appearance to-day.

MORNING MORALIZINGS.

"Awake, ye Crow's Nest! Mammoth Cave, awake!"

These awful words most boys from slumber shake.

They get their clothes together, and prepare

When Skipper comes out through the door to tear.

But boys there are who in sleep are like logs,

And more than words is needed through the fogs

To penetrate that hang around their brain,

And so these lazy ones in sleep remain.

But for some time our Skipper wise has known

That some won't rise until a spank-stick's shown.

And so th'aforesaid implement he takes.

A slamming door i'th'dormitory breaks

The silence, but sleep loosens not its hold.

The bed is nice and warm, the air is cold.

And now the spank-stick's raised—now it descends;

And now the scene of peace and slumber ends.

Like to a boy, who now a nap doth take,

Opens one eye, and then beholds a snake,

And jumps, and leaves the place with flying heels,

The sleeper thus, when he the spank-stick feels, ~~The sleeper~~

Yelling, doth quickly off the blankets tear,

Wishing to brave the terrors of the air

Rather than feel the spank-stick's vengeful sting.

Pain surely is a very useful thing.

NEMO.

THURSDAY, Coccons and hog-frames still furnish plenty of
July 5rd.

B.29.42 work, besides the more usual squads.

T.86'

N.W.

Light

Fair.

The afternoon was a varied one. For an hour all hands went up for baseball practice, and then came boat and canoe practice. Weather conditions were ideal, for there was breeze enough to give the canoe-men good steering practice, and it was warm enough to make tipping over rather desirable.

Skipper took the eouanariche out, with a grand "Duffer Paddling Squad"; all new boys, with the exception of Sally hun. They went round Cat Island, and learned a good deal in the course of the trip.

J.R., J.C.W., and A.T. had rangeley crews of assorted sizes, and put them over the road in good shape.

The four big canoes, each with a crew of four, were taken in charge by T.L., J.R.A., R.W.B., and G.E.A., and shifted at intervals to give everyone a chance at steering. Later there was a grand canoe race, of which we give a summary.

FIRST HEAT.

RIPOGENUS.	CAUGHCOMOCK.
Hallowell	H. Davis.
Chapin	Brodrick
Dillon	Dorr
Foss	Allen

SECOND HEAT.

EBENEZER.	ABOLJOCK.	AMEGUS.
Aspinwall	C.F. Batchelder	
Leland	Paine	
Lowell	Perkins	
Parker	H.B. Davis	

The course was out round Pickerel and back, all hands jumping out on the way in.

In the first heat the Corker had the inside course, but after jumping out her crew capsized her, and she filled. There was a row-boat at hand and all were rescued except the cushions. The Rip crossed the line in good style.

The second heat was a repetition of the first, except that the crew of the Abol saved their cushions by quick righting

THURSDAY, of their boat.
(cont'd.)

The finals, between the Rip and the Eben, was a good race. Both crews were steady, and got into their boats again in good style. The Rip had the pace, however.

After supper there was "Digestion Club" for the half-past eighters, at which we began "The Phoenix and the Carpet." The grave and reverend seniors devoted themselves chiefly to what our sporting contemporaries call "twirling the sphere."

Then followed the noble game of Towel: a sport so strenuous that after forty minutes of it all were ready to dare the mosquitoes, and listen to "Calumet^K".

28

July 4. It certainly was hot, but it must be said that the
E.29.35
T.94' weather report was made later than usual.
Fair
W. All squads were omitted except the faithful lamp-
Hot squad, which, like the brook, goes on forever.

At half-past eight we gathered in the big room for the Declaration of Independence, followed as usual by "The Star-spangled Banner" and "America". There is nothing like singing to start the day well.

It was very hot up on the field, but there was a lively racket for some time. We don't often have a real cannon in camp, and this one did heavy execution.

There was also some fishing, but no catch. The fish were celebrating elsewhere.

Just before swim the long-lost Philip Smith arrived. We had begun to doubt his existence, but here is his signature:

Philip Webster Smith

Everyone was more than ready for swim, and Dick Greenwood celebrated by passing the swimming test. "Hi! for the next one."

At dinner we had Washington Pie, with flags on top, and some of the same delightful table fireworks that Jake Dunnell surprised us with last year. Hurrah for Jacob!

There may be better stories than "Zadoc Pine", but we doubt it. At any rate, we are always glad to hear it again.

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FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

YANKEE DOODLES VS. UNCLE SAM.

Except for the third inning, this was a very good game. At the end of the second the score 1-0 in favor of the Uncle Sams, and it looked like a close and small score. But in the second half of the third a concatenation of circumstances, consisting

FRIDAY, chiefly of two hits and two errors, enabled the (cont'd.) Yankee Doodles to run through their batting order, and get five men across the plate. After that things settled down more or less but though the Uncle Sams rallied splendidly in the ninth, with a single and a two-bagger which brought them two runs, the deed was done, and the Yankee Doodles had one.

There were errors, of course, but some startling plays, especially when one remembers that it was the first big game of the season.

In the second inning L.C.Z. put J.R.A. out at first, catching a throw a difficult bounce from third, with one hand.

In the fourth Hallowed made a lively assist to first.

In the fifth J.R.A. made an unassisted double play.

In the seventh A.T. robbed Allen of what looked like a sure thing by a brilliant one-hand catch.

In the ninth Parker caught a fly under very difficult conditions, and held it, though he went almost on his nose.

G.F.A. played a good game at short, and Allen and Batchelder both did well in the field.

T.L. struck out twelve men to J.R.'s seven, three of them in succession in one inning, but he gave several bases on balls, which his south-paw rival avoided.

PUDDING-BALL GAME.
BRODIES VS. FOSSILS.

This game was full of the usual surprises and startling plays. At the end of the fourth the Fossils had the lead, and again in the eighth they ran through their batting order; but Stealthy Steve's aggregation was too many for them, and won 13-12 by a close decision at the plate.

Yankee Dodgers. Uncle Sam's of July 4 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	1		H. Davis	5	K					K							3	2	0	1
7	0		H. Davis	3													4	2	2	
4	3		B. E. A.	6													4	1	1	
0	1	1	J. R.	1								K					4	1	1	
2	1	1	A. T.	4	K							K					4	2	2	
9	2		J. R. A.	2													4	0	2	
1	0		Parker	8					K								4	0	0	
2	0		E. Batch	7			K		K		K						3	0	0	
0	0		Coates	9		K	K		K								3	0	0	
0	0		Chapin	9													1	1	1	
27	8	3	TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												34	9	9	1
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				0	7	1-b. on errors.												2		

Uncle Sam's vs. Yankee Dodgers July 4 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
6	1		L. C. 3	3													4	1	1	
0	1		H. Davis	4	K												4	1	1	
2	2		P. W. B.	5													4	1	2	
13	1		C. F. F.	2													4	0	0	
2	0		Allen	9	K												4	0	0	
0	4	11	T. L.	1													4	0	1	
1	2	111	H. Davis	6													3	0	1	
0	0		J. P. M.	7		K											3	0	0	
0	0	1	Dillon	8		K											2	0	0	
																	1	0	0	
24	11	6	TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												33	3	6	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
1				6	12	1-b. on errors.												1		

After supper most of the company adjourned to the field, to fire more crackers till it should be dark enough for fireworks.

The fireworks themselves were perhaps the finest we have ever had. There was the regular camp outfit, and a whale of a wheel, and then many of the boys had large contributions besides. All sorts of delightful little wheels were being set off at both

FRIDAY sides, while the larger pieces occupied the middle.
(cont'd.)

We gather, from various sounds that we heard, that even a little wheel can be pretty hot sometimes.

The Roman candle brigade was unusually large; and when the candles were exhausted, they took to sparklers. Not just ordinary little ones, but three-foot monsters that Dick Greenwood had brought. Each of the squad had two of these, and did addy-humps with them till they were ready to drop; for the three-foot sparkler burns a long time, and is uncom or heavy. But the spectators declare that the effect was most gorgeous to behold.

The big wheel closed the display, and we came down at exactly half-past nine. The three circles for Taps nearly filled the room.

It was a sleepy and mosquito-bitten Faculty that set the table, but there was no doubt in anybody's mind that it had been a most glorious Fourth.

32

SATURDAY, Sky rather thick again to-day, and the air very
July 5th.

5.29.2 heavy.

T.87'

N.N.W.

Light

Hot.

The first stoning-up squad of the season began work
this morning. This sort of work will be much more permanent
now, owing to the big boulders which have been put along the shore.

A squad is at work on the north boundary of the scouting
field.

At half-past ten all squads were merged in one big pick-up
squad, which repaired damages up on the hill

Swim was long and lovely. A squad swam out to Pickerel and
back, and Curtis swam down to the Ouananiche slip. We hope for
a record date for the last swimming test this year, for Smith
is ready to try it almost any time, and there seems no particular
reason why Cabot should not do it very soon too. Jenckes needs
a little practice, but we have no real "duffers", as we have some-
times had.

FIRST TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

The weather was a little too hot to be considered ideal,
and the continued drought made the ground frightfully dusty,
but for a first try-out to-day's practice was very satisfactory.
There were no handicaps, and the division of the Juniors into
classes was purely alphabetical. Brodriek and Greenwood have bad
knees and cannot go into any event, and Aspinwall's hand kept him
out of everything but the runs. Except for these cases, all the
boys went into everything.

Three records were broken. The senior shot-put record, 30 ft.
11 1/2 inches, made by Sam Bennett in 1908, was broken by Gus Thorn-
dike, who made a put of 31 ft. 7 1/2 inches. Prefects cannot compete

33

SATURDAY, for the cup, but they are eligible for senior records (cont'd.)

C.F. Batchelder got after the junior records, and bettered two of them. The high jump record, 4 ft. 5 inches, made by H. Minot in 1909, is now 4 ft. 7 inches by the standards, and 4 ft. 10 1/2 inches by the tape. The junior shot put, 34 ft. 8 inches, made by Henry Hun in 1908, has been improved to 38 ft. 10 inches. Good for Batch!

We give a summary of the events below.

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.

H. Davis	4' 1".
Parker	4'.
A. Foss	3' 11".
Perkins	3' 11".

Davis was not out at the above distance, but there was not time for him to continue a solo performance.

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

H. Davis	16' 6 1/2".
A. Foss	13' 6".
Corning	13' 5".

No one else came within a foot of these three. The record, by the way, is eighteen feet; a bad one to beat.

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

H. Davis	23' 1".
Coats	22' 9".
Parker	20' 11".

Here there was more competition, Hallowell's best put being only thirteen inches behind Parker's best, and more than a foot ahead of his first attempt.

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.
First Heat.

H. Davis	12 s.
Aspinwall	
Corning	
Foss	
B. Batchelder	

34

SATURDAY Davis had this heat easily, with a long lead over
(cont'd.)
Aspinwall, who was well in front of Corning. In fact all six finished in fairly open order.

	<u>Second Heat.</u>	
Parker		13 1/5 s.
Hallowell		
Perkins		
Coats		

The real contest here was for second place, Hallowell leading Perkins at the tape by not more than six inches.

	<u>Final Heat.</u>	
H. Davis		12 1/5 s.
Aspinwall		
Corning		
Perkins		
Hallowell		
Parker		

Here again Davis had a good lead. Corning was ⁸scant yard behind Aspinwall, and about the same distance ahead of Perkins. Hallowell almost tied Perkins for fourth. Parker hardly finished.

	<u>SENIOR 440 YARD RUN.</u>	
H. Davis		1 m. 5 2/5 s.
Aspinwall		
Corning		
Foss		
Hallowell		
Coats		
P. Batchelder		
Perkins		
Parker		
C. Thorndike		

The first three came home in very open order. Foss and Hallowell were closer, and Coats some distance behind Hallowell. The rearguard stuck to it manfully.

	<u>JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.</u>	
	<u>Class A.</u>	
C. F. Batchelder		4'5"
H. B. Davis		4'1"
Chapin		3'9"

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

Class B.

Leland	3'7"
Thayer	3'4"
Howard	3'
Jenckes	3'

As was said before, these classes were entirely alphabetical. Batchelder's breaking of the record was done after he had beaten all his competitors.

JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.

Class A.

H.B.Davis	15'1 1/2"
Chapin	14' 3 1/2"
C.F.Batchelder	13'11"

Class B.

Leland	12'9"
Jenckes	12'
R.A.Thorndike	11'7"

In this case the division according to the alphabet corresponded fairly with ability.

JUNIOR SHOT PUT.

Class A.

C.F.Batchelder	38'10"
H.B.Davis	28'10"
Chapin	28'

Class B.

Thayer	24'2"
R.A.Thorndike	21'6 1/2"
Leland	21'6"

As has been said before, Batchelder's put establishes a new record.

JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

Cabot	15 1/5 s.
Houghton	
Dorr	
Dunnell	
Holcombe	
Curtis	
Cross	

The race between Cabot and Houghton was a close one, but Dorr was not overworking.

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

Second Heat.

H.B.Davis	13s.
C.F.Batchelder	
Chapin	
Allen	
Dillon	

Davis has made better time than this, but as it was, he crossed the line four yards ahead of the second man. The rest were more evenly spaced.

Third Heat.

Leland	14 1/5 s.
Howard	
Smith	
James	
R.A.Thorndike	
Hun	

Leland was well in the lead at the tape, but the contest between Howard and Smith for second place was a hot one.

Fourth Heat.

Jenckes	14 4/5 s.
Thayer	
Lowell	
Mulliken	
Paine	
Scott	

The closest contest in this heat was between Lowell and Mulliken. There was barely open space between them at the finish.

First Semi-final Heat.

H.B.Davis	13 s.
C.F.Batchelder	
Chapin	
Houghton	
Cabot	
Dorr	

Davis finished a yard ahead of Batchelder, who was a long way ahead of Chapin.

Second Semi-final Heat.

Leland	14 3/5 s.
Jenckes	
Smith	
Howard	
Thayer	
Lowell	

The first three men were very close.

SATURDAY
 (cont'd.)
 H.B.Davis
 C.F.Batchelder
 Chapin
 Leland

Final Heat.

12 2/5 s.

Jenckes didn't finish, and Smith, who didn't know that he had another heat to run, was in the pond at the time the race was called. Davis equalled his record time of last year, with a good lead over Batchelder.

There wasn't time for a junior 440, and most people were hot and dirty enough to be glad to get into the pond. Hunny, however, had a private lesson in high jumping, and did better than he has ever done before.

Altogether the afternoon was a very satisfactory one. Three records were broken and there was very little loafing. We ought to have a good meet in August.

After supper there was a brief interval of boats, during which James caught a good bass. Then all hands came in for our first evening of charades.

CHARADES.

ERROR. Mr. Zahner's pupils certainly gave a fine example of "to err". Washington, Caesar, Napoleon, and Archimedes were all mentioned as present at the Battle of Gettysburg, and Cleopatra given credit for the discovery of the Pacific. "Roar" was a scene at table. Many people were roared at for being late, and finally the whole company bolted, roaring, in pursuit of cows. The whole word was a fine ball-game, in which the errors seemed to be fairly numerous.

LEGATEE. For the first syllable we had a foot-ball game, in which Howard got his leg broken, and was attended to by Br. Wiggins. It looked as if the cure might be worse than the injury.

38

SATURDAY For the secong, Steve Brodie, impersonating J.R.A., built (cont'd.) a very nice gate. Then the North Dormitory went to bed like good boys, followed shortly by T.L. As soon as all were sleeping peacefully, a fine red-headed cow, followed by a pale blue calf, came through the gate, and invaded the dormitory. Alarums and excursions followed. The third was a fine presentation of the Boston Tea-party. The stelthy "Indians" boarded the ship, and with great effort the chests of tea were hurled into the deep. For the whole word, we had the reading of a will. A large number of relatives were present, and were greatly disgusted when the bulk of the property went to the "black sheep".

MATADOR. Was there ever such a distracted Ma as J.R? It is bad enough to be almost in tears with nerves, but when one's fine large family all come, screaming for different things, it is enough to drive a poor lady into a fit. "Tar" was also very fine; a band of galant sa?lors doing a hornpipe in true nautical style. The third syllable was the terrible scene from "Bluebeard." The ladies, Corning and R.A. Thorndike, were charming, though with true Eastern modesty they concealed most of their charms, and Bluebeard (J.R.) was as great a ruffian as J.R.A. was last year. More we cannot say. The whole word was very spirited. Aspinwall made a most savage bull, and was only defeated when J.A.P.M., mounted on his fiery steed took a hand in the fight. It looked as if riding the afore-said steed (J.R.) might be as hard as killing the bull.

And then, being hot and mosquito-bitten, most of the seniors adjourned to the float, and had a wonderful "progressive story", with adventures enough in it to make the fortune of three monthly magazines.

SUNDAY, Our new weather man, Harry Cross, couldn't seem to cool
July 6,
B.28.91 things off this morning, but perhaps it was because he
T.71
S.E. wanted to swim to Oak Island. He did his swim, and did it
Slightly
cloudy well, with a sprint at the finish.

Pickereel was again visited during morning swim. It is getting
to be quite a resort.

After dinner just as the boat list was ready for the picnic
our weather-man began to do stunts with the weather. Fat clouds
piled up, and thunder growled, and things looked more than doubtful
so the water picnic was given up, and two runs arranged. And then
the shower made a face at us and went away, too late for us to
change plans again.

The A runners went to Snake Point and back, Class B to the
corner where you turn to go to the post-office. Class B $\frac{1}{2}$, a very
select company, went to the post-office. Some cut corners, but those
whose names are given below did the whole run, and finished, in
the order given.

Class A.	Class B $\frac{1}{2}$.	Class B.
H. Davis	Greenwood	Dorr
Aspinwall	Jenckes	Curtis
H. B. Davis	Howard	Mulliken
Parker	Lowell	Paine
Hallowell	Hun	Smith
Corning		James
Dillon		Cabot
		Scott
		Dunnell
		Holcombe

Hunny made a fine finish, for though he has a good deal to
carry, and was wearing two heavy sweaters besides, he sprinted
home across the field.

Class A in some cases set rather too strenuous a pace, and
two or three were quite done up in consequence.

We picnicked in the pine grove, with no need of a fire to

SUNDAY keep us warm.
(cont'd.)

After a sufficient application of jam, both outside and inside, we gathered for singing. We had no rounds this time, but many good choruses, and Br. Millet taught us a new song. We haven't learned it very thoroughly yet, but we can do the chorus.

The mosquitoes were ravenous during hymns, but by story-time they had quieted a little, and we enjoyed "A Matter of Fact" in comparative peace.

By the way, we have now five young turtles in camp. They live in a pail just north of the north dormitory, and we hope they will prosper.

The tutoring squad is not so large this year as it was last year. The following are our students:

Brodrick, Cabot, Coats, Cross, Leland, Paine.

MONDAY, The weather report was duly made and posted, but in July 7 Cloudy the high wind it got blown away while someone was N.W. Cold. reading the Log. We would suggest to Brother Cross that moderation is a good thing, in the weather as in other matters. We actually had to have a fire all day.

In spite of the wind the first of the season's camping trips got soon after morning reading. They headed for Long Pond, and we rather think that Dome Lowell was fairly damp by the time they got there.

Hunny and Harry Cross are now running for the mail every morning with Chickweed. Hurrah for the sprinters!

It was not canoe test weather, but the Pink and the Squannacook were kept busy all through swim by people practising. It looks as if several would pass the test this summer.

SECOND JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.

With Hal Davis on a camping trip, and Aspinwall, Hallowell, and Chapin on the shelf, it was a rather more junior game than usual, but it was close and interesting. The score was tied twice, and when the dust cleared away, leaving the Shrimps victorious, it was only 8-7.

Dillon batted for 600, one of his hits being a clean two-bagger. C. Thorndike stands at 500; and though Parker's 400 doesn't look quite so good, his three-bagger was a fine one.

The outfield was a bit ragged, but that was to be expected.

Camping Trip

July 7th - 1913
— — —

Allen
Davis, H.
Howard
Thayer
Lowell

J. R.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

MONDAY The two pitchers were very close on strike-outs, Parker (cont'd.) making eleven and Davis twelve. Parker, however, gave a greater number of passes, and hit two men.

Sorry that we forgot to print the names of the teams in capitals. It should have read, Shrimps VS. Runts.

After the ball-game there was half an hour of Pomfretta, so strenuous that a good many players braved the terrors of the deep, and went in for a dip.

Shrinks vs. Rents of July 7th at

[illegible]

The Camp of The Speedy Storm-losers.

July 7th, 1913

Hal Davis, Charlie Allen, and Jimmie Thayer in the Abel; Dome Snell, Speed Howard and J.R. in the Corber started out for the hills one fine morning in the teeth of the booming gale. The gale boomed all night, and the white caps sizzled, but what did it matter to these bold campers? Beads of sweat stood out on Jimmie's forehead; The great muscles on Dome's chest rippled and swelled; paddles bent like reeds under the terrific strain, till soon the storm-tormented barks were safe at the hills.

Next came a frozen paddle to Beaver Spring. Then the cheerful mariners stretched their broad backs against the mossy rocks and regaled themselves on Futzies, fierce things, dates (nature's own candy) and sparkling waters from the Spring. Then Dome cracked a few jokes, J.R. smoked a pipe and the

Two canoes paddled away to find a camping place in the wild, wild lands at the north-east end of Long Pond.

At the furthest extremity of the bay, is a clearing, made by some axeman of the older time. Before it is a beach where the bones of a ship welter to decay, reminding the philosophically-minded camper of the perils of the sea and the advisability of life-insurance. In the middle of the clearing, the ants have raised a many-galleried dome, fit example to the woodman who may well follow their industrious lead. Not too near this ant-hill lies a level bed of tender grasses. What fitter place for the mosquito-proof tent? The campers could find no answer to this question, and chose this hospitable cone for their bivouac.

Now followed busy times. Four woodsmen paddled strongly round the point to watch well with pole and line the knowing bass and crafty pickerel, from their holes in the rocks. J. R. and Speed Howard stayed behind to make ~~and~~ camp.

J. R. labored, Speed Howard advised. So sped the afternoon. And what a merry evening it was! Bacon, cocoa, potatoes and apricots around the fire that brought out the lights and shades of the great woods. The anglers told of their feats, and of the greatest of all picked who was hooked and swam in plain sight beside the canoe, but who, alas, got away. Then followed a merry bout of wits.

"Now Jimmie had a ready wit
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Donthead,
In merry guise he spoke —"

But his jokes must not be repeated here, no, no! lest the campers at Merryweather slay him, as the Speedy Spoon-losers almost did.

And why speedy Spoon-losers? Speedy, because of Charlie Allen's constant, "Hey there, Speed, how's she trolling?" Spoon-losers, because there Isaac Walton, & scumming precautions in the chase of the

4/6

giant pickerel, dragged their lures over rocks and among stumps, thereby losing many of said lures, yea verily till they needs must return to the hills and barter for more fishing gear!

As the stars came out and the fire flickered lower, the talking died away and the drowsy spoon-losers crawled in between the blankets. Here Hollowell Davis of the nimble mind essayed a last witticism, but J. R., for whose dull brain the ceaseless quip and repartee had been too much, "landed" on him. And so all to sleep.

Slowly the dark turned to gray, the gray brightened into gold - (for the rest consult our best authors.) Charlie Allen and the Domehead went a-fishing, after the great fish that got away. J. R. boiled mush, Hal Davis fried bacon, J. Thayer resumed his cheery piping and Speed Howard beamed. Then the fishers returned, cocoa was made in the usual simple way, while the fish were so fresh that they fairly wriggled in the pan.

After the breakfast dishes had been washed

and put away, there was an interlude of digestion and roughhouse. Then the campers went a-swimming by the sandy (?) beach. Alas! what an unlucky bunch that was! Snell, brave Snell, cut his foot on a broken bottle and the crimson tide gushed forth. There was much consternation, but the foot was soon wrapped in one of old Doctor Millett's famous gore-proof bandages (try one!) and Dome was himself again. But not quite, for, after a hurried consultation, it was decided that he was in no shape to explore the caverns of Hippo hill, the goal of the Speedy Spoon-losers. What was to be done?

All this time, an observant observer might have noticed a strange light in the eyes of Baby Charles. The great pickerel had got away, J. Arnold was laid up. Why should not J. Arnold and he go after him while the rest explored the caves? No sooner said than done. The two parties went their ways.

First, to follow the fortunes of the explorers.

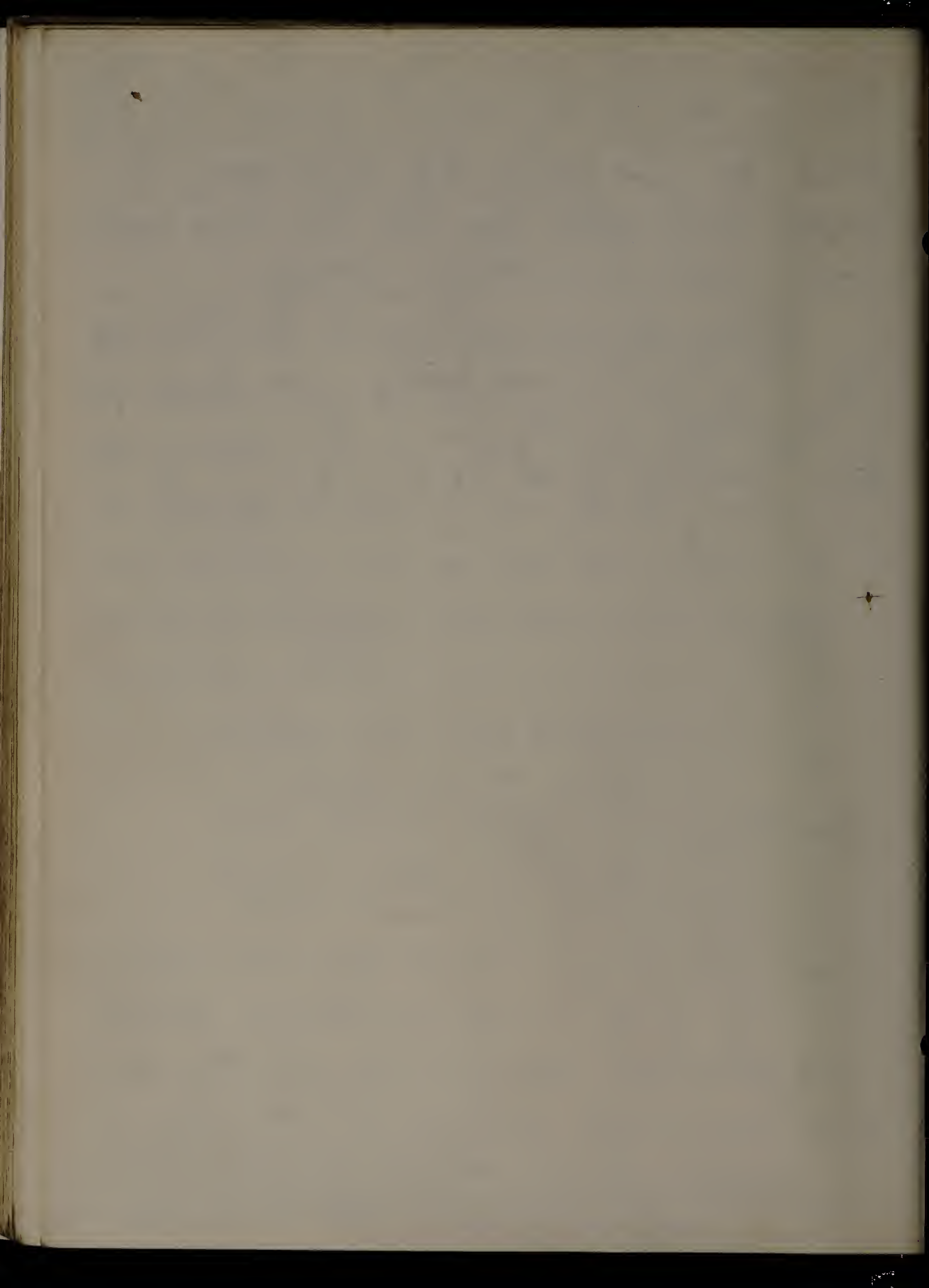
They walked around the shore to the foot of the precipice, which they scaled with sundry pantings and puffings. Here they lay on their backs for a while to recover their several winds and to watch two eagles, "playmates of the mountain storm," who flew very close to their heads. "Just like Bleriot ^{Jimmie} monoplanes," said the imaginative, when the eagles soared higher and were lost in the clouds. Then down they (explorers, not eagles) climbed with many a spasm from chasm to chasm, while the great stones rocked and gurgled beneath them. Soon they came to the place of the caves.

"On Hipo hill Hal Davis once
A spacious cave had found;
Where Jimmie Thayer, the shin, could crawl,
But J. R. couldn't go at all
Because he was so round."

These led deep down among the rocks with twistings and turnings. Jimmie got so far down, that his anxious comrades could hardly hear his voice, but their furrowed brows came smooth again when he crawled out. The explorers returned to the mosquito-proof tent, much

impressed with the wonders ²¹⁹ they had seen. As they returned, they met the fishermen loaded with spoil, though the great pickerel still evaded them. Nevertheless, Charlie Allen says that twice, while paddling round a point, he smelt him distinctly.

Little more remains to be said. The return trip was well-planned, well paddled, well steered. Let us leave these mighty men in the embraces of their admiring friends at Camp Merryweather.



57

TUESDAY, This morning Dicky Hallowell added a sixth turtle
 July 8th.
 B.29.16 to his collection.They seem to thrive in captivity.
 T.62'
 Fair We have now two Harvard freshmen among us.Alden
 N.W.
 Light Foss and Chick Abbot have passed their entrance
 Heavy exams,and Chick has also passed off two freshman
 shower subjects.He can be a gentleman of leisure next year
 6 p.m. if he wants to.

Aspinwall and Perkins have also good news of their exams,
 though they do not enter college for another year.

SECOND FISHING AFTERNOON.

<u>IDENTICAL.....YAMMERSCHOONER.WILLIWAW. PANTASOTE.TERROR.</u>				
L.C.Z.	T.L.	AT.	H.R.	J.G.W.
Jenckes	Paine	Cabot	Cross	Dillon
P.Batchelder	Coats	Houghton	Holcombe	Greenwood
2 bass		2 bass	7 bass	3 bass
<u>EREBUS</u>	<u>HORNPOUT.</u>	<u>CHUB.</u>	<u>WOBBLER.</u>	<u>ANKLET.</u>
E.W.P.	A.Foss	J.R.A.	Parker	H.B.Davis
Dunnell	Dorr	C.Thorndike	Smith	Leland
Perkins	Chapin	Hun		Mulliken
3 bass	3 bass	3 bass	1 bass	2 bass

Returning campers,3 bass,3 pickerel.

TOTAL FOR THE DAY,32 FISH.

R.W.P. took a Ouananiche crew down the southwest bay, and
 a little way up Bog Brook.It didn't seem very advisable to go
 far,and indeed would hardly have been possible.The herons' nests
 were in plain sight,and we saw two big herons flapping slowly
 about.We landed at a very grand dock in the southwest corner of
 the shore,and explored a little,ht found chiefly poison ivy.
 There was a fine bridge leading out into the swamp,but as it
 was a drawbridge,and the draw was up,we could not go very far.

We coasted the west shore on our way home,and found it
 very metropolitan.Pink awnings,geraniums,gramophones,and all
 the comforts of a fashionable watering-place.

By the time the Ouananiche got home the weather was looking

TUESDAY, extremely threatening, and the question was, would camp-
(cont'd.)

ers and fishermen get home dry?

Speedy

The campers, otherwise the Six Spoon-losers, came home in good time, after much exploring of caves and precipices on Long Pond. They also brought six good fish, as recorded above. The party were characterized as follows:

J.R., Whiskered Spoon-loser.
H. Davis, Foolish Spoon-loser.
Allen, Violent Spoon-loser.
Thayer, Trolling Spoon-loser.
Lowell, Fish-cleaning Spoon-loser.
Howard, Speedy Spoon-loser.

"By this the storm grew loud apace", and the fishermen came scudding home. The last boats got the fringe of the shower, but all were ashore by the time the solid down-pour arrived.

While we were watching on the float, we saw nine duck go over. We don't often see so many in one flock.

The shower was a good one, and cleared up in time to let us get up to the shop for Digestion Club without getting wet. By eight o'clock the moon was out, and the pond was as smooth as a looking-glass. Weather is very peculiar sometimes.

Two circles of half-past eight "Boston" made things lively, and the half-past niners made words out of "Recriminations."

(Can anyone tell a suffering editor why, when you hit two keys at once on the typewriter, it is always the wrong one that strikes?)

WEDNESDAY, Great wrestling matches this morning, before
July 9th.

B.29.30 reading. The following contests took place:

T.61'

Clear Curtis vs. Mulliken. A performance full of thrills. At
Calm.

the end of two rounds these two gallant light-weights were
so evenly matched that it ended in a tie.

Cross vs. Hun. A prize heavy-weight pair. Cross was too
much for the Albany sprinter, however.

C.F. Batchelder vs. Coats. At the end of the second round the
8-30 champion had his adversary where he wanted him.

Holcombe vs. Cabot. This was rather a case of weight vs.
curls, and weight counted for more.

Perkins vs. P. Batchelder. A hot contest, from which Perkins
finally rose triumphant.

George Cabot swam to the point this morning, in a fairly
strong head wind. As he was within his depth most of the way,
however, he had better try it in deep water as soon as he gets
a chance.

By this time the wind had risen, and no one was surprised
at the announcement of trial scouting. At dinner Skipper told us
the points and rules of the game, and read us the letter from
the Log which tells so well how not to play it.

TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.
FLATHEADS VS. BLACK FEET.

Weather conditions were good, and everyone was playing except
Brodrick, who hurt his knee the other day wrestling. Hallowell
did not play in the second game.

No runs were made in the first game, and the loss of life
was pretty heavy. The Flatheads won by four shots.

WEDNESDAY, In the second and third games the Flatheads won
(Cont'd.)
on shots, and also scored runs; thus winning the afternoon, three
straight.

There were a few cases of poor playing, but surprisingly few
for the first day. One young man was with difficulty prevented
from killing one of his own side; and one such murder actually
occurred. In this last case, another victim, on the same side, suffered,
thinking that he heard his own name.

Another unusual thing is that the score checked up at the
first counting; a great blessing for the scorer. We give the official
score on the opposite page.

When scouting comes on Wednesday there is never very much
time after supper, but all who were not rehearsing had Games on the
Hill for a while.

SECOND SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Violin Solo.....Brodrick
3. Song, "Widecombe Fair".....J.A.P.M.
4. Cheruses: Song of the Ouananiche, Drink Pupy, Scouting Song.
5. Piano Solo.....T.L.
6. Stunt of the Speedy Spoon-losers...J.R. and Co.
7. Stunt: "Herrmann's Revenge".....T.L., J.G.W., J.R.A., G.E.A.,
J.A.P.M., R.W.B.
8. Camp Song.

We are glad to get Steve started on his violin so early in
the season. He must give us another solo see.

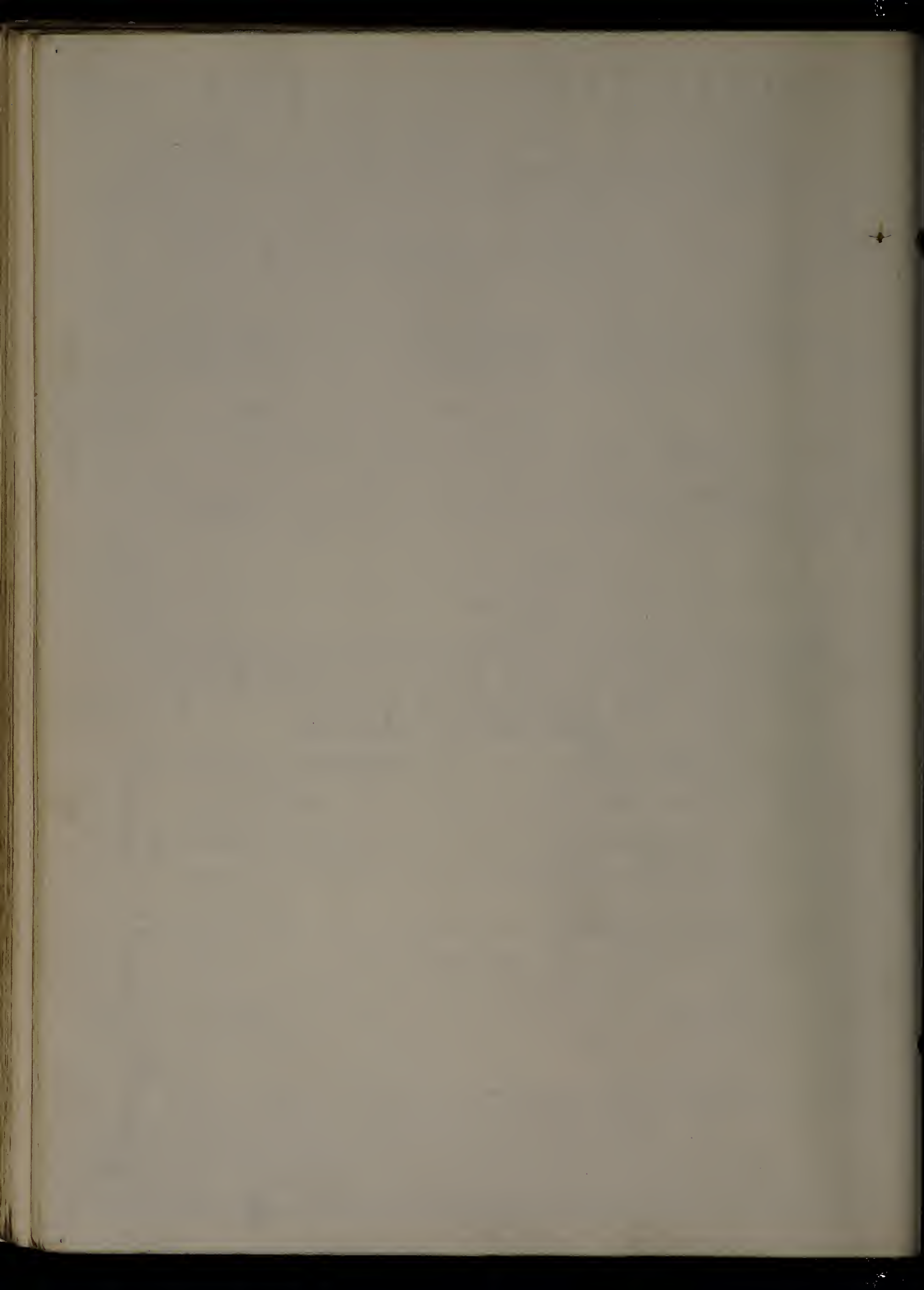
"Widecombe Fair" is a delightful old Devonshire song, and
we must learn it, if we can master the dialect. For an encore Dr.

BLACKFEET

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.	X			X			X	••	
T.L.	X	••		X					
J.A.P.M.	X			X			X	•	
J.G.W.	X			X	••		X		
A.T.		•••		X	•		X	•	
A.M.R.	X			X			X		
Allen	X			X	•		X		
<u>Brodrick</u>							X		
Chapin	X	•			•		X		
Davis, H.	X				•		X	•	
Davis, H.B.		•••		X	•		X	•	
Dillon	X			X			X		
Dorr	X			X			X		
Dunnell	X			X			X		
Hallowell		•					X	••	
Hun	X			X			X		
Lowell	X			X			X		
Parker	X			X	••		X		
Thorndike, C.	X			X			X		
Holcombe	X			X			X		
Howard	X			X			X		
Mulliken	X			X			X	••	
Smith	X			X			X		
Curtis	X			X	••		X		
	14	10		17	11		19	12	

FLATHEADS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.A.		••			••			•	
R.W.B.		•					X	•	
L.C.Z.							X		
G.E.A.		••			••			••	
C.F.F.	X			X			X		
Aspinwall	X	•							
Batchelder, F.	X			X					
Batchelder, C.	X	•••		X			X	•	
Corning	X			X			X		
Cross	X			X			X		
Foss	X			X	•		X	•	
James	X			X			X		
Leland	X			X			X		
Paine	X			X			X		
Perkins	X	•		X			X		
Thorndike, R.	X			X			X		
Cabot	X			X			X		
Coats		•••					X		
Greenwood		•						•	
Houghton	X			X			X		
Jenckes	X			X	•		X		
Scott	X			X			X		
Thayer	X			X	••		X		
	10	14		12	17	2	12	19	1



64 8

WEDNESDAY, Millet gave us "John Blount" which we had such fun
(cont'd.)
with at the Sunday picnic. That we certainly can learn.

Mr. Lynes's solo was a great delight, as his playing always
is. Next time we want more.

The stunt of the Speedy Spoon-losers presented in two
scenes the adventures of that gallant band while wandering on
foreign shores. The hazardous exploration of the cave, and the
sticking fast of most of the members of the expedition one
after the other was almost too harrowing. It looked as if
Jimmy Thayer was going to be permanently lost.

The two bold fishermen were ⁱⁿ less danger, but it must be
exciting to have whales come and steal your spoons. We were glad
that one fish was landed, spoon and all.

The song, which followed, we are enabled to give, by the
courtesy of the author, J.R.

SONG OF THE SPOON-LOSERS.
(Tune, "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine".)

On Long Pond's water in a caynoe,

On the trail of the lonesome spoon,

We'll fish all day and we'll fish all night,

And we'll clean smelly fishes by the pale moonlight.

O Dime, I've lost my spinner!

It's the twenty-fifth spinner since dinner!

Chorus: On Long Pond's waters in a caynoe,

On the trail of the lonesome spoon.

8

WEDNESDAY,

(Cont'd.) By the strong oak pillars of the Cow-gate,

On the trail of the lonesome cow,
Where the fence squad slaves in the morning dew,
Constructing passages to let them through.

O Rad, chase him out with a broom!

There's a moose in the dining-room!

Chorus: By the strong oak pillars of the Cow-gate,

On the trail of the lonesome cow.

J.R.

The tragedy of Herrmann's Revenge is well described in the press notices so kindly read to us by Mr. Wiggins perhaps the Russian critic has caught best the subtle pathos of author and composer. Would that we could give it to our readers in English, but a passage so beautiful must not be desecrated by translation. We can only urge them to learn Russian for themselves.

The characters were all masterpieces of impersonation. The gallant spirit of R.W.B. as Herrman, the tender pathos of J.A.P.M. as Gretchen, the dark villany of J.R.A. as Bernheff, coming "herein- gesneaked", and finally the fate-crushed age of G.E.A. as Weisz- bart, are things that we cannot describe. We can only cherish them among our most precious and dramatic memories.

The music of this amazing work is equal to, its text. Can one say more? Where all is so surpassing praise, it were difficult (note the subjunctive, please) to specify; but if the composer of the "Splash Motiv" had given us no other work, he would still be sure of his place in the temple of fame. He has promised us an autograph copy; and when we get it, we are going to keep this year's Log in a steel safe.

And then we went on with "Calumet K."

What Contemporaneous Critics have said.

Boston Transcript.

"Histrionically the drama leaves nothing to be desired. The plot is as dramatic as the action is tense. With proper management and carefully constructed performances this saga from the Upper Middle German should meet with great success in our leading burghs."

The Police Gazette.

"Try this little jewel out on your piano."

The Moscow Polinskyvitch.

"Tschag thrugshami barsh inovitch meshinsky plosh kploph."

Country Gardens and their Cultivation.

"One of the most gripping tragedies of the age; a problem play in the making. An operatic masterpiece, with no less than 287 motives."

Bingville Bugle.

"Hain't nawthin' made sich a stir round these parts since Uncle Taum's Cabin two years last hayin'time. Our dramatic critic, Ezzy Higginbothum went down by traully tu Oshkosh last Wednesdy tu see the dom thing, and he ses, "By Gaush, it's allright"

Herrmann's Revenge, or Four Deaths Zusammen.

Persönliche Stellung.

Herrmann von Edelweiss.....Bold Hunter (motif)
Weiszbard der Fischermann.....(motif)
Bernhoff von Dinkelschwartz....Robber Knight (motif)
Gretchen,.....Daughter von Weiszbard (motif)

Setting: Time, Der Frühling (the Springtime) Vögel singing in the branches. (motif)

Links: ein in den See fliessenden Bach mit umherschwimmenden Fischlein darin.

(This has been aptly translated by the learned Professor Nussbaum.) Leftly, an into the sea flowing brook with about swimming little fishes therein. (Brook motif.)

Im Vorgrunder sehen wir den auf einem Steine stehende und seine Tochter überall umherblickende Weiszbart der Fischermann.

Nussbaum here renders the following delicately.) In the foreground see we on a rock standing and after his daughter all over everywhere about looking Weiszbart the Fisherman. (Weiszbart motif.)

The old man wanders aimlessly, wringing his tears and shedding his hands. Even the Vögel seem affected by his sorrow. (Bird Motif.) Weiszbart geht ab.

Gretchen has been culling lobsters by dem Spiegelsee.

Gretchen belated in her to the return home-coming by the handsome young Herrmann von Edelweiss (motiv), who for many years his eyes upon her has had, and who but now is to her his love imparting.

They walk hand in hand im Vorgrunde, and all seems settled. He bids her farewell under the three grand old Lindenbäume (there, there, und there. Motiv), and departs for the marriage license. (Motiv) But fate has willed it otherwise. (Motiv)

Bernhoff, who has been watching her from a distance kommt hereingesneaked (Motiv). He approaches Gretchen stealthily, tries to take her hand, falls, sinkt auf die Kniee hinunter, and bursts ab into impassioned Liebessprüche. Rebellious she stands kalt. He rises from den Knieen, and draws a--his breath.

(Here the author breaks off into a charming little verse:

Bernhoff: "If you are always kalt with me, -

Then I will take you off," said he.

Bretchen: "I'm now verlobt mit Edelweiss.

I find you are not half so nice.

He reaches nach ihr, but she goes for the bridge gesprengt. He grabs her by the waist, and schleudert sie ins Wasser. (Splash Motiv). He stands on the bank and laughs kaltblütig. Hermann kommt hereingesprungen (Motiv) flashing his Weichmesser. They collect on the bridge. Sword play ensues. Suddenly, without warning the great steel girder of the middle trestle brach. (Motiv)

Both fall wounded zum Tode into the water. (Splash motiv.)

Now kommt der alte, Weiszbart, wringing his shirt, and sees on the surface of the Spiegelsee the body of his geliebte Tochter von the fishes ge-eaten. A scream escapes his lips; he tears his shoes from his feet, and, shouting, "Meine Tochter" (twice times), hurls himself into the Spiegelsee. (Splash motiv.)

The sun sets (motiv) and all is still, save for the lobsters scuttling back into the Spiegelsee. (Motiv)

Curtain.

Largo-
pp

allegro furioso! (Splash motiv)

The musical score is written on a grand staff with two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. It starts with a *Largo-* tempo marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. It starts with a *pp* dynamic. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are two *fff* (fortississimo) markings with wedge-shaped crescendos. The score ends with a *pp* marking and the word *etc..*. There are handwritten annotations: *ritard* and *ff decrescendi* with dashed lines. A large handwritten signature, possibly 'W. Wagner', is written across the bottom right of the score, along with the date 'July 1873'.

fff *fff* *ritard* *ff decrescendi* *pp* *etc..*

The above "Splash Motiv" is from the piano condensation of the complete orchestral score.

THURSDAY, The rain began at about three o'clock, with a solid July 10, B.29.04 down-pour which sent the pointers scuttling to the T.66' S.W. kindly shelter of the boat-house, and roused the Mammoths Rain.

from their slumbers with splashes. Jake Dunnell, who didn't wake up till the usual time, found himself nearly drowned in his blankets without knowing anything about it.

At breakfast we had a "toothbrush raid, and all those who had not brushed were sent out to do so. We give the list of the boys who had their breakfast in peace, as a reward for their infant piety": Jenckes, Dunnell, Parker, Coats, Chapin, Perkins, Mulliken, Holcombe, Leland.

At morning reading we finished "The Scotch Naturalist", and began "With the Indians in the Rockies".

For a little while after breakfast the weather looked hopeful, but it was only waiting till Mr. Lynes and Mr. Abbot got well started on the job of reeving the halyards through the top of the pole. As soon as they had got too far to stop, with their mouths full of monkey-wrenches and their souls full of wrath at the gentleman who had let the halyards get out, down came the rain. It is not often that one gets the chance to be arboreal and aquatic at the same time.

We needed a ferry-boat to get across the pond in front of the infirmary, and the path from the shop was a cascade.

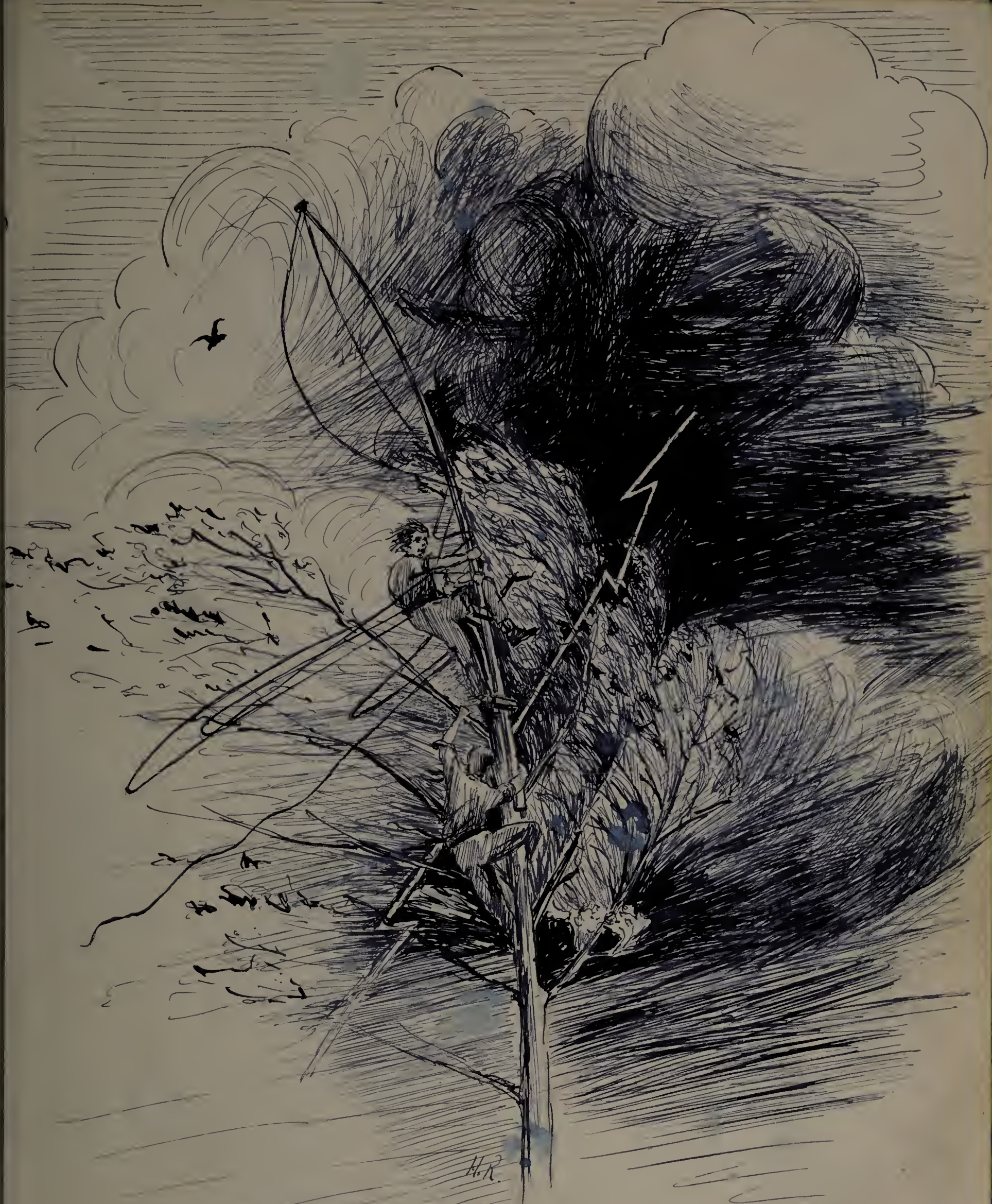
And then the wind went down, the sun came out, and all was gay. It was so calm at swim time that J.R. and J.G.W. took the pair-ear out for her first trip this summer, and George Cabot swam down to the point in deep water, finishing his swimming test in good style. Only three boys in the kindergarten class now.

1913

~~Sept~~ July 10

Williwaw

by Henry
Richards



T.L. & J.R.A.

Aloft in Williwaw



(see note) (1)



(2)

Vögel (which sing like)



Herum schwimmenden
Fischlein (3)



Linden Bäume



Weissbart
all distressed

(1) Dis is bird affected
by Weissbart's sorrowishness.

(2) Dis pig bird used ter
live on Gretchen's roof and she
used ter feed him mit fried
eggs etrey morning.

(3) Desc two fishes eat
Gretchen and died off
it.

THURSDAY,
(cont'd.)

SUNDRY STUNTS.

CAUCHCOMGOMOCK^K. EBENEZER. ABOLJOCK^K AMEGUS. RIPOGENUS. ADLER.

A. Foss	L.C.Z.	J.R.A.	G.E.A.	A.T.
Greenwood	Aspinwall	A.M.R.	E.W.B.	C.F. Batchelder
H. Davis	Perkins	Dillon	Howard	Thayer
Lowell	James	Dunnell	H.B. Davis	Leland

WILLIWAW. PANTASOTE. EREBUS. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL.

J.A.P.M.	C.F.F.	J.R.	J.G.W.	T.L.
Coats	P. Batchelder	R.A. Thorn.	Dorr	Allen
Mulliken	Brédrick	Paine	Jenckes	Holcombe
A.J.M.		6 bass	4 bass	5 bass

TOTAL CATCH, FIFTEEN BASS.

OUANANICHE.

R.W.B.

Houghton	Chapin
Cabot	C. Thorndike
Hun	Cross
Parker	Scott
Corning	Smith

Curtis

The heading "Sundry Stunts" was not quite appropriate. It should have been "Rain-wet Stunts." When we started it looked threatening, but not desperate. But we give the details below.

The Corker, the Abol and the Rip went down to the end of the southwest bay, and landed, planning to climb Lord's Hill from the north side. By the time they landed it was raining a little, and a huge shower was piling up fast. The only thing to do seemed to be to get under cover, so they went across the pasture to the nearest house; where lives one Lord, who was born on the hill above mentioned. There most of the company killed flies on the piazza, while A.M.R. went in and talked to Mrs. Lord, thereby deriving much information about the neighborhood and the folks. Did it rain? Well, rather. When it stopped there was not much time left, but we went along the road a little way in the mud, sliding and skating about. Then we went back to our boats, through grass and bushes that were over knee-deep, and to say the least, damp. It was sprinkled all the way home, but not enough to amount to anything.

THURSDAY, The Ouananiche started out for the Tiber, but just about (cont'd.)

Crooked Island the rain caught her full strength. She was so wet in five minutes that the prospect of keeping on to find some problematical shelter, and sit in it soaked to the skin, did not seem very alluring. There would be dry clothes at home, and it was better to keep exercising than to sit still. So home they came, like the Ark in the Deluge, and arrived more like drowned rats than ordinary human beings. Bed, camphor pills, a hot fire, and progressive ping-pong were administered, and under the influence of these restoratives the weary mariners recovered. As for P. Curtis, he had been snug and dry in the fore-cabin.

A.T. and his crew set out for Rubberneck Brook, and really explored it, carrying over the sand-bank at the mouth. They got a good share of the rain, but as the nearest place of refuge was the girls' camp, they turned their canoe over, and waited till the clouds rolled by.

L.C.Z. and company, made the carry at Gleason's, intending to do Ellis and McGraw, but it was damp over there too, and they spent a good deal of time on the piazza of Beech Lodge (or Birch, we don't feel sure which.)

The Williwaw and the Pantasote went to the Mills, and got to town in time to escape the rain. They returned in good condition, with supplies of various kinds.

The three fishers did not exactly go sailing out into the west, but they took their suppers and went out. T.L. and J.G.W. went out at once, and when the rain came down they "sot an'tuk it, Bre'r Fox", to the detriment of their suppers. We have it on good authority that wet doughnuts are not nice. But they got fish, and good ones, as will be seen on the list.

THURSDAY As for J.R., he looked at the coming shower, and said (cont'd.) "Nay, nay". He and his crew waited till the cruel war was over, and then sallied forth dry and comfortable. They got a dry supper thereby, and fish besides.

After supper we had Digestion Club in the Infirmary. It was a close fit, even with the fishermen out, but we thought the shop would be chilly.

The half-past eight games were "Earth, Air, and Water", and "Indoor Wolf".

Then came half-past nine Boston. We had thought that J.G.W. and R.W.B. were getting on nicely with their whiskers,; but when Parker was called Mr. Wiggins, and Coats and Perkins were called Mr. Bennett, we began to have our doubts.

So ended a varied and exciting day.



Gretchen

Bernhoff von Dingelschwertz Hermann von Edelweiss

95

FRIDAY, A very cold morning. There was no need to tell people
July 11
B. 29.07 to get out of the water, at first swim.
T. 62'
N.W. This morning Dr. Millet began his series of talks on
Cloudy.

"first aid" by telling us some of the points about physiology that everyone ought to know.

SQUAD NOTES.

The carpenter squad is at work on some more small tables. We shall be very grateful for them, for the present type-writer table is a fine example of what a table ought not to be.

An able engineering squad went to work this morning to relay the drain that runs round the corner of the south dormitory.

A squad of naval architects refitted the good old ship Pie-plant, and got her ready for sea. A new barrel took the place of the leaky one, and at swim she was launched once more.

SECOND MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

DINKELSCHWEITZE VS. EDELWEISSE.

This should have been a closer game than it was, for the third inning ended with a score of 1-1. After that the Dinkelschweitze began to score and in the eighth they ran up to a figure that put them out of reach of their opponents.

The number of hits on the two teams was almost the same; and as the pitcher of the Edelweisse struck out eight men to his rivals three, one must look at the error column to find the reason of the final score. That tells the story.

There were two pretty double plays, both in the sixth. H.B. Davis caught Captain John's fly, and by a quick throw to first put Chick out. Chick put Mr. Zahner out by a throw to second, and Dillon got it to first in time to catch Gus Thorndike.

Dinkelshewitz vs. Edelweiss of July 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1	1	H. Davis	5	2-3	4-3			9-9								2	1	0
14	0		H. Penivall	3	2-3												3	3	0
3	5		F. E. F.	6	2-3					* 2-3							3	2	2
1	3		J. R.	1				9-2		8-4							4	2	2
4	3	1	J. R. A.	2		1-3		9-1		10-3		1-2					4	0	0
2	0	1	Parker	8	2-3			K									4	0	1
2	4		Dillon	4		4-3			4-3		K						4	0	0
0	0		E. F. Bitch	7			K		K		K	K	0				4	0	0
0	0		C. G. F.	9			K										1	0	0
0	1		Chapin	9							2-3	9-1					3	0	1
27	17		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	1	0	1	2	3	0	3	1	4	0	4	8
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* Double 6-4-3.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	3												28	8	6

Edelweiss vs. Dinkelshewitz of July 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.
8	0	1	L. C. J.	3	K		2-3			* 6-4			2-3				4	0	0
0	1	1	A. T.	6	K			4-3		4-3			2-3				4	0	0
10	2	2	C. F. F.	2	2-3			2-3		9-8			6-3				4	0	0
0	0	1	Hallowell	8		9-6		9-1			4-3						3	0	0
2	2	2	T. L.	1		9-8					9-1						3	0	1
2	5	2	H. B. Davis	4		2-3			9-5		2-3						2	0	0
1	0	3	R. W. B.	6					K			9-4					2	1	0
1	1		Allen	9			2-3		9-2								2	0	1
0	1	2	J. A. P. M.	7			2-3					2-3					3	0	1
0	0		C. H. S.	9								4-3					1	0	0
24	12		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	28	13
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* Double 4-3										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				3	8														

While the big game was going on, the rest of the company was playing "Pomfretta", with Mr. Wiggins for coach and general manager. We have no details of the game, but we hear that it was a close one; and from the flushed and damp appearance of the players afterwards, we judge that it was a hard-fought one.

After supper came "Games on the Hill", followed by "Quiet Games". First time we have been "quiet" this year.

The half-past niners finished "Calumet K".

The moon was so wonderful that various people slept out, and J. R. A. and J. G. W. departed in a canoe. And it didn't rain all night! Harry Cross is doing better.

SATURDAY, The day began with one unusual event. After Skipper July 12, B.29.18 had waked Sunshine Alley, he suddenly 'called, "Oh Hecuba!" T.65' Clear And there was that gallant craft, half way from the point N.W. Light. to the float. Those bold pirates had been all the way round the Horn overnight! In fact they had done a good deal more, for they had turned up the big branch that comes into the stream below the railroad bridge, and gone up it over a mile before they found out their mistake. We have always wanted to explore that side stream, though we should not choose the middle of the night for it. They had also found many logs; so they did pretty well to get home in time.

But all day there was a far-away look in their eyes. Were they thinking of pleasant reaches along the stream? Or were they longing for bed?

UMHERSPIELEN AUF DER IM GROSSEN TEICHE-LIEGENDEN INSEL.
(Which is to say, skirmishing on the islands in Great Pond.)

ABOL.	COR ^K ER.	RIP.	EBEN.	IDENTICAL.
G.E.A.	R.W.B.	A.T.	Aspinwall	J.G.W.
Dillon	Paine	Leland	Thayer	Coats
James	Dunnell	Chapin	Lowell	Jenckes
A.M.R.	A.Foss	J.A.P.M.	C.F.Batchelder	
YAMMER.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.
H.Davis	J.R.	J.R.A.	C.F.F.	L.C.Z.
Parker	Allen	Hallowell	H.B.Davis	Houghton
Dorr	A.J.M.	E.W.B.	Scott	Mulliken

OUANANICHE.
T.L.

Cross	Hun
Holcombe	Perkins
Howard	R.A.Thorndike
Brodrick	P.Batchelder
Corning	C.Thorndike
Passengers	
Smith	Greenwood
Curtis	Cabot

By the time we had started the wind had shifted to the southwest, and was stiffening quite a bit. We made the dry-dock successfully, and went up to the field, after the usual wade through poison ivy. The raspberries were coming on well, and we had time to sample them pretty thoroughly.

SATURDAY, Then we had two wild games of "Grass Scouting. The
(cont'd.)
cover is not so good as it was last year, perhaps because there
is a cow there, but there was a lively time. The two sides were
the Aztecs and the Tiahuanacos, under command of J.R. and T.L.
The Aztecs won both games.

In the first game the number of shots was a tie, 18-18,
but Thayer scored a run for his side.

The second game was very uneven; the Aztecs killing off
most of their opponents, and then making runs as fast as they
could. The total number of runs was hard to get accurately, but it
was somewhere in the teens.

There were two players conspicuous by their absence; two
whose helmets have shone magnificent on many a hard-fought field.
Where were they? Well, J.R.A. was asleep at one end of the field,
and J.G.W. at the other. Unkind rumor says that Mr. Wiggins was
snoring, but as we did not hear him, we cannot give an opinion.

By the time we started for home there was a pretty stiff
wind blowing from the southwest. The Ouananiche could head for
home, but the canoes had to make for Oak Island, and the rangeleys
escorted them. It was hard work, and very wet, but it was great
fun. Opinions differ as to which canoe had most water in her, but
none was very dry.

After supper there was time for "Games on the Hill", and
then came charades. We were so quick this time that we got in
four, a thing we do not often do.

MUSIC. The two syllables were given in one scene. First two
most obnoxious cats made night hideous, and then the neighbors

79
SATURDAY "sicked" the dogs on them. The whole word was a wonder-
(cont'd.)

ful chorus rehearsal, under the leadership of L.C.Z. No two sang
in the same key, and a good many didn't sing in any key at all.
It was "Cubist" music, and very amazing.

ANCHORITE. The first two syllables were acted together. A
gallant bark was shipwrecked, in spite of the heavy anchors which
were put out. Of course the dragging of Holcombe was not so
much to be wondered at. But when a ship finds herself in such a
gale that she drags Harry Cross, she might as well give up. "Rite"
was a fine scene. Two medicine men, J.G.W. and T.I., brought in
their tribal rain god, the great god Brodie, and then, followed by
various members of the tribe, did a rain dance before him. We
really felt as if the rain might descend at once. The whole word
gave us another god; this time the god Hotel, who sat and grinned
as became the god of good cheer. Various people prayed to him for
things that they wanted and then the pious anchorite vowed to
devote himself to the service of the god, and grin the rest of his
life, holding his hands up in the air. Of course he could not feed
himself; and the vow was quickly broken when his "chela" tried to
put a large stone into his mouth.

PALADIN. The first scene was rather a companion to "Ma", as we
had it last week. This time it was the father that was nervous, and
driven distracted by his children. We do not wonder that he
finally rose and smote them. "Lad" was a little misleading; for we
hold that eight or ten are plural, even if they come in one at a
time. The third syllable was such a din as one does not often hear.
We didn't get all the component parts, but the bray of the horns,
the booming of megaphones, and the crash of kettles were all
represented. It was a wonder! The whole word was intensely drama-

SATURDAY tie. A king and queen sat in judgment. To them entered
(cont'd.)

a gallant knight (G.E.A.), who accused his rival of kidnapping the lovely object of their affections. A trial by combat followed, the villain was defeated, and the fair lady was led off in triumph by her gallant knight.

MANIAC. For the first syllable we had the destruction of the Maine. The gallant captain had just given the order to pipe all hands to tea, when the explosion occurred. Some said that there was nothing in the second scene to show that the animal ridden across the stage was a yak, and there is something in this criticism, but we hadn't time to import the real article. There was no doubt about the whole word, anyhow. If J.G.W. was not a maniac, then there never was one. We were much relieved when the keepers got him tied up and taken back to the asylum.

The game for the half-past niners was "Clumps". It went very well, except for occasional wild answers. Some of us were a little puzzled at the biped that was neither a human being nor a bird; and it was some time before we found out that it was a fly!

SUNDAY Why do our weather-men like to do stunts on Sunday?

July 13

B.28.94 Is it to show off? Because we wish they wouldn't.

T.72'

Clear To-day we had just the same trouble as last Sunday:
W.

williwaws all round till so late that a water picnic was
Showery.. out of the question, and then quiet and warm.

This time there was a walk to Snake Point, and then scouting.
The picnic was up in the Pine Grove, the grub being transported
by water.

We had time for several rounds of "Apprentice my Son" before
singing, and then many good songs.

By the time we got home for hymns it was really hot, and the
mosquitoes were out in full force. In spite of this, a good crew
of pointers went out.

A good many people went to bed early, but those who stayed
up went out for half-past nine boats.

Still later there was a very select faculty swim, judging by
the mildness of the "splash motif"; when they all go in at once
Pickereel Rock trembles to its foundations.

Two late birds went out in a canoe to see if the bass
would take a particular fly by moonlight. Evidence seems to show
that they won't; but the moonlight must have been very pleasant.

At afternoon reading we began "Richard III".

Camping Trip
July 14th
— — —

Batchelder, C.F.

Greenwood

James

Perkins

Thorndike, C.

T.L.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomack

MONDAY A pretty cold and blustering day,
July 14,
B.28.89 but our campers were not to be dis-
T.65'
Cloudy couraged. There was one change made,
N.W.

however. They went in rangeleys instead of
canoes; and from the way in which they danced
as they started, we think they were wise.

A new squad has gone to work: the great
aquarium squad. We are going to have an out of
door aquarium, just below the big rock by the
north dormitory, and the squad is clearing away stones and
getting ready.

A weekly blacklist is being printed, of those who are not
getting properly fat, and those who are not getting properly thin.
We give this morning's list.

<u>TOO FAT.</u>	<u>TOO THIN.</u>	<u>BEST GAIN.</u>	<u>BEST LOSS.</u>
Holcombe	Greenwood	Foss 4 1/2	Hun 7
Lowell	Scott		
	Thayer		

The wind had been fierce all the morning, but as soon as it
was time for swim, it said, "Canoe test? Not much!" And flattened
down considerably. But there was plenty of good practice, and
some day we shall catch it right.

It was so cool along our shore after dinner, the wind having
waked up again immediately after swim, that we read in a new
place, over the bank, among the birch trees. It was warm enough
there and to spare.

<u>VERY SELECT FISHING.</u>		
J.R.	J.G.W.	L.C.Z.
Hun	R.A. Thorndike	Holcombe
Cabot	Paine	Houghton

They worked hard, but the only fish they got were undersized.
Perhaps the big fish didn't like the wind.

THIRD JUNIOR BASEBALL GAMES.
PICKLES VS. PRUNES.
TURNIPS VS. CARROTS.

In the first game the Pickles outplayed their rivals decidedly. Chapin and Hallowell got five runs apiece, and Hallowell came out with a batting average of 1000, including two three-baggers, to his credit.

The second game was a real game. The Carrots led for four innings; but in the fourth the Turnips rallied, and four men crossed the plate. The Carrots fought every inch of the ground, but the sixth inning saw them defeated by one run. In this game Leland heads the batting list, with .750

Pickles			vs. Prunes			of July			14			at			1						
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	28	34	45	58	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	1		Dillon		6	(K) 2-3			20		K							5	2	1	
2	0	1	Chapin		4													5	5	3	
2	0		Hallowell		1													4	5	4	
5	2		Spinwall		2													3	4	1	
2	0		Cross		5	93			55	K	K							5	0	2	
2	1		Coats		3				3	P3								3	2	0	
0	0		Lowell		8	284					43							3	0	0	
0	0		Jencken		7			K						o				3	2	1	
0	0		Don		9			91		K								3	2	0	
					10																
15	4				11																
TIME OF GAME.						Runs total.															
Hours..... Mins.....						4 4		7 11 3 14 4 18 5 23										34 22		12	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	* Can run home												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				3	4														1	2	
						1-b. on errors.															

Prunes vs. Pickles of July 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	1	2	Leland	4	K		94		95								3	0	0	
0	1	3	Brookins	5	K			56									2	0	0	
1	1	1	Parker	1	63			K									2	0	0	
7	2		A. T.	2		36											2	0	2	
5	0	2	Foss	3		94		94									2	0	0	
0	0		Dunnell	9		K			23								2	0	0	
0	0		P. Batch.	8			94		95								2	0	0	
1	1	4	Ellen	6													0	0	0	
0	0		Shayer	7			K										1	0	0	
				10																
				11																
15	6		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												16	0	2	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				7	7	1-b. on errors.														

Turnips vs. Carrots of July 14 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
4	1		Dillon	2	93		94										4	2	0		
1	1		Ellen	4	93		93		93								4	1	0		
0	6		Hallowell	1													3	1	2		
1	1	2	Parker	6													4	1	2		
0	1		Cross	5	43			93	K								3	0	0		
11	1	1	Costa	3		93											2	2	1		
1	1		Lowell	8		93				93							3	1	0		
0	0		Jenkins	7		93		K		93							3	0	0		
0	0		Dorr	9			93	94									3	1	2		
				10																	
				11																	
18	12		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												29	9	7		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* Double 4-3-6										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
1				5	5	1-b. on errors.												2			

Carrots vs. Turnips of July 14 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
2	0	3	Chapin	6	94		93										3	0	1		
12	1	1	Foss	3	94		93		K								4	1	2		
0	3	2	Aspinwall	1													4	3	2		
2	4		A. T.	2				93									4	2	2		
1	1		Leland	4						93							4	2	3		
1	0	1	Brookins	5				93		93							1	0	0		
0	0		Shayer	7	93			93									2	0	0		
0	0		P. Batch.	8		93	93		K								3	0	0		
0	0	1	Dunnell	9		93	K		K								3	0	0		
				10																	
				11																	
18	9		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												28	8	10		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				2	4	1-b. on errors.												2			

MONDAY, There was a big walk for the rest of the company,
 (Cont'd.)
 to the top of Belgrade Hill and back. Some reported themselves
 as very weary when they got back, but they seemed enthusiastic
 for food, and for the Point later.

Digestion Club met in the Infirmary, with various people
 under beds and in the linen closet.

Then, for the first time this year, we had a clothes-pin game.
 Chick led one side and Charlie Fuller the other, and the
 contest was a hot one. Some pins were spilled, and other misplays
 were made, but the five game were on the whole very good. It is
 noticeable that each side won on passing from left to right. In
 one case the winning side was behind in getting the last pin
 out of the first basket, but won by a fine sprint. The last game was
 won by a lead of a pin and a half.

<u>G.E.A.</u>	<u>C.F.F.</u>
1st. Game	2nd. Game
3rd. Game	4th. Game
5th. Game.	

As it was not quite halfpast eight when the game was over
 we played "Chicken-me, Chicken-me, Craney Crow". (Is that the way
 you spell the mystic syllables?)

The half-past niners continued "The Gloved Hand", with the
 exception of two or three, who slumbered peacefully. In fact one
 didn't wake up till we sang "Taps" over his prostrate form; and
 another would have been as badly off if his family had not
 poked him and waked him up.

Camping Trip of the "Bene ego numquam."

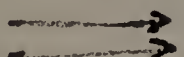
We had planned to start in canoes, but before breakfast was over the wind had increased to a seven-knot breeze, so the idea was given up. It was a jolly crowd that left the float at nine-thirty Monday morning, for we had with us the famous scholar Francis Gambully Perkins, and his rival Laurence Boquacity James. Because of the high wind and waves, the "Willivann and Yammuchmi" ran parallel to the scouting shore as far as "Stoney" Point and then waded their way through the islands to the forbidden "Parsons" Brook at the N.W. shore of Great Pond. Perkins' hat was blown into the Ocean at "Stoney" Point, and is still querulous as to why we did not "stop the ship, I want to get out and walk" for it. Disregarding the sign "no parsons allowed crossing this field. No trespassers", we pulled the boats into the bushes, and proceeded to eliminate all extra duffle so as to "go light" on our march. The extras were left in the bow of the "Willivann", and the blankets quickly rolled for carrying army-fashion across the shoulders.

The walk from Great Pond to Bog Brook is a delightful one. The main road winds into a valley to the west of Tracy's Bluff, and follows the bed of that valley in a direction a point or two west of north to the town of Mercer, on Sandy River. The road is a good one for walking, being neither too stony nor too sandy, but flat in the wheel-ruts, and easy for the smushed trotters. With a rest or two we made good time to the Hampshire Hill branch of Bog Brook, and, after eating much lunch, made camp on the shore of the bubbling stream.

Bog Brook is well named, for it runs through fairly flat country. Still it contains ice-cold water and good speckled trout. The afternoon was spent in fishing, the boys using grass-hoppers for bait, and Mr. Lyles, casting with a "Silver Doctor" and a "Grizzly King." And we were successful! Wonderful to relate, we had eight fat trout for the fish course at supper. My! they were good!

After supper, - which lasted until we could hardly breathe for fullity, - we 87
told a continuous story, and then several other yarns, sang a few songs and
then came "Taps" at 10 P.M. Horrible! [Not Taps, but the hour!] We made our beds
"under the wide and starry sky" in a field near the brook. From sundry
accounts, Mr. Lyles was the only one who slept at all, and he slept all night.
But the truth is that we all slept a fair amount. The only "out" about
the night was that James Perkins and Greenwood having mistaken the moon
for the sun, believed it was very late and consequently waked
Batchelder and Tuba Thordike immediately. They all descended to the
fire-place and built a roaring fire, and began preparing breakfast,
thinking of the joke they had played on Mr. Lyles. At 5.30, the last
named gentleman awoke, toted his blankets to the fire, and slept through
breakfast, thereby playing a joke on himself, for he was obliged to
cook another one all alone.

We fished until eleven, at which time it was decided
that we start on the return trip. Within half an hour, shower number one
drenched us to the skin. But being great big mammoth campers we did
not say much, - except, of course, James and Perkins, - but proceeded to the
boats at Forbidden Brook. Shower number seventy-eight we weathered in
a convenient boat-house, and we proceeded to Hoyt's island for lunch.
Hoyt's is a familiar place, yet Perkins and Thordike failed to discover
the raspberry patch in the middle of the island. Here we crawled beneath
friendly hemlocks or in the water and weathered showers up to the 300's,
or thereabouts. The luncheon was "some feed, believe me", and we digested
until shower number 736 had done its best, and then lit out for camp,
going slowly so that we were able to troll with four lines. Just
as we reached the float, shower number 737 appeared at the north end
of the pond. But seeing we were near to cover, it changed its
mind, and shifting to Long Pond, did its work by soaking the
Squidheads at Rocky and Hesper Hill. We then announce that ours
was "some trip."

Notice!  All brooks in Somerset Cty., that run into Sandy River,
are open to fishermen during the fishing season, under the Fish and
Game laws for the State of Maine - 1913-14.

TUESDAY, Pickarel Rock is now fully out.

July 16'

E.29.17 This morning Pelham Curtis passed his swimming test.

T.67'

Clear Only two more now!

N.W.

About nine o'clock the weather really began, with a pretty
Showers little shower. At swim time came another, but both
seemed mild.

After dinner came more small ones, till we began to think
that our campers must be getting wet. We also began to wonder if
we could get off for our trip, as planned.

After reading things looked better, so the company started.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

ABOL	EBEN.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.	OUANANICHE.	
J.R.	G.E.A.	I.C.Z.	C.F.F.	J.A.P.M.	
Paine	Leland	Aspinwall	Coats	H. Davis	Coring
Howard	Holcombe	Scott	Mulliken	Hun	Cross
A. Foss	Hallowell	Dunnell	Curtis	Jenckes	Chapin
				Houghton	P. Batch.
				Derr	R.A. Thorndike
				E.R.	
				A.J.M.	
				grub	

Hippo Hill.

IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	CORNER.	RIPGENUS.
J.R.A.	R.W.B.	A.T.	J.G.W.
Bredrick	Allen	Dillon	Lowell
Cabot	Snith	H.B. Davis	Thayer
Grub	Grub	E.W.B.	Parker

All looked well for a little while, and then the showers
began again; beautiful trails of white along the hills, with the
sun shining on them. Then they grew fatter; and we said "Poor
campers and expeditioners!"

About five o'clock the Campers of Bene Ego Nunquam came
home. They weren't very dry, and they weren't very warm, but they
had done their trick. They had got to their trout brook, and
they had got their trout; seventeen in all, and three of them right
there in the basket for supper. As for their adventures, their ~~gaze~~

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TUESDAY gallant captain is at this moment writing them up.
(Cont'd.)

Nine of us sat down to supper, and were very gay. And by and by we saw a line of little notches in the shore beyond Monkey Point, and in surprisingly short time the Expedition was at home. Wet? Rather so. And cold? More so than not, especially the coxes and small passengers. These last were run round the 440, and all but very few of the half-past eighters went to bed, as it didn't seem worth while to get into dry clothes for such a short time as there was left. There was a cocoa party in the kitchen, and then much peace, with pillows and "The Gloved Hand".

The editor didn't go on the expedition, but she can give some idea of what happened. The first real shower caught them at the Mills, and they took refuge in a boat-house. The second struck them so far up Long Pond that it didn't seem worth while to turn back. In spite of being very wet, they divided as planned, half going up Rocky Mountain Brook, and the rest scaling the cliffs east of the pond. At this point we lose count of the showers, but they were many and solid. The Rocky Mountaineers had not time to climb the mountain, but they scrambled up the brook at top speed, and why there is a whole leg in the party remains a mystery. The cliff-climbers climbed their cliff, but did not try the caves. Perhaps they were afraid they would stick, like Jimmy Thayer.

Both companies met at Beaver Brook for a hasty and gobbling supper, and made the carry at the Mills, as the song says, "In the dark, in the dew." It was so dark that it was a little hard to see, and the Ouananiche was suddenly hailed with "Where in----- are you going with that boat? Get out of them cucumbers!"

The paddle and row home was very quick, and there were some

TUESDAY , pretty lame arms and shoulders by the time the
(Cont'd.)
boats came to land.

And then the moon came out the wind went down, and it was
a heavenly evening. Happy thought! Let's make all our trips by
night, and sleep in the day-time. Nocturnal baseball might be a
little difficult, but nocturnal fishing seem to be very good
fun. And moonlight scouting would be thrilling!

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WEDNESDAY, The first event of the day was a sad one; Mrs.
 July 16th 18
 B.29.32 Richards went away, to spend two or three days in
 T.63' Cambridge with the Wigginses. Just as she was going out
 Cloudy N.W.
 Light. to the carriage a huge wet bathing-suit came down on
 her head, and she had to change all her things. Hence the follow-
 ing lines:

I left them! I left them!
 My heart was on the rack.
 But all the brothers had for me
 Was —splash! upon my back.

This morning Mr. Hallowell dropped in, to have a look at Dicky.
 We hoped to keep him to dinner, but he had a train to catch.

At morning reading Dr. Millet began telling us about
 English schools. How would some of our late risers like school
 at seven a.m.?

We also began "A Sailor's Log", which we have not read for
 several years.

A shoulder-straightening squad is now at work twice a day,
 under the Doctor's direction. We expect to see wonderful results.

THIRD FISHING AFTERNOON.

<u>WILLIWAW. PANTASOTE. IDENTICAL. YAMMERSCHOONER. EREBUS.</u>				
J.R.	T.L.	J.G.W.	J.R.A.	E.W.B.
Dorr	Jencks	Hun	Perkins	H.B. Davis
Holcombe	Houghton	Paine	James	Mulliken
3 bass			Smith	1 bass
			1 bass	1 pout
<u>TERROR. CHUB. HORNPOUT. AR^KLET. WOBLER.</u>				
R.R.	Aspinwall	H. Davis	Parker	Allen
Coats	Leland	Lowell	C. Thorndike	Dillon
Curtis	Scott	Cross	Cabot	Thayer
1 bass	1 bass	3 bass		4 bass
	1 pickerel			
<u>TOTAL FOR DAY, 16 FISH.</u>				

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

CORKER.

L.C.Z.

Chapin

Howard

C.F.F.

J.A.P.M.

A.T.

P.Batchelder

Hallowell

Brodrick

OUANANICHE.

R.W.B.

G.E.A.

Foss

C.F.Batchelder

Corning

R.A.Thorndike

Dunnell

These two gallant vessels went down the southeast bay, and the crews had just time to land and make Hamilton Pond. On the way home they met a launch, of the feeble-minded type that is so common. She had broken down, and would like a tow. The Ouananiche gave her a rope, and the Corker started to go to Gleasons and telephone to Pine Beach, where she belonged. After a while the Ouananiche took two of the people on board, leaving the other two to stand by their ship. Then the tow rope parted; and when the launch found that she really had to shift for herself, her engine came to life, and she found that she could go after all. She couldn't catch the Ouananiche, though, even though the latter had two stout strangers on board. Finally launch and crew were restored to each other's company, and went home to Pine Beach.

After supper we had "Boats" for twenty minutes, and then came in for sing-song.

THIRD SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Stunt, "Romeo and Juliet".....Aspinwall, Hallowell.
3. Song.....J.G.W.
4. Choruses.....Rolling down to Rio, The Cameron Men,
Forty Years On.
5. DuettT.L., A.M.R.
6. Stuntlet, "Hop When the Horn Blows" Parker & Co.
7. Illustrated Rhymes.
8. Choruses.....John Peele, Old Towler, Camp Song.

WEDNESDAY . Our first Shakespearian stunt was a great success.
(Cont'd.)

The dark-eyed Juliet was a rather silent maid, but her pensive gaze spoke of deep feeling; and when she said "Gus—I mean Romeo" the applause was deafening. As for Romeo, no need to ask why he was Romeo. What else should such a gallant youth be? Alas that his career ended so soon!

The familiar and moral "Hop when the Horn blows teaches a lesson that some of us still need to learn. Never be the last one to get to work; and the safest way is to be the first one. The performers were Parker, Lowell, R.A. Thorndike, R.W.B., J.A.P.M., and A.M.R.

The illustrated rhymes were chiefly taken from the works of Edward Lear. Cabot was the Old Man of Thermopylae, and Jenckes and Helcombe hustled him off in fine style.

Hunny gave an air of massive calm to the character of the Old Man who Supposed, while H. Davis and C.F. Batchelder were fine energetic rats.

Francis Leland filled the part of the Young Lady of Russia to such perfection that some of us wished that we had cotton in our ears.

Henry Howard smiled sweetly as the Young Lady of Niger, and the awful roars of the tiger while he was off the stage fully explained his grin as he returned.

Pelham Curtis was the obvious person for the Old Man of Leghorn, and Charlie Fuller, as the puppy, ate him up so thoroughly that apparently there was nothing left.

Lastly, J.G.W. appeared as the Old Man with a Beard.

Mr. Wiggins had demurred a little at singing, but finally said that he would make up a song. He began it five minutes before

WEDNESDAY supper, and kept it by him at table, with delight-
(Cont'd.)
ful results. We give the words below.

As for the half-past niners, the vote was almost unanimous
for The gloved Hand, so we went on getting into deep water.

J.G.W. His Song.

They asked me please a song to sing.

I said I didn't know a thing.

I told them that my throat was sore,
But still they clamored more and more.

I rubbed my hands up through my hair,
And flung away in wild despair.

I wandered off in grief and pain,
And then came slowly back again.

"My music is not here, I said;

"I have no ideas in my head."

I placed both feet upon the floor,
And firmly said, "I'll sing no more."

At that a wail of woe arose,
As when the north wind shrieks and blows.

My nerves had simply given way;
I felt my whiskers turning grey.
I could not bear that wild complaint,
And fell down in a mortal faint.

They say I came to by and by;
And when I did I thought I'd die.

This was the first thing that I heard,

And like a dagger was each word.

I seems to you a little thing:

" Oh, that's all right, he'll surely sing."

My head was hot, my throat was parched,

My shoes were blacked, my shirt was starched.

I staggered to my feet and said,

"I am a nervous wreck, half dead.

You've hounded me till I am ill.

Now have your way, for sing I will."

J.G.W.

(Sorry that we omitted to mention the first peas
from our own garden, which we had for dinner to-day.)

THURSDAY, Skipper's birthday, which was celebrated at supper.
July 17
B.29.28 Mayo made a wonderful pink and white cake, and he and
T.66' the two boys brought it in with a cheer, and presented
Partly cloudy it with a speech of good wishes. Wasn't that nice of
Calm them?

Camp Kiddle departed in style after morning reading. Rather energetic Kiddlees, for they went over to Long Pond, instead of keeping to home waters.

R.W.B. ate thirteen hay-bales this morning; a new record, we believe.

The shoulder-straightening squad does not have to use paddles any more. They have now sticks of their own, which must be much more comfortable.

This morning J.R. went over to the Mills in the Rob Roy to pacify the man whose cucumbers the Ouananiche almost walked on the other night. He was out, but his wife was in, and after a time became more peaceful. But why plant cucumbers in the middle of the gangway?

To-day we had our first boat-building afternoon. All hands retired to the shop, and many good beginnings were made. Some forehanded people, who have been working quietly by themselves, are rigged and ready for trial.

It looks as if Hunny might get a boat done this year, but we don't want to be too confident at this early date.

The only startling innovation so far is Houghton's tin boat. She hasn't got far enough yet for us to express an opinion.

Late in the afternoon most of the company had a rousing

Camp Kiddo
July 17th

Curtis
Dorr
Dunnell
Mulliken
Scott
Smith

L.C.Z.
G.E.A

Yammerschooner
Williwaw

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THURSDAY, game of "Pomfretta". Neither side kicked a goal, but
(Cont'd.)
there was some good playing, and everybody was ready for a swim
afterwards.

Games on the Hill were greeted with cheers, and played with
enthusiasm.

Then came "Dumb-Crambo" for the first time this season.
Only two of the three sides had time to go out, the two words
chosen taking so long to get. They were "flay", and "till", in the
sense of a cash drawer. Perhaps the best scene was what one of
us politely called "garbage." The action of the pigs was lively
in the extreme.

The half-past niners played the "Feet and Mouth" Game; in other
words, guessing eyes and noses through a sheet. T.L. and J.R.A.
commanded the two sides. On eyes the T.L.'s won easily, making
eight correct guesses out of ten, while their opponents only made
three. On noses it was more even, each side making two mistakes.
As for the personal remarks, they were "frequent and painful
and free."

FRIDAY, This morning the aquarium squad continued its work,
 July 18, getting out many horrid stones, which jammed in every
 B.29.09 conceivable way.
 T.66' Cloudy
 N.W. Rain

The labors of the garden squad were rewarded with beet-
 greens.
 p.m.

Very important work is being done on the ball-field. The
 angles of the diamond were not accurate, and must be set right.
 The bases are being properly placed, the foul lines marked, and
 clay filled in at every base. A big job.

FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The wind and the temperature were very good for the game,
 but from the first the weather looked threatening. This threat
 was made good almost at the beginning of the second game, when
 the rain began with considerable force. Corpses were put into
 rubber coats as soon as they came in, and the third game was
 cancelled. Of course after that the rain let up, but we were really
 too wet to go on playing, and a fire and dry clothes seemed the
 best thing.

The Iroquois won both games. The first was won by three shots
 with no runs on either side.

In the second both sides made runs, but the Iroquois got three
 to the Algonquins' one.

C. Thorndike heads the list for shots, with six for the
 afternoon, four of them in one game.

Apologies to Camp Capital, late Camp Kiddo, for not mention-
 ing their return in the account of the morning's doings. They
 came here just before swim, according to schedule, with a noble
 record. They camped on Long Pond climbed Philip Mountain, and

FRIDAY came down the cliffs; a walk of ten miles. No three-meal (Cont'd.) trip has ever done so much before. As for the various members of the government whom they met, (that is why they call themselves "Capital"), they shall tell the tale in their own account, which we hope to publish soon.

After supper it was Digestion Club, and then half-past eight Boston. Alden Foss was called Charlie Thorndike, and after a careful examination of his curling locks, Charlie Fuller. J.R. was hailed as Alden Ross. Truly we are an observant crowd.

"The Gloved Hand" kept us wide awake, and many theories are developing. The editor has read the book, and she knows how it really happened, but she isn't telling.

Someone suggested that the scouting score card, which faces this page, was too disreputable to keep, and should be copied, but why should one be ashamed of honorable scars? Let it stand as it is.

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SATURDAY, A most amazing thing happened this morning. We all
July 19
B.28.98 overslept. In fact we might be sleeping still, if Rhodes
T.65'
Clear and Hamilton hadn't gone out and talked pretty loud
Calm.

behind Skipper's tent. It was ten minutes of seven, but we
were ready for breakfast by quarter past, and had reading at the
usual time.

Skipper has been giving us a tweday account of the cup
races, and the development of the different defenders.

This morning the piano tuner came out, and as a result the
piano is in much better shape.

A stump squad this morning took the old stump away from the
north end of the Infirmary piazza. People who have broken their
shins over it will hail its departure with joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis arrived this morning by boat from Gleason's,
and spent the day. They are coming over again tomorrow, so we can
get their signatures.

Horace A. Davis Anna H. Davis.

Phil Smith passed his swimming test this morning, without
any difficulty. Buck up, Marcien.

A small snake was observed to-day trying to swallow a large
tree-toad. He was getting on very well, but was so embarrassed at
being watched that he dropped it, and after a second try gave
it up altogether. It must be sad to be so shy.

Speaking of shyness, Chick bet Hunny a dollar that he would
not get up at dinner, rap on the table, and say, "Three cheers for
fat old Hunny." But he reckoned without his Dutchman. Hunny did it,
and is a dollar in.

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THIRD MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

For seven innings this was as pretty a game as you could ask for. The score was 2-2 at the end of the seventh, and neither team had scored since the second. But then things happened. The Vogie began hitting hard; and that fact, with two passes to first and a couple of errors, took them through their batting order and two to spare. Things steadied down in the ninth, but the game was already won, as neither side scored again.

J.R. allowed only three hits to be made, and in the fifth inning threw G.E.A. out at first on what looked as if it was going to be a safe hit.

T.L. retired the other side with only five pitched balls in the third, and again in the fourth.

The Yogis pulled off two good double plays, one in the seven and one in the ninth.

Yogis vs. Thuggies of July 19, 1913 at																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	2	1	1 st Davis	5					4-3			6-3				K		5	2	1
12	0	1	2 nd L.C.Z.	3						9-3		6-3						4	0	0
0	0	2	3 rd Spruill	6		2-3				6-3		6-3						3	0	1
0	3		4 th J.R.*	1			6-3			8-4								5	0	2
7	3		5 th J.R.A.	2				K								K		4	1	0
5	3	1	6 th Hallouell	4		1-3		4-3			4-3				1-3			4	1	0
1	0		7 th J.A.P.M.	9			9-9	9-6			6-3							4	1	1
1	0		8 th B.Davis	7			6-3		1-3							1-3		5	1	2
0	0		9 th Allen	8					9-2		6-3		2-3		5-6			4	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	11		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1 1 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 5 7 0 7												38	7	8
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	* J.A.P.M. runs till 11th & 3rd L.C.Z.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			2	7	1-b. on errors.														
						+ Double 5-4 X Double 4-3.														

PUT OUT.			Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits			
6	3				1 C.F.F.	2	P3	F3			K		F-3						3	0	0			
2	10	2			2 G.E.A.	6	X		K		F-3		F5						4	0	1			
1	0				3 R.W.B.	5	K		F-3		X				F4				4	0	0			
0	4				4 T.L.	1	F4		X		X				F3				4	0	2			
16	0	1			5 A.T.	3		X	F1		F3				F4				4	1	0			
0	0				6 Varber	8		X			F4		F3		F-				3	1	0			
0	0				7 E.Thorndike	7		F3		K		K			K				4	0	0			
1	0	1			8 Joss	9							F-3	+	X F3				2	0	0			
1	2				9 Dillan	4		K					S F2		F4				4	0	0			
					10																			
					11																			
TIME OF GAME.						Runs total.	0	0	2	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	33	2	3	
Hours..... Mins.....																					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
27	19				Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											1		
									8	4	1-b. on errors.													

FOOBS VS. SIMPS.

Boobs vs. Simps of at

[illegible]

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
		1	Greenwood	◇		◇		◇	K			0						
		2	Coale	K		fs		K		K		1-3						
		3	Thayer	6-3		K		1-3		K		/						
		4	Batche	K		0		1-3		K		1-3						
		5	Cross		K		◇		03		0							
		6	Holcomb		0		1-3		◇		K							
		7	Dunnell				0				3-0							
		8	Curtis				0		03		2-3							
		9	Perkins		K		/											
		10																
		11																
			TIME OF GAME.															
			Hours..... Mins.....															
			Runs total.	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0					

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SATURDAY,
(Cont'd.)

The great event of the afternoon occurred while the game was going on; the arrival of L.R.E., escorted by the gentleman whose signature follows.

Henry Howe Richards

Yes, here he really is, after a year's wandering. We shan't be able to keep him long, as Mrs. Dick and Dick Junior also have their claims. Too bad they couldn't come too.

After supper it was boats, and one energetic fisherman got a pickerel. Sorry we didn't note down his name at the time, but we can't very well get it just now. (It was Dicky Hallowell.)

CHARADES.

AUTOMATIC. We have never had a more realistic automobile than that which graced the first two syllables. Its frantic speed and its tooting horn filled us with admiration; and if it had not been so heavily loaded we do not doubt that it would have reached its destination. But a tire burst with a loud report, and the joy-riders were scattered to the four winds. The third syllable was a fine wrestling scene, in which Cabot downed Dorr, and Dunnell got the better of Scott. The last syllable was a camping scene: or perhaps it was on the point. Anyhow, the would-be sleepers were so horribly bitten by ticks that they finally gave it up and went elsewhere. The whole word was a fine advertisement of breakfast food, with T.L. as an automatic eater. You could almost hear the clock-work as he jerked his spoon up and down, and when he ran down and fell over on the table, it seemed as if someone ought to wind him up, so that he could get off the stage.

CHANCELLOR. The first scene was splendid melodrama. A gang of ruffians dragged Chick in, with the rope round his neck, ready to string him up to the nearest tree. It looked as if he had no

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SATURDAY chance at all, but he played desperately for time,
(Cont'd.)
to see which side of the tree it should be, and which end of the
rope, till his friends rushed in and saved him. We are not quite
sure whether the next was "ell" or "sell; it would do for either.
An obstinate cord-maker refused to sell even an inch of cord
to the archers of the king's guard, so they very properly killed
him, and got not an inch but an ell, as one of them remarked. "Lore"
was extremely instructive. A row of learned ^{men} sat with their books,
and gave us information on a variety of subjects, ranging from
geology to the pronunciation of French. We were particularly pleased
with the description of "Sammya Hunnyensis". The whole word was very
fine. The Lord Chancellor, impressive in robes and wig, took his
seat with all due formality, and decided the fate of two of his
wards. The first, a lovely young thing in blue, was allowed to marry
the man of her choice. But when it came to the blushing damsel
in pink, it was otherwise. A man named Smith should not aspire to
a lady of such high rank. It was a clear case of "Caveat emptor".
So Smith was sent about his business, and the lady probably married
the Chancellor's son.

IDENTIFY. The first scene was in the cave of Polyphemus. The giant
with his one eye glaring in the middle of his forehead, drove his
captives into a corner, ate one of them with horrid crunchings,
and then went to sleep. That gave Ulysses his chance, and in a moment
the monster was roaring on the floor, and the captives had escaped.
For "den" a picnic party encamped too near the abode of a bear,
with disastrous results. "Tiff" was a domestic scene, Mr. and
Mrs. Ezra Doolittle having some difference of opinion on various
points. Neither was exactly agreeable, and we fear that it was not
the first time they had had words. The fourth syllable was "eye"

SATURDAY again. This time it was Perseus, a gallant figure, who
(Cont'd.)

stole the one eye of the Grey Sisters, as they sat by the shore,
and compelled them to tell him the way to the home of the Gorgon.
The whole word was inspired by the story we are reading in
the evenings, as all half-past niners saw. F.W.B. was murdered by
Aspinwall, and then the body was discovered. An alarm brought in a
detective, who examined the whole household. Finger-prints cleared
the man who was suspected, and proved the guilt of the villain,
who was dragged off to prison, struggling valiantly.

And then, not having had enough of murders, successful or
attempted, we went on with "The Cloved Hand". The plot thickens.

SUNDAY, Weather report not made, as the old weather man thought July 20 Fair he had got through, and the new one had not been appointed. Westerly. It was a fine day, though.

Activities began early. The pointers were nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes at half past four, and were seen and heard protesting wildly. As for the people in the bone-yard, they had given up and returned to their bunks below, some time before.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis came over just after service, to spend the day and night.

Much nature study went on to-day. Two turtles were caught in the lagoon, and a fine young water snake was observed along the shore. Two young pickerel were brought in for the aquarium, but as they seemed likely to die in a pail, they were let free.

PICNIC TO SOUTH(?) BEACH.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTT.	EREBUS.
H.A.D.	J.G.W.	J.A.P.M.	L.C.Z.	G.E.A.
A.N.D.	Brodrick	Aspinwall	C.Thorndike	C.F.Batchelder
H.Davis	Jenckes	Dunnell	Greenwood	Cabot
	Curtis	A.J.M.		E.W.B.
TERROR.	COR ^K ER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIP.
C.F.F.	T.L.	J.R.A.	R.W.B.	A.T.
Hallowell	Chapin	Dorr	Leland	Paine
Mulliken	Dillon	James	Howard	Lowell
R.A.Thorn.	H.B.Davis	Coats	Parker	Foss

OUANANICHE.

	J.R.	Just why this was posted as "South
Allen	P.Batchelder	Beach" we don't know. It is farther
A.M.R.	Corning	south than the North Beach, but
Houghton	R.R.	there is a real south beach, on which we
Thayer	Hun	used to picnic merrily till the owner put
Perkins	Cross	up a "No Trespass" sign.
L.E.R.		
Holcombe		
Smith		
Scott		
Crub		

This beach is the beach behind Oak Island, where we once built a town. When we got in sight of it there seemed to be a very large population on it, so we went round the point to see

SUNDAY, if there was a good landing there. It wasn't very
 (Cont'd.)
 good, owing to much drift-wood, so a scout-boat went back to see
 if the population were depopulating. They were, so we landed on
 the proper beach after all. The old gentleman who owns it made no
 objection, but he didn't want us to dig up the beach, as he would
 have to smooth it put again; we don't know why. Perhaps there is
 beach inspection every day, and he was afraid of getting a pig.

We played "Wolf" in the field, and then settled down to
 supper. The beef was cold salmon this time, and no one seemed to
 object. It was messy to serve, though. Third helps were chicken, so
 we ate a great deal.

Then came some good songs, and we are really learning "~~Xixac~~
 "Widecombe Fair".

We kept a good line most of the way home, and then broke
 ranks for a sprint. We don't wish to brag, but we think the
 Ouananiche had the best of it. Charlie Allen set a beautiful
 stroke, and that is half the battle.

Time for hymns was a little short, as there had to be
 some changing of clothes. Sprinting is a damp business, espec-
 ially for canoes.

Then we had "The Maltese Cat." ^Kipling would deserve to be
 remembered if he had never written anything but that one
 story.

Camping Trip

July 21st

MONDAY
July 21
Fair
Westerly
Heavy
shower
p.m.

Foss

Davis, H. B.

Holcombe

Chapin

Batchelder, P.

J. R. A.

Aboljockamegas

Caughcomgomock

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Rather a morning of departures.

First Mr. and Mrs. Davis left us, and the Mr. Abbot's camping trip.

At morning reading H. H. R. told us about an amazing museum in Milan, in which they have working models of every industrial appliance, from a fountain pen to

a coal mine.

The weight list posted this morning shows a large number that have not gained as they should have. The trip to Rocky Mountain may be partly responsible.

Our shower came up while we were at dinner, and was quite a williwaw. We wonder how much of it the campers got.

Weather conditions were such that boat building was the obvious occupation for the greater part of the afternoon. Things are progressing well. Houghton's tin boat is now recognizable as a boat. R. W. B. has a model that seems to reverse all the usual theories, and there is at least one shark under way.

At half-past four tools were put away. Two sides were called out for Pomfretta, a select company ran for the mail, and the rest had three lively rounds of Progressive Ping-pong.

The Pomfretta teams, captained by Greenwood and Howard, played a snappy game, and ended with a score of 0-0. Though not picked out as experts, they went into it hard, and showed steadily improving form. We give the two teams below:

Greenwood (capt.)	Howard (capt.)
R. A. Thorndike	Houghton
James	Dorr
Mulliken	Dunnell
Scott	Cabot
Paine	Hun
Curtis	Smith

MONDAY, The mail runners did not race home, on account of the
(Cont'd.)
hill and the bad roads, but took a turn round the 440, just to
get warm.

The ping-pong performers played three rounds, which were won
by G.E.A. The finals were as follows:

G.E.A. vs. C.Thorndike

G.E.A. vs. J.R.

G.E.A. vs. T.L.

After supper the weather was so lovely that we all took to
the boats, and very few came in before quarter past eight. There
was much telling of ghost stories, and some fishing, and J.G.W.
got one bass. Nobody got a ghost, so far as we know.

For the few brief minutes between boats and bed we played
"Teakettle"; and then, feeling energetic, we had "Boston". The Fossil
was not here, to be mistaken for everybody, but the person who
took Clarence Corning for Gus Aspinwall did pretty well. Our little
Gus had better join the "too thin" squad.

Swimming to Pickerel continues to be popular. Two squads
were out there this morning.

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TUESDAY This morning Mr. Lynes began a series of talks on swim-
July 22.

B.29.32 .ming, telling us about the different strokes, and their
T.72'

Fair advantages. He follows them up by practical demonstrations
N.W.

in the water, and we certainly ought to learn a good many
things.

Arrivals and departures this morning. Haven Parker arrived
by automobile, escorted by his father, mother, and sister. He is
a bit early for August, but the sooner the better.

Haven Parker

Later in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Meserve and a friend
came down from Ram Island, to see camp in general and Billy Houghton
and Steve Brodie in particular.

Mr. Dick left by the noon train, alas! But we are lucky to
get him at all. Wife and son are pretty absorbing people. With
him went Miss Rosalind, but she is only going to Gardiner for
the night, to see friends and do errands, and will be back tomorrow.

Wonderful to relate, there were no showers in sight after
dinner, and the chance to get out on the water and get home dry
seemed too good to lose. The disciples of Izaak Walton sallied forth
with fishing-rods and suppers, and the Ouananiche went rambling.

FISHING AND EXPEDITION TO LORD'S HILL.

WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. FREBUS. TERROR.

J.G.W.	E.W.B.	T.L.	J.A.P.M.	A.J.M.	G.F.F.
Thayer	Dorr	Curtis	Paine	Allen	Perkins
James	Cross	Funnell	Coats	Scott	Smith
5 bass	5 bass	8 bass	1 bass	1 perch	1 bass
			1 pickerel		

<u>ARKLET.</u>	<u>WOBLER.</u>	<u>CHUB.</u>	<u>HORNPOUT.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>
J.R.	P.S. Parker	A.T.	H. Davis	B.W.R.
Dillon	H. Parker	Leland	Greenwood	C.E.A.
Houghton		Hun	Jenckes	Brodrick
1 bass		3 bass		Hallowell
				C.F. Patch.
				C. Thorndike
				L.C.Z.

TOTAL, 26 FISH.

Mulliken, Cabot, Howard,
R.A. Thorndike.

TUESDAY, By the time we started the wind was a brisk
(Cont'd.) breeze from the southwest, but the Ouananiche made good time to the southwest corner of the pond, where she landed on a little beach. Close by there were three people lying on the shore, but though we felt quite sure that they had been murdered, we did not feel called upon to interfere, and marched in good order across Mr. Lord's fields.

At the cross-roads we turned up past the school-house, and steady tramping brought us in time to the top of Lord's Hill. The view was a little hazy, but very beautiful and we counted our six ponds in plain sight.

We found a rocky place on the west side, and from that there was a view of another hill that looked good, so we started, some a once and some later. We found a brook, but as the water was three feet down, and we could only get glimpses of it through three inch holes, we decided that we were not thirsty.

The first house that we came to was deserted, and we explored it thoroughly. The most interesting thing in it was the old well in the back kitchen, which had a bucket and chain running over a great solid wooden wheel. We hauled up the bucket, but as water in unused wells is not always safe, we decided again that we were not thirsty, though the water was clear and cold.

When we came out we were joined by the later squad, and all swung along up the hill together. Just at the brow of the hill we came to a little house, with a well across the road in a field. Before we could ask for a drink, out came the lady of the house, with pail and cup. "I thought you looked like a thirsty crowd," she said. And then she pulled up the bucket. Thirsty? We hadn't

TUESDAY, known till then how thirsty we were, and we drank till (Cont'd.)

we really could drink no more. As for the good lady, she is the real kind of neighbor, no matter how far off she lives, and we trust to meet her and her well again.

Then we went on, intending to connect with our road the other way. We walked, and we continued walking, till we began to fear that the road we were on didn't go our way at all; and we began to wonder how we should feel if we landed at the Mills. People whom we met kept telling us that we should strike the Narrows road, and we tried to believe them.

The last man told us that it was at the top of the next hill, and before we reached the foot of the hill we fell into it. At last we sighted our own pond, and our gallant leader started on a pasture lane. We didn't know where we should strike the shore, but we felt sure that we were too far north. Still, one can always walk down a shore.

Suddenly we turned round a little hill, and there we were in Mr. Lord's back yard, right where we wanted to be. Such was the Napoleonic skill of our captain.

Dicky Hallowell was afraid we hadn't enough supper, but when the prehistoric pig-eater put in his sixth help of ham whole, it looked as if we might do.

And we came home in less than half an hour, ending with a stand-up sprint, feeling very fine.

Camp "O.E. Careless" came home in good order, after climbing Royal. Mor of their doings hereafter.

There was time for "Towel", and then we went on with "The Gloved Hand".

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Camp "O Be Careless!"

This may sound like a very queer name for a camping trip, but to those initiated it is full of significance. We got away, the six of us, Alden Foss, Philip Batchelder, Horace Davis, Buster Chapin, Teddy Holcombe, and J.R.A., to a very conservative start. We refrained from any flagrant acts of carelessness until we reached the mills. There, after carrying everything across successfully, P. Batch, with the able assistance and coöperation of the rest of us, managed to leave one of the grub-baskets behind. The worst of it was that we didn't discover our loss until we were landing at our camping place at the southwestern end of ~~the~~ Long Pond. When we found what we had done, there was nothing for it but to paddle back and get the basket. So Fossie took the Corber with Horace, Buster, and Batchy for a flying trip to the mills, leaving Teddy and J.R.A. to pitch camp.

Meanwhile a day that had begun in a most auspicious way from the standpoint of weather suddenly became grouchy and overcast. Teddy and J.R.A., realizing that a williwaw was imminent, hustled round in lively fashion. They succeeded in getting the tent ~~set~~ up and the duffle all inside and were comfortably seated within when the rain began to fall.

As it happened we at the camping place got only the edge of the storm, a light steady drizzle.

Half an hour after the storm began, the Corber returned with her crew sopping wet, but happy in having recovered the grub basket. Wet clothes were at once removed, and in a few moments we were all sitting around in the tent wrapped in blankets and enjoying a long-delayed lunch. It was a bully lunch, too, and the chicken especially was much appreciated. We had two helps apiece and the rest was set aside for future reference. After lunch we lay around in the tent waiting for the rain to stop and whiling away the time by making very bad ~~to~~ puns, the most atrocious of which were perpetrated by one Horace Davis, a past-master in that estimable(?) art.

By 3:30 the rain ceased and we celebrated the occasion with a good swim. Then while J.R.A. and Fossie began the preparations for supper the others went out trolling in the canoes, returning in three quarters of an hour with two good fish. While they were gone J.R.A. initiated the careless proceedings by falling off a rock into two feet of water scattering a pailful of potatoes over the surface of the pond with great abandon. Luckily Laddy Holcombe was the ~~only~~ ^{only} spectator of this disastrous scene.

At six o'clock dinner was announced and it was an excellent meal that we sat down to. The first course consisted of "potage de pullets à la pomme de terre", vulgarly

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known as chicken soup with potatoes. It was "some" soup as attested by the rapid way in which it disappeared. Following this was the main course of boiled mush, served up with apricot sauce, and accompanied by bacon, pilot bread, and Cocoa. Then followed a dessert of dates or raisins according to choice. As I have inferred, it was a very satisfactory meal indeed, and we did not fail to do it justice.

In the evening we had boats and floated around for awhile in the starlight, dividing our efforts equally between slapping mosquitos and trying to keep Batches's famous ascetyline searchlight going. By the time we were ready to land, it was doing some very creditable work, but like the steam automobile, its efficiency is impaired by the fact that it takes at least half an hour to fire up. In spite of the light, our landing in the darkness was a humorous one, three more of the party, Buster, Horace, & Teddy, "being careless" and falling ~~at~~ in. Batches was expected to do the same, but was a huge disappointment to us in this respect. At the beginning of our trip we had decided to call it "Batches-fellinagain", but in spite of repeated admonitions to "be careless", he steadily and consistently refused to fall in. At about nine o'clock, after making the tent absolutely mosquito-proof, we turned in. A round of the most gruesome ghost

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stories imaginable intermingled with more bad puns caused us to resign one by one and soon we were all fast asleep.

Old Uncle Ted Holcombe was the first one up in the morning, but the rest were not long in following suit. By six o'clock even Fossie was stirring round. The latter and T.R.A. started the breakfast while the other four went fishing again, returning as before with two more good fish. They had one adventure which will surely bear relating. As they were trolling, Buster felt a big tug on his line and was much chagrined when the line broke. Horace, thinking it had caught on bottom, dove overboard, swam and all, and grabbed the loose end. This he handed to Buster who much to his astonishment hauled in a good sized bass.

Breakfast was a meal of fried foods; fried potatoes, fried mush, fried bacon, and very excellent fried fish, skinned and cooked by Horace. After breakfast we took down the tent and packed up our duffle, finding by the way that, due to our carelessness, ~~that~~ almost everyone had at least one article of clothing pretty well burnt while drying by the fire.

At 9 o'clock we set off for a walk, going out by the old logging road to the foot of Hornbeam and then turning up the main road toward Mt. Royal. It was quite a walk to the foot of the mountain and time was getting short but Buster was very anxious to get to the top and see the view so we pushed on. After some difficulty we found the lookout rock on the west side but couldn't stop for long. A short halt for water at our old friend the farmhouse and then back by the road round the mountain. We hiked along in fine style till we reached the logging road. Here we promptly lost our way and floundered in the woods for an hour. We didn't reach our camp till 2 o'clock considerably behind schedule, but we caught up by cutting short our swim and indulging in a very frugal lunch. At 3:15 we were on our way home where we arrived at five, tired, happy, and very sunburnt crowd. J. R. A.

WEDNESDAY, A couple of items should have gone in before, but
 July 23
 B.29.34 were omitted. The crew of the Ouananiche saw seven
 T.71'
 Fair duck flying over Monday afternoon, and T.L.'s crew saw
 SW.
 a loon flying, and were followed half way down the southeast bay
 by an eagle.

Squad Notes.

A window-washing squad improved our outlook on the world
 this morning.

A heroic squad of one, P. Batchelder, washed Dukey, and made him
 a more desirable companion. Poor Dukey didn't enjoy it; and we
 doubt if Philip did.

The aquarium goes on well. It is the biggest piece of work
 that has ever been undertaken in camp.

 Just after swim Pine Island put in for a few minutes. Two
 canoes wanted to wait for a third, which was delayed by a broken
 paddle. Pretty soon the lame ducks came along, and we fitted them
 out with a whole paddle. There was wind enough to make it lively
 for them round the point.

FOURTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME. THUGGIES VS. YOGIS.

The best game we have had this year, and distinctly above
 the average for any year. In hits, runs, strike outs, and errors,
 there was only a difference of one between the two teams. That is
 going some.

In the second inning A.T. caught a fly so difficult that
 he ran half way over to the Mammoth Cave before he could stop,
 and almost pitched on his nose.

In the third T.L. retired the opposing side on three pitched
 balls.

The score came near being tied in the sixth, but the following is what happened. L.C.Z. hit to G.E.A. on the ground. H. Davis went from second to third, Allen being on third. G.E.A. tagged H. Davis, the bag being in possession of Allen; and then Allen, thinking himself out, left the base and was tagged by G.E.A. It is not often that a man makes an unassisted double play on one base.

There were two other double plays, one on each side. In the second inning Hallowell caught Parker's fly, and then threw to L.C.Z., catching A.T. off.

In the first G.E.A. threw to Dillon, catching Aspinwall on his way to second, and Dillon doubled by throwing to first in time to catch J.R.

In the ninth Dillon made an assist from right field, robbing J.A.P.M. of what looked like a safe hit.

T.L., J.R.A., and G.E.A. all batted for .500, and T.L. and L.C.Z. each slammed the ball to the outfield for two bases.

Thuggere vs. Yozie										of July 23										at		
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
5	2		1 C.F.F.	2		97			K	93		E3						4	0	0		
6	1		2 G.E.A.	6		24			96		Diamond	Diamond						4	1	2		
0	0		3 R.W.B.	5		K			Diamond		Diamond	94						4	2	1		
2	5	1	4 T.L.	1		63					904		43					4	0	2		
11	0	2	5 A.T.	3		163			43		93		43					4	0	0		
0	0		6 P.C. Parker	8		91				Diamond	Diamond		93					4	0	1		
0	0		7 J. Thordike	7				K		Diamond	Diamond							3	0	1		
1	0		8 Lon	9				93		93	97							3	0	0		
2	3	1	9 Dillon	4				93		23		K						3	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
27	11		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	3	0	3	0	3	27	3	7
Balks.	Hlt by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	Double 6 4 3 TT Double 6												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.		
				4	5														1			
						T-b. on errors.																

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

Yogis vs. Thuggers of July 23 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1 H. Davis	5			03										3	1	1
12	0		2 L.C.Z.	3	K		f-3										4	1	1
2	1	3	3 Spinnell	6													3	0	1
0	1	2	4 J. R.	1													4	0	0
4	2		5 J. R. A.	2													4	0	2
3	4		6 Hollowell	4													4	0	1
0	0		7 J. A. P. M.	9													4	0	0
2	1		8 H. B. Davis	7													3	0	0
0	0		9 Allen	8													3	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	9		TIME OF GAME.														32	2	6
			Hours.....	Mins.....	Runs total.														
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				0	4													1	

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
SIMPS VS. BOOBS.

We did not see this game ourselves, but we have engaged the services of the sporting expert of the Springfield Republican, who writes as follows:

"In the first part of the game Leland was rather erratic, but settled down and pitched a fine game, striking out eight men. Brodrick was also good, but rather erratic fielding, coupled with opportune hitting, upset his team somewhat. Steve fanned eighteen, more than twice as many as Leland. The fielding was better than in most Kid games, and Dunnell made a fine catch of C.F. Batch.'s high fly. Thayer played a good game behind the bat, catching two base runners.

Simps vs. Boobs of at

Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	1 Greenwald	5	K		K	K								
	2 Lowell	2	K		K									
	3 Chapin	6	K											
	4 Leland	1	K											
	5 Coats	3		K										
	6 Perkins	8				K								
	7 Curtis	4												
	8 Dunnell	7												
	9 Holcomb	9												
	10													
	11													
	TIME OF GAME.													
	Hours.....	Mins.....	Runs total.											

While th

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

Boobs vs. Simps of 121 at																	
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		1	C. Batch	3			04			057							
			Thayer	2													
			Bridick	1				06			K		K				
		1	Croze	6		03		2-3 K									
			Parker	5		03				03		K					
			P. Batch	7				K		053		01		K			
			Jenkes	8		1-3			K		01	6-3		6-3			
			Dorr	9			K				04		K				
			James	10			K		96				6-3				
Smith for			James 7th														
TIME OF GAME.					Runs	3	0	0	0	1	2	6	0	1	0		
Hours..... Mins.....					total.	3	3	3	0	3	4	2	6	0	6	1	0

While the two games were in progress an automobile hove in sight, bring us the two distinguished guests whose signatures follow:

Wm. Aubrey Gardner.
Howard Barker Chadbourne

And somewhat later R.R. returned, having bought out the town of Gardiner and brought it all for us.

After supper it was "Games on the Hill, and then sing-song.

FOURTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Song.....J.A.P.M.
3. Piano Solo, "y Moonlight".....Curtis.
4. Choruses: Merryweather Boys, Lyon of Preston, October.
5. Duet.....T.L., A.M.R.
6. Hampton Trio.
7. Stunt, "John Grumlie".....A.M.R., J.G.W., Smith Mulliken.
8. Stunt: "The Rival Curates".....W.A.G., J.R., L.C.Z., A.T., G.E.A.
9. Camp Song.

Dr. Millet's song was a new set of words to "Widecombe Fair", which we will give if we ever get to the end of this day's doings. Just now it looks doubtful.

Peiham Curtis did his solo very well, and we hope for

WEDNESDAY another one soon.
(Cont'd.)

The duett was the minuet from the Eighth Symphony; a most delightful movement.

The Hampton Trio was something new. We have all heard Mayo and the boys singing over their work, and this time they came in and sang for us. One of their songs was a topical one, the most popular line being, "But Thorndike eats thirteen just the same." The rest were hymns, were strange and interesting, and different from most things that one has ever heard. They are going to sing for us again by and by.

The experiences of John Grumlie and his wife are not such as to encourage matrimony. Poor John may have made an unwise remark, but he certainly paid for it. The trials of J.G.W. as he got into one difficulty after another were so funny that his wife's laughter was more than half genuine when she came back.

"The Rival Curates" is new to us in dramatic form. Which was finer, the bland mildness of Mr. Hooper (W.A.G) as he sat winding worsted, or the pathetic tootling of Hopley Porter (J.R.) as he played the flute among the lambkins, would be impossible to say. The startling transformation of the latter reverend gentleman was amazing. We fear he soon forgot that "he was a pale young curate then."

By this time it was so late that we had only two verses of the camp song.

And as we were late, Skipper let us be a little later, so that we might finish "The Gloved Hand". And Mr. Lynes had got every point right! Certainly his middle name is James Godfrey.

A SONG OF THE FAT MEN.

O Skipper! O Skipper! pray lend me a boat,
 All along, down along, out along lea,
 For we be a-going to row round the float,
 With C. Thorndike, R. Thorndike, G. Spinwall, Dome Lowell, Sam Hun,
 Harry Cross, old Uncle Ted Holcombe and all.

Oh how shall I get my boat back agai?
 For 'twill be a hard job, as I see very plain.

We'll ask Captain John for to give us a tow,
 And then we'll be fit for to do it, I know.

So off we all started to row round the float,
 But we all were so fat that we swamped the poor boat.

The Skipper he spanked us and sent us to bed,
 All along, down along, out along lea;
 "Next time take the Pie-plant" was all that he said,
 To C. Thorndike, R. Thorndike, G. Spinwall, Dome Lowell, Sam Hun,
 Harry Cross, old Uncle Ted Holcombe and all.

L. E. R.

(It did not seem necessary to give the chorus every
 time.)

THURSDAY, The weather was not very gay,
 July 24
 B.29.14 but Gus and his merry campers
 T.70' started northward just the same.
 Cloudy
 S.W.
 Slight One fish was caught this
 rain morning.
 p.m.

Pine Island returned the paddle that they borrowed.

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

The absence of the campers affected some of the results this afternoon, but it was a very satisfactory practice meet.

Hallowell and Lowell are not allowed to run, Brodrick's knee still troubles him, and Greenwood cannot do anything of this sort, but everyone else was in it from the start. Two more records were broken, both by H.P. Davis. He cut one fifth of a second off his own record for the hundred, and bettered Minot's broad jump by five inches and a quarter.

As before, A and B are simply alphabetical divisions. There were no handicaps in any event.

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.

H. Davis	4'
Perkins	3'10"
Foss	3'8"

All three men have done better than this; and last time

P.S. Parker was second.

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

H. Davis	17'2 3/4"
Perkins	13'11 3/4"
Hallowell	13'2 1/4"

Davis came up nearly eight inches since last time, and is not so far behind Wright's eighteen feet. Perkins did not get a place last time. To-day he was 5 3/4" ahead of last time's second place, made by A. Foss

Camping Trip

July 24th

Aspinwall

Corning

Dillon

Houghton

Parker, P.S.

A.T.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomack

THURSDAY,
(Cont'd.)

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

H. Davis	23'9 1/4"
Coats	23'5"
Foss	20'4"

Here again there has been a decided improvement since last time. Aspinwall, by the way has not tried it yet, owing to a bad hand and a camping trip.

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

H. Davis	13 s.
Perkins	
C. Thorndike	

Davis led at the tape by four yards, and did not have to exhaust himself. The men who got second and third last time were on a camping trip. C. Thorndike got put in the wrong class last time, and was not in this event at all.

SENIOR 440 YARD RUN.

H. Davis	1m.3 5/5 s.
Perkins	
Foss	
Coats	

This was the only event in which there was any handicapping. H. Davis was scratch. Coats, Foss, Perkins, and C. Thorndike started about twenty-five yards ahead of him, and P. Batchelder ten yards ahead of them. Davis passed the rest at the back stop, and led by ten yards at the finish. His time was nearly two two seconds better than that he made at the first practice. Coats and Foss were tied for third place, not more than a yard behind second.

THURSDAY, JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.

(Cont'd.) Class A.

C.F.Batchelder	4'5"
H.B.Davis	4'4"
Chapin	3'9"

Class B.

Leland	3'6"
Jenckes	3'2"
Smith	3'2"

H.B.Davis and Jenckes have gone up since last time. As for Smith, he did not get a place at all before, so we can only say that he has improved very much.

JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.

Class A.

H.B.Davis	15'10 3/4"
C.F.Batchelder	14'8 1/4"
Chapin	14'5 1/2"

Class B.

Leland	12'9 3/4"
H.Parker	12'6 1/4"
Jenckes	11'8 1/2"

Davis's jump establishes a new record, as we said before. Chapin has come up two inches since last time, but Batchelder has come up over nine, and passed him. In Class B., H.Parker is a new entry.

JUNIOR SHOT PUT.

Class A.

C.F.Batchelder	37'8"
H.B.Davis	27'
Cross	26'2"

Class B.

Thayer	23'11 1/2"
H.Parker	22'7"
R.A.Thorndike	21'9"

Most of these place winners have done better before.

THURSDAY,
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

Leland 14 1/5 s.

Jenckes

James

Mulliken

Hun

A very good heat. Jenckes was right on Leland's heels at the tape. The rest were rather scattered, and, Mulliken was not overworking.

Second Heat.

H. Parker 14 4/5 s.

Smith

Thayer

Paine

R.A. Thorndike

Scott

The first three were well bunched, Smith two feet behind Parker, and Thayer two feet behind him.

Third Heat.

C.F. Batchelder 13 s.

Allen

Chapin

Cabot

Curtis

Cross

Batchelder led his next competitor by two yards, and there was the same gap between second and third. Behind the first three the gaps were wider.

Fourth Heat.

H.B. Davis 15 1/5 s.

Howard

Dorr

Dunnell

Holcombe

The slowest heat of the four, but Davis was not driving things. He had the heat by two yards, as it was.

First Semi-finals.

Time not given.

Chapin

C.F. Batchelder

H.B. Davis

Allen

Dorr

Howard

The first three were very close, but it was evident that Davis was saving himself for a record later. The last three were in open order.

THURSDAY Second Semi-finals.
(Cont'd.)

Leland 14 4/5 s.

Jenckes

H. Parker

Smith

Thayer

James

The closest contest here was for second place.

Parker was so close to Jenckes that one might almost have called it a dead heat.

H.B. Davis Final Heat. 12 1/5 s.
Chapin

C.F. Batchelder

Leland

Jenckes

H. Parker

Here Davis broke the record which he has held since last year, by one fifth of a second. Chapin made a good sprint for second place, but barely got it. The last three were about two yards apart.

There was no junior 440, but instead there was a good game of "Soccer". We give the list of the teams, and an account of the game, by someone who understands it better than we do.

<u>QUAKERS</u>		<u>GRASSHOPPERS.</u>
Jenckes	Goal	Paine
Lowell	Right Full Back	James
Hun	Left Full Back	Cross
Chapin	Right Half Back	Greenwood
(Cap.) Herkins	Centre Half Back	P. Batchelder (Cap)
Howard	Left Half Back	R.A. Thorndike
Cabot	Right Outside For.	Thayer
H. Parker	Right Inside For.	Scott
Smith	Centre Forward	Mulliken
Dunnell	Left Inside For.	Holcombe
Dorr	Left Outside For.	Curtis

Today a game of true "Soccer" was tried, with full sides and strict rules.

At first the new regime seemed to bewilder most of the brethren and free kicks for handling the ball were common. Later, however, considerable keenness was evinced, and penalties were fewer. The game was even, resulting in a tie score of 1-1.

THURSDAY The Quakers should have been the winners, as the only
(Cont'd.)

Grasshopper goal was due to a gross error by Jenckes, the goal-tender, who allowed the ball to roll between his feet.

Chapin was especially conspicuous for good dribbling work, though he is apt to be somewhat selfish, and not to pass to the other forwards.

Cabot on the wing was also promising, and Paine, Thorndike, Dorr, and Curtis showed that they had the makings of "soccer" players.

On the whole a most encouraging start, which, with the aid of a better understanding of the theory of the game, should help to make "soccer" an interesting feature.

J.A.P.M.

After supper there was a little rain, enough to make "Digestion Club" the only possibility.

Then came a wild half hour of "Parlor Wolf", followed by the Voice Game.

The half-past niners, feeling intellectual, played "Telegrams". The word was "Admiration" the subject the Battle of Hastings. The results were extremely interesting, and threw many side lights on that great event. Some may seem to have little bearing on the matter in hand, but there is a subtle force about them which makes them particularly thrilling. We give some of the best ones.

Brother Ben, Fair Normandie.

All day march in routing Angles. Tolstoy inspiration of Normans.

Bill.

A darned mirage is right ahead. Turned ill on news.
Harold.

THURSDAY Admire dusky maidens attached to infantry.Oh
(Cont'd.)
never!

William.

William to Advertising Manager of Biscuit Co.

At Dover,my irritated rogues,absolutely tamed,insisted on
nabiscoes.

William to Wife.

All done.Mutt is running away,Town impregnable?Oh no!

Soldier to Wife.

At dawn,moaning intensely,roaming after turtles in oozy
nook.

To William.

After dreary minutes in riotous applause,Theophilus
instantaneously opened napkins.

Signed,Lincoln.

To Taft.

Artillery demonstrations may intimidate Romans.At that
instant overthrow Nero.

Signed,Roosevelt.

William the Conqueror.

And down,mid,in,round,and through,it onward nuanced.

Theodosius.

Despatch from Ancient Reporter to Primitive French Paper.

Arrow decides mighty international rough-house.Alas!

Taillefer immolated.Obituary notice.

From William to his Wife,as he Starts.

Adieu,dear Matilda,I return anon.Twist ill-mannered Odo's
neck.

William to Matilda.

Amiable duck,my invincible ructions always triumph.Idiotic
old nation.

Harold to Hardraade.

Angles drunk! My indignation roused. "Asses"! thundered I.
Odious noodles!

William to Lanfranc.

A deuced miraculous international result. All traitorous
infidels overcome nicely.

Harold to Gurth, before the Battle.

A darned mess, if ruffians assist traitors. Invincible? oh no.

Reproter of the Brittany Battle-axe.

Ancient dodo, much intrigued, rushed at the invincibles. Oh nix!

After scintillating at this rate, what could we do but go to
our little beds? That is, after setting the table.

A remarkable discovery has been made. Brown sugar and blue-
berries won't go together.

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FRIDAY, At a very early hour this morning four eagles flew
July 25
B.23.08 close in along the shore, screeching quite loud. They
T.68'
Fair seemed inside the end of the float.
N.W.

This morning Mr. Lynes told us something about the origin of various musical instruments, and began on the construction of the organ.

SQUAD NOTES.

Two able-bodied raspberyy squads went out this morning, and returned not empty-handed.

A pea-squad, equally able-bodied, had also good success.

The aquarium squad has begun cementing.

This morning L.E.R. went in to Gardiner by motor, to do some errands and return in the afternoon.

Mr. Chadbourne left us this afternoon. Now that he has found the way here, we hope he will come again.

The afternoon was spent in a variety of ways. A soccer squad had some good practice, there was a double-header in junior baseball, and the Ouananiche went over to Hoyt's Island, for a hard paddle and some raspberries. Here is her crew.

J.R.

T.L.	J.R.A.
A.M.R.	L.C.Z.
R.W.R.	Holcombe
Hun	Jenckes
Perkins	H. Parker

W.A.G.

R.R.

The hard paddle was easy to get. The wind was roaring, and the waves came in over the bow a good deal. However, she went as steady as a clock, and in good time her crew landed, safe but damp, at the dry-dock. The raspberries were easy to get, too. All we had to do was hold out our cups, and they fell in. We filled two large

Friday
(Cont'd.)
time.

pails, and could have filled more if we had had more

FOURTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
FARMERS VS. WOODCHOPPERS.

A double-header is always worthy of special notice, even if the second game is only five innings. That constitutes a legal game, as much as if it had extended through the full nine.

In the first inning Brodie gave five bases on balls, and was taken out in the second, after having passed two and allowed a hit. These passes, coupled with timely hitting, gave the Farmers five runs in the first two innings. Davis, who replaced Brodrick, was hit hard, which together with erratic fielding on the part of his supporters accounted for six more scores.

H.B. Davis and Hallowell, pitchers for the Farmers, had their opponents at their mercy throughout the game, allowing only five hits.

The fielding features of the game were an unassisted double play by Coats, and the good all-round work of H.B. Davis.

In batting the following were the best: Hallowell, three out of four; H.B. Davis, three out of five; G.E.A., three out of four; on the Woodchoppers, Brodrick, two out of two.

The second game was called after the Woodchoppers had batted in the first of the fifth. As far as number of hits goes, Hallowell, and H. Davis, the opposing pitchers, were fairly even. But nine errors on the part of the Woodchoppers accounted for the unevenness of the score. C.F. Batchelder made an unassisted double play, retiring Thayer and Foss.

Farmers vs. Woodchoppers 134 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base blts.	Sac blts	
3	1		1	Hallwell	6						1-3							4	4	3		
6	7		2	H. B. Davis	7						1-3							5	3	3		
3	3	1	3	Allen	4	0-3	0-3		K	0-5			K					3		1		
5	2		4	G. E. A.	2													4	3	3		
9	0	1	5	Coats	3	0-3	0-3		2-7			2-3						4		2		
1	0	1	6	C. F. Batel	5		K		K			0-3						4		0		
0	0		7	Lowell	8			0-3		K		K						4	1	0		
0	0		8	Cross	7			K		K			K					5		0		
0	0		9	Greenwood	9	K		0-1		0-3			K					4		0		
*Allen & Hallwell in 8th																						
Lowell in 11th																						
C. F. Batel in 11th																						
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.	3	3	5	0	3	8	0	8	0	8	0	8	1	9	2	11	
Hours..... Mins.....						3	3	5	0	3	8	0	8	0	8	0	8	1	9	2	11	
Balks.	Hit by pto. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base blts.												Earn'd runs.	2-base blts.	3-base blts.	Home runs.	
																			11			

Woodchoppers vs. Farmers of 1 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base blts.	Sacr. blts.
			1	Leland	9	0-2	0-3	1-3		1-3		K					5			
1	3	2	2	Chapman	6		1-3	K		1-3							3	1		
1	7		3	H. Davis	5	0-9					0-6						3	1		
14	3		4	C.F.F.	2			4-5			0-1						4		1	
		1	5	C. Thomsen	4	0-1	K		0-5		0-4						4		1	
4	1		6	Brodrick	5			0-6	0-3		0-6						2		2	
8		1	7	Foss	3	0-6	0-4										4		1	
		1	8	Thayer	7	0-1			0-1			K					4			
			9	P. Batel	8	0-1	0-3	4-3				0-4					4			
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.	1	1	1	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2			
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base blts.											Earn'd runs.	2-base blts.	3-base blts.	Home runs.

us. of

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4
3			1	Hallwell	1			
1	1	1	2	Allen	4	0-3	K	
2		1	3	H.B. Davis	6	0-5		
3	2		4	G.E.A.	2	0-5		
5		4	5	Coats	3	1-3		
3	1		6	C.F. Batel	5		K	K
1			7	Lowell	8	1-3		
			8	Cross	7	0-3		
			9	Greenwood	9		K	K
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.	0	1	3
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base blts.		

us. of

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	AD. H. R.
			1	Leland	9	2-6		0-5	0-2	2 0 0
			2	Chapman	6			0-6	1-3	3 0 1
			3	H. Davis	1	0-2		0-3		3 1 1
			4	C.F.F.	2		1-3			3 4 0
			5	C. Thomsen	4	0-3		0-3	0-8	3 0 0
			6	Brodrick	5		0-4		0-6	2 1 0
			7	Foss	3		K		0-6	2 0 0
			8	Thayer	7	0-5		0-5		2 1 0
			9	P. Batel	8				0-6	2 0 1
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.	1	1	0	1	3
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base blts.				

FRIDAY The campers of "Camp Glasscow" came home in good
(Cont'd.)
time and good order, having gone over the Itchfield Carry from
the north.

After supper we had Games on the Hill, and then "Quiet Games".
Some half-past niners went to bed early, but the rest of us
had "The Blue Cross"; a very good story.

We forgot to mention that two canoe tests were tried this
morning. Neither was successful, but better luck next time.

The field mice are really getting to be a nuisance. Not
satisfied with getting into bureau drawers and eating clothes,
one of them attacked Dr. Millet last night, and bit his toe!
Did you ever hear of such impudence?

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Camping Trip known as Glasgow.

Camp Glasgow left about 9.30 with favorable weather, no sun and a slight breeze. After thirty five minutes of strenuous paddling we reached Meadow Brook, which we found full of snags. It took us a little over two hours to reach North Pond, where the Corbin had to wait several minutes for the Abol.

Just beyond the second bridge Casinwall, who was in charge of the Abol, got stuck on a sand bar and had to get out and shove her off. While they were shoving her off they allowed another canoe to pass. This canoe had two damsels and a man in it and they brought us a message from "Spine" saying that he would be out some time the next morning. When "Spine" finally appeared at the entrance of the brook he told us he got stuck on purpose to let them get by, but we suspected something else. At length he admitted that one of the damsels was quite a queen.

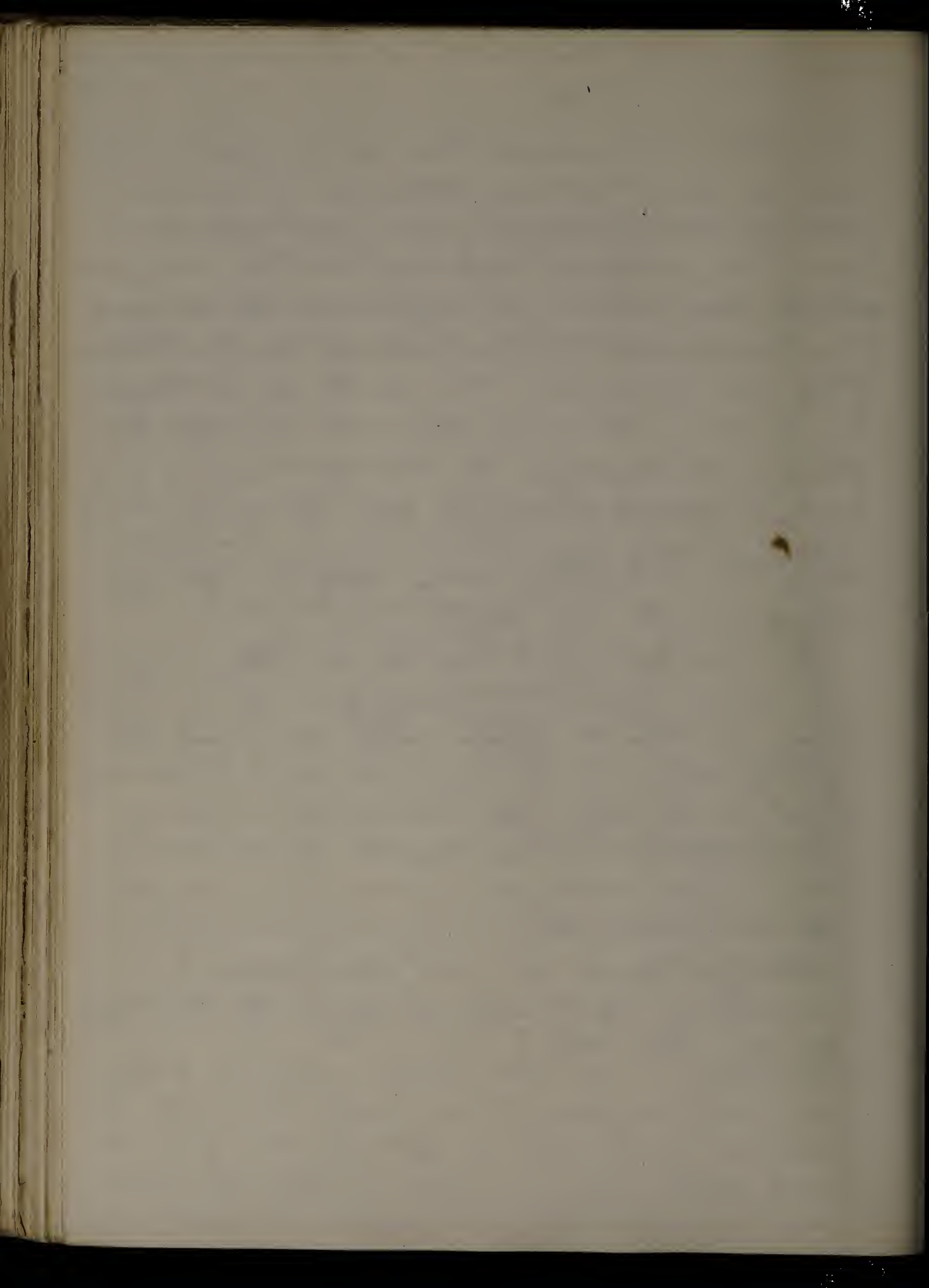
After lunch, which we ate in the canoes, we paddled to Smithfield where we made a very speedy carry and bought a few stores. The Mill stream, or stream from East into North Pond is very similar to the unwooded part of Meadow Brook. It was in this brook that we captured our mascot Dennis. Dennis ~~the~~ who was a turtle stayed with us through the rest of journey.

On arriving at the old camping grounds we discovered¹²⁷ that a large camp had been built there. We spent a great deal of time in looking for a new place and finally resorted to a place where there was a nice spring with delicious cool water. After landing we pitched one of the best tents I ever have seen, built a fire and had a swim. It was here that "Spine" cut his toe on broken glass and since we heard cow-bells in the distance we named the trip Glasgow. Then came supper and a visit from the owner of the place, who appeared with a very powerful light rifle. We had quite a chat with him, and he told us he brought his rifle in case a skunk or woodchuck might cross his path. He suddenly broke up his call by saying it was getting quite dark and he might not find the path. No sooner had he left us than it began to rain like thunder. Immediately we dug a ditch around the tent, for a drain and of course, as soon as we finished the rain stopped. We went to bed and, strange to say, slept like logs, mainly because there were very few mosquitos to bother us.

We broke camp about six o'clock and started for the swamp. The wind came up strong and it was difficult to keep the big waves from coming over the side. After a hard pull through the swamp grass we reached solid ground without getting our feet wet. "Spine" and I carried the Abel to the top of the hill and left her there. "Chom" and "Beef" carried the duffle as well as a grub basket between them. "Dilly-Pickles" carried the other basket and "Hoot-Man".

carried the tent and portage. Hence, all we needed to go back for was the Alol and paddles. We all assembled at the top and got a drink and a short ~~short~~ rest. "Spine", "Dilly" and I went back to get the Corker and paddle while the others went down to Megrath and left their loads. Then they ascended the hill and brought the Alol while Spine, Dilly and I carried the Corker up and down to Megrath. Then we had another swim and a nice sun bath for two hours. Nobody was in the mood for eating so our lunch consisted of nothing but fires - things and water. The wind was strong so we left the shore in great hopes of sailing. We reached ^{Ellis} only having sailed an eighth of the way as the wind had shifted more to the west.

On Ellis there was a high sea and after a very hard trip we reached the landing place for the Gleason carry. We took the Gleason carry with a great deal of difficulty as we were practically all in. On the way to the pier we met a man who thought we were very foolish to set out in a big sea, but we showed him it could be done. At length we arrived home and found the whole camp playing Soccer or Junior Base-Ball. Neither of the canoes, very much to our surprise, had shipped any water to speak of and we all admit that this was some trip.



SATURDAY, Though the wind was not so strong as it was yesterday
July 26
B.29.32 no one had much doubt as to what would happen in the
T.74'
Fair afternoon. And the expected happened.
S.W.

SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

In the first game the Algonquins maintained a murderous fire, killing fourteen Iroquois with a loss of only five on their own side. Aspinwall, however, made a run for the Iroquois, giving them the game.

In the second game no runs were made, but the Iroquois won with heavy slaughter. This gave them four games straight, and things looked bad for the Algonquins.

The third game was a remarkable one. Fifteen were killed on each side, a very heavy loss of life, and the Algonquins won, with nine runs. Such a number is unusual in any game but the last one of the season, after the result of the season is decided, but there is a record of fifteen. To-day two strong parties met in or near the water, and the Iroquois party were all killed. J.R., J.G.W., and A.T. made two runs apiece.

There was much brilliant playing in all three games, and the afternoon was a splendid one. A.T. for the Algonquins and Greenwood for the Iroquois each killed eight in the course of the three games.

By the time the third game was over it was pretty hot, and all hands were pretty dirty, so there was a very hasty and much-appreciated swim. In consequence supper was so late that we had no time for any doings before charades. The heads of the three sides did their planning, and the rest did their best to digest their various helps of bananas and watermelon.

ALGONQUINS.						IROQUOIS.					
I		II		III		I		II		III	
Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.	X		X		//	X		X			
T.L.	X		X	•	/	X		X	•		•
J.A.P.M.		•			//				•		
J.G.W.		•••		X	//			X	•		
A.T.											
A.M.R.				•				/	•		
Allen						X					•
Brodriell.						X					
Chapin.		•			/	X					
Coats.						X					••••
Curtis.						X					
Davis, H.		•				X					•
Davis, H.B.	X	•			/	X			•••		••••
Dillon.		•				X			•		
Dorr.	X	•				X			X		
Dunnell.									•		
Hallowell.		••				X					
Houghton.									•		
Hun.											
Jenciles.											
Lowell.						X			••		•
Parker, P.S.						X					•
Thorndike, C.	X	••				X					•
Scott.						X					
	5	14		15	7	15	15	9		7	15

J.R.A.	X		X			X		X			
R.W.B.		•							•••		
L.C.Z.	X		X					X	•		•
G.E.A.		•							•		
C.F.F.	X										
Aspinwall.						/		X	•		
Batchelder, P.	X										•
Batchelder, C.	X										
Corning.	X					•					
Cross.						•					••••
Cabot.	X										
Poss.											
Greenwood.	X								•••		••••
Holcombe.	X					•		X	•		
Howard.	X							X			
James.									•		
Leland.	X					•					
Mulliken.									•		•
Paine.											
Perkins.											
Thayer.	X					•		X	••		•
Thorndike, R.								X			•
Smith.	X										•
Parker, H.	X										
	14	5		7	15	15	15	9		15	15

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SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)
MUTILATE.

CHARADES.

The first syllable was a scouting scene. Everyone tried to kill Gus Thorndike, but he remained calm, and wouldn't pay any attention. He was certainly "mute", and apparently deaf as well. "Elate" showed a crowd gathered about the bulletin board and the telegraph operator, while the reporter gave them through a megaphone the progress of a Harvard-Yale foot-ball game. We ~~can~~ couldn't follow all the plays, but there seemed to be plenty of cause for elation, and both sides applauded almost every announcement. The whole word puzzled everyone, and it was not till we were told that we saw the point; they were mutilating the English language. Well, they certainly were. No wonder that Mr. Lynes, very dressy in Harry Cross's best hat, got discouraged and left them.

FIRING. The first scene of this word was very dramatic. A shriek of "Fire!" began proceedings, and in a moment small boys and fire department were on the scene of action. The climax was the rescue of Pelham Curtis from the top floor, in a very scanty night-shirt and bare legs. (It was scanty only in length, being in truth Spinwall's white shirt.) The second scene was the story of the Bell of Atri. The proclamation was made, the bell hung, and then the old horse gnawed the end of the rope and rang the bell. For the whole word we went back to melodrama. A spy was brought before a Mexican general, and after a brief but energetic struggle against was stood up the wall and shot. It was really quite thrilling, and Gus made a brave fight for his life, but numbers were too much for him.

WINCHESTER. "Win" was a splendid gambling scene. We thought Chick, as the villain, would win, but the tenderfoot, Horace Davis triumphed, though his rum had been doped by Chick's orders. Moral,

SATURDAY, it doesn't pay to be a villain. "Chest" was the scene (Cont'd.) from "Treasure Island" in which Mrs. Hawkins and Jim are surprised over the chest by the pirates. It was quite blood-curdling when the tap of Pew's stick sounded on the piazza. The last syllable was done by a clasp whose denseness made one of us think that the last syllable must be "dense"; but when Dr. Millet came galloping through on his brave steed, we did not need to be told anything more. Everyone recognized Sheridan, and was ready for the rally of his men. One critic did remark that the battle was not fought at Winchester, but twenty miles away; but historical accuracy must give way sometimes to dramatic effect.

After charades we played a new poetry game. One person gives the first word of a line of poetry, and the others try to fill in the line. Of course it must be something fairly familiar.

Then we wrote an adjective letter to Billy Cheese. We can't remember all the personal remarks, but L.C.Z. was described as "perhaps more beautiful than ever this year". He is sure it is due to the superior size of his moustache. And Gus Aspinwall was described as slimy, damp, and ungrateful. This seems rather strong language.

One more thing happened this morning. Mr. Gardner took L.E.R. and R.R. exploring in his automobile. They went to Smithfield, and visited an old man who is nearly blind, and makes all sorts of little things: spoons, forks, chairs, etc. They brought home several, and Dr. Millet is going over Monday, to see if he can do anything for his eyes, which are in dreadful shape.

SUNDAY This morning C.F. Patchelder and Corning did a piece
July 27 of exploration. They skirted the pebble beach in the
B.29.35 of exploration. They skirted the pebble beach in the
T.72' Corker, and carried over into the lagoon. It wouldn't take
Fair S.W. much, probably, to connect the lagoon and the pond at
Light the southwest end.

The stock for the aquarium has been increased by some
little hornpout. They are very funny little beasts.

PICNIC AT HOYT'S ISLAND.

CORKER....		ABOL.....		EBEN.....		RIP.....		OUANANICHE.	
J.R.	T.L.	R.W.B.	L.C.Z.	J.G.W.					
James	Dillon	Greenwood	Leland	R.R.				Brodrick	
Dorr	Lowell	Howard	Chapin	P.Batch.				Perkins	
A.M.R.	Corning	H.Davis	E.W.B.	Hun				Cross	
				H.Parker				Jenckes	
				Houghton				Allen	
				L.E.R.					
				A.J.M.					
WILLIWAW.		YAMMERSCHOONER.		IDENTICAL.		PANTASOTE.		EREBUS.	
J.R.A.	G.E.A.	A.T.	C.F.F.	J.A.P.M.					
H.B.Davis	C.F.Batchelder	P.Parker	Hallowell	Coats					
W.A.G.	R.A.Thorndike	Holcombe	Paine	Dunnell					
Curtis	Cabot	Mulliken	Smith	Thayer					

TERROR. We went over to the dry dock, as usual, and struck
A.Foss up through the path to the field. Here there was a
Aspinwall brief interval of eating raspberries, with gooseberries
C.Thorndike and a few run-out cherries by way of dessert. Then the real
Scott business began; "rubber scouting", which seems in a fair way to be
called Skowhegan.

The two sides were not named, but Mr. Abbot led one and Captain
John the other. The course of events showed very plainly that
the superior cover at the north end gives a decided advantage;
for the side starting from the north end won in each case.

In the first game Mr. Abbot's side killed all but two of
their opponents, and then made runs to the number of twenty-six.
The two survivors of the other side forgot that they had any
responsibilities in the way of killing, and as they were small

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SUNDAY they were overlooked. They made five runs, but it would
(Cont'd.)
have been more profitable for their side if they had done some
shooting.

In the second game no runs were made, and the slaughter was heavy on both sides. Captain John's side finally, with twenty shots to eighteen.

Mr. Abbot's side won the third game on runs, eight to two. They would not have made so many if they had not heard the order to sit down given in the bone-yard. That meant that the game was almost over, so they got up and beat it.

After that we were ready for supper. The butter had been forgotten, but there was plenty of jam, and all went merrily.

The trip home was a little wet, as there was quite a sea running, but we made pretty good time, and the wettest ones changed their clothes before coming in for hymns.

After the juniors had gone to bed, the half-past niners had
"007."

MONDAY This morning, in spite of a dark
July 28 sky, G.E.A. and his campers started
B.29.34
T.63'

Cloudy off. Good luck to them!
S.W.

Light As Amory Thorndike's wrist has
rain
p.m.

been rather sad since he fell on it the

other day, He and Dr. Millet went over to Water-

ville this morning in Mr. Gardner's car, to

have an X-ray taken of it, and see what he

had really done. Miss Brown went too, and they didn't get home

till the middle of the afternoon. The X-ray matter took some

time, and telephoning to Dr. Thorndike took some more, and they

went over to Smithfield to see the old man who does the

carving. His eyes are past help, but they brought back all sorts

of pretty things which the poor old gentleman had made, and which
various brothers had ordered. That will help him in another way.

As for Amory, he has a simple break, and must go in splints
for a while to keep him out of mischief.

This week Captain John is telling us things about history
that we are not likely to get out of ordinary school books.

We wish we could quote the old gentleman whom he quoted this
morning, who was so very severe about the theory that the world
was round. He knew that it was a rectangle, and proved it from
the Bible.

After dinner the rain was falling peacefully, so we had an
hour and a half of boat building. Then came junior "soccer", and
after that senior "soccer". So everyone got exercise, and a swim
to follow.

We give the sides, and some account of the game, on the next
page, as there isn't room here.

Camping Trip

July 28th

Allen

Hallowell

Leland

Parker, H.

Perkins

G.E.A.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomock

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)

QUAKERS.
Dunnell
Lowell
Hun
Chapin
Howard
Leland
Cabot
Houghton
Smith
Jenckes
Dorr

GRASSHOPPERS.
James
Greenwood
P. Batchelder
Cross
Paine
Dillon
Thayer
Scott
Mulliken
Holcombe
Curtis

The Quakers won, 2-0, after a very exciting game. Chapin made both goals, the second at the last possible minute. Dillon also played in the main a good game.

JACKS.
J.A.P.M.
J.R.A.
T.L.
R.F.B.
A.T.
Corning
P. Parker
H. Davis
Coats

JOHNS.
J.G.W.
J.R.A.
L.C.Z.
Aspinwall
H.B. Davis
C. Thorndike
Brodrick
Foss
C.F.F.
C.F. Batchelder.

Neither side scored in this game though J.A.P.M. came very near it twice. The sides were very evenly matched.

After supper there was "Boats", and then a brief round of "Blind Man's Buff".

The half-past niners played the clothes-pin game. Three games were played, and J.R.A.'s side won two out of three. Then we had another "Father Brown" story.

Foster Batchelder has been studying natural history today. First he got stung by wasps, and swelled up and came out all over spots, and then he started up seven partridges in the bushes near the lagoon. Hurrah for the scientific mind!

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TUESDAY
July 29
B. 29.48
T. 70
Cloudy
Calm.

This morning Captain John gave us early geographers, Eratosthenes and Claudius Ptolemy, and after them early voyagers, Phoenician, Carthaginian, Portuguese; all extremely interesting. Also, we made another effort to find Prester John, but without success.

At nine o'clock, the cry was "All out!" and out we all went to bid goodbye to Mr Gardner, A.M.R., and T.I., who all departed in Mr G.'s motor car, bound for Joe Coolidge's wedding, which takes place tomorrow. T.I. is to play the organ at the wedding.

In the afternoon it came out very hot, a damp, "doggy" heat. Mr Bennett took a Ouananiche crew over to the Mills, the rest of the Camp devoted its energies to canoe practice. After the practice came races, thrilling alike to paddlers and beholders, as follows.

I.

Two-paddle standing race, to Pickerel Rock and back.

Squannacook; Houghton bow, Thayer stern.

Pink. P. Batchelder bow, Lowell stern.

A fine, though somewhat wobbly start; course rather resembling Prince Hassak's march. Race won by Squannacook, amid great excitement.

2.

Four-paddle race, same course.

Ebenezer. Dillon bow, James, Howard, Coats stern.

Adler. Brodrick bow, R. Paine, J. Dunnell, R. Chapin stern.

Aboljockamegus. Cross bow, Dorr, Greenwood, Corning stern.

A fine start. Halfway back after rounding Pickeral came the word "Jump out!" this was easily done, but the getting in again ~~was not~~ seemed not to be quite so easily accomplished. However, it was done somehow. Eben wins easily; Adler second, Abol third.

3.

Double Scull Race., in from Pickeral.

Erebus; Holcombe bow; Hun stroke; Greenwood cox.
Identical. Jenckes bow, Cabot stroke, Curtis cox.
Terror. Mulliken bow,; Scott stroke; Dunnell cox.

Won easily by Erebus. A fine race, with close finish.

(N.B. Visitors came, interrupting the editor pro tem., so that she can give only this brief account of the races, which were very exciting.)

In the evening it was "Boats!" and all hands--or nearly all---out on the water for a delightful hour. Then came 8.30 Boston, followed by 9.30 Mythology

Extracts from the Bone-head Record.

What kind of noise does a horn-pout make ----- eh,
M---s R-----d and G---ge C---t??

Where do they keep the salt-spoons, anyhow,
Freddie?

Directions for pumping out a boat: Place the pump in the after part of the boat, and thence pump vigorously into the forward part. In this way you will surely get her empty some day, F--ry.

How much milk to a glass,, eh, C-b-H--se?

How many legs to an asp, eh, F--ss-lf?

How many peas to a sash, r----- eh, Asp-----ll?

The Training Camp

We started, six of us, with the avowed purpose of exploring the little ponds south of the railroad bridge on Belgrade Stream, and we did it, at least some of us did.

The weather was threatening as the two canoes Canca and Ripro, left the float propelled by the powerful crews of Hollowell, Perkins, H. Parker, Leland, Allen, and G. E. A. We steered a course straight for the Mills where a quick portage was concluded and we refreshed ourselves with sweet chocolate. Grape juice was also purchased, but this was saved for lunch. The long and exhausting paddle up Long Pond was broken by two or three stops, as Dickie Hollowell was not feeling quite up to the mark, but we reached our lunch place at the mouth of the stream well ahead of schedule time. Here we enjoyed, first, a swim, then a wonderful repast, sweetened by grape juice which G. E. A. carefully doled out in eleven helps to all hands. We then proceeded down the stream but we

had hardly gone a half mile before the rain began to fall. We decided on this account to camp at the old place, just above East Mt. Vernon as we knew there was splendid shelter under the pines there, rather than to risk a rainy trip to the Railroad Bridge and a search for a camping place in that vicinity as we had at first intended. A half hour's moderate paddling brought us to East Mount Vernon, and we immediately set about raising the tent and attending to the other necessities for a pleasant stay. The major part of the work was completed by 3 o'clock and we sat down in the tent, surveyed the drizzle outside, and decided what had best be done.

It was determined that Dicky who still was a little under the weather should stay at camp with Ribbi Tikki as company, while the rest of us should attempt the walk to the little ponds, a good seven mile jaunt by the map. Shortly afterwards the four started out, Dicky and Ribbi taking us as far as E. M. V. Bridge in one canoe. We took the road along the left hand bank, turned sharp left at the bend just

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below Mount Vernon and then proceeded in a straight line to a point a mile below the railroad bridge. Then we crossed the branch of the stream and struck out in a more southerly direction to a point nearly opposite the ponds. Two miles back and a cross at an angle, and a half mile jaunt down a wood road put us at the ponds. They resembled Hamilton Pond in general features — closely wooded shores, almost invariably a swamp at some point. We had but a minute or two to enjoy the view, as it had taken us an hour and $\frac{3}{4}$ to come, and we felt then as if it would be fully as long going back. However, we made a short cut across the field, pointed out by a farmer with a gun, which considerably reduced the distance, and we were at camp again by 6.30.

At camp we found everything in order and a fine fire going. The rain had practically stopped. All but G. & A. went in for a short swim, while he, with the aid of H. Parker, who went in swimming later, got at the food. The others

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Replied with the supper as soon as they were once more dry, and it was cooked, eaten and digested in short order. Dishes were washed and H. Parker, Perkins, Allen and J. E. A. turned in for the night, but Hallowell and Ribbs went for a walk in search of milk. They returned with a can fully $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour later and after a drink all round and a story or two, we slept.

We had a long way to go in the morning, so five o'clock saw us up and at work. By six-thirty the tent was down, breakfast eaten, and we were ready to start. By quarter of seven we were going down the stream, once more in a drizzle. Under the railroad bridge we were greeted by an express which first suggested the name of our illustrious trip. The rest of the way down the stream we either heard or saw trains. The rest of the paddle was uneventful, and at ten o'clock we were at Pat's old camping place at the head of the stream. After a swim, the six of us climbed into the Cerber and explored the south end of Massabesee for another stream, but what there was, was impracticable. By this time we were all tired

and we paddled back to ^{the} lunch place, had ¹⁵³ a swim
and then boiled two eggs spice, brought from a
distant farm by Perkins and H. Parker. When these
were devoured, we started the long paddle up Messalonskee,
arriving at the station at about 3 o'clock.

The rest was a succession of carries, first from
Messalonskee to Ellis (through the Girls camp); then
from Ellis to Great. We were absolutely all in
and often ^{so} weak with laughter from Socrates'
exclamations under the bow of a canoe, that
we had to drop the boats. Finally, we reached
Great and wearily paddled back to Camp, dead
to the world but happy.

G. E. A. (copied by J. R.
as per contract.)

WEDNESDAY

July 30th. The day began with wild excitement.

B.29.26 A camping trip was announced on the door.

T. 73 "But it isn't Thursday! It's Wednesday!

Daazm. "How ? When ? Where ?* Why ?"

"With a kickle-cackle here,
And a kickle-cackle there!"

All was explained. The two Chief Musicians

being away, it had been decided to postpone Sing Song
till Thursday; hence various changes, this among them.

Gradually the Camp regained its composure, and some of
the Brethren were able to eat their breakfast as usual.

(The editor pro tem forgot to put the list of campers
in its proper place; is very sorry; doesn't know what the
editor-in-chief will say to her; is so frightened she
can't spell straight!)

Well, Captain John took us on Columbus's first
voyage, with its great result; and then the Skipper told us
how to steer a boat; and then we took our knowledge to
Kiel with Captain Evans (as he was, at the time,) and hob-
nobbed with the German Emperor,, and thought well of our
country and its navy, stringing beans the while.

And then the campers got off,
and we finished the beans.

This is Joe Coolidge's wedding day. He was
a prefect in 1906, and is always a Merryweather
at heart. All happiness to him and his wife!

In the afternoon five boats went fishing, with
success. The Yammerschooner (J.P.), got eight fish.
Pantasote (J.G.W.) six; the E.P.T. is under the impres-
sion that the others did not get so many.

Camping Trip
July 30th

Chapin
Davis, H.
Hun
Lowell
Thayer
L.C.Z

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

WEDNESDAY, cont.

Meantime the Explorers, in the Pink, Hecuba and Grayling, explored mightily, reaching the Narrows on Long Pond, gloriously; and four boatloads of Voyageurs, headed by R.R. and E.W.B., voyaged to Gleason's Meadow, and there played Skowhegan, the Frankfurt Sausages against the Hard-boiled Eggs. The Sausages won the first game, four runs to none; the Eggs won the second, one run to none. Then they supped on their namesake dishes (and other things!) and adjourned to the beach for a bonfire.

But meantime in the 'Quarium
Great deeds of arms were wrought;
Here Skipper the Dictator,
And here bold Chickweed fought.
And Thorndike brought his tubby,
And Dick his hollow well;
(You need not think, when this you read,
I don't know how to spell!)
With spade and pick and barrow
So valiantly wrought they,
The hole they made might reach clear through
To Prester John's Cathay.

-We were thirteen at supper, all the rest being supper-outers, but nothing happened. The evening closed with a short story on the piazza, as the midges and mosquitoes wanted the big room to themselves, or at least got it. But oh! GOODNESS GRACIOUS!! I forgot to say yesterday that the Camping Trip came back! Forgive me, Brothers of the Training Camp! I should certainly have mentioned it if you had not come back! The trip will be duly ~~chronicled~~ chronicled by its chief, G.F.A.

TOTAL NUMBER OF FISH, 19.

THURSDAY, Steve Brodie's seventeenth birthday. May he be as lively when he comes to his seventieth!

B.29.60 T.63'

Clear During morning reading many guests arrived, to spend the day: Dr. and Mrs. Thorndike, Mr. and Mrs. Coats, and Mr. Travefs.

Westerly Cool

Just before swim A.M.R. arrived, having got into Portland by boat at half-past four.

T.L., who spent the night with Mr. Gardner on his yacht, caught the morning train from Salem, and arrived at 3.43.

Perhaps this is the best place to say a word about the wedding. It was as lovely as all weddings ought to be, and J.R.C. III is by all accounts a very happy man. He certainly looked it.

The sensation of the ceremony was H.H. Richards jr, who talked and chirped like a cheerful cricket all through the service. He evidently approves of his new aunt. For further particulars, see the accompanying extract from one of the Boston papers.

SOCIETY AT CABOT WEDDING

Bride of J. Randolph Coolidge 3d
Wears Mother's Wedding Gown.

Miss Anna Lyman Cabot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks Cabot of Marlboro street, was married in Emmanuel Church, yesterday afternoon, to J. Randolph Coolidge, 3d, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., of Brookline, by the Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, bishop coadjutor of New Hampshire, and the Rev. Endicott Peabody, head master of the Groton school, where the bridegroom was prepared for Harvard.

The altar was decorated with annunciation lilies and greenery. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore her mother's wedding gown of soft Ottoman silk trimmed with lace and chiffon, the latter arranged in scarf fashion, the ends fastened with orange blossoms in front of the skirt. The applique lace veil was arranged in cap

fashion, and fastened with orange blossoms to the hair and also on the long court train with similar flowers. The bride carried an arm bouquet of white orchids, and wore a diamond locket on a platinum chain. The maid of honor, Miss Eleanor F. Cabot, a sister of the bride, was in white lace over pink, a pink satin sash, a large hat trimmed with pale pink plumes. Her bouquet was of pink roses and lilies of the valley.

The best man was George W. Martin of New York, Harvard '10, a classmate of the bridegroom. The head usher was George Putnam, Harvard '10, and other classmates of the bridegroom, who assisted as ushers, were Douglas Crocker of Fitchburg, Gavin Hadden of New York, Arthur Sweeney of Methuen, Edward Parker of Concord, N. H. Also on the list were Cabot Holbrook of Brattleboro, Harvard '13; Hamilton Coolidge, a brother of the bridegroom, and John D. Pearmain of Boston, Harvard '13.

The music was by Twining Lynes, organist at the Groton school, a son of the late Frank Lynes and a classmate of the bridegroom. Among the numbers played were the bridal processional from "Lohengrin" and selections from "Tristan," "Parsifal," and by Dubois, Chauvet, Guilmant and Frank Lynes, with the Mendelssohn bridal chorus for the recessional.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will live on Warren street, Brookline.

Mrs. Cabot, the mother of the bride, wore black chiffon over white and a black hat, and Mrs. Coolidge, the mother of the bridegroom, was in white satin with a black chiffon wrap and a black hat trimmed with black osprey feathers.

Mrs. Henry Howe Richards, a sister of the bridegroom, wore pale blue chiffon over satin and a black hat trimmed with white lace and blue ribbon; Miss Parker, an aunt of the bride, was in violet chiffon and a violet plumed hat; Mrs. John L. Gardner, a great aunt of the bridegroom, was in cream lace, a diamond necklace and black velvet dog collar and a white plumed hat. Among the guests was former Governor Curtis Guild, accompanied by Mrs. Guild's sister, Mrs. John Lavelle.

THURSDAY, When Mr. Lynes changed cars in Portland, whom should
(Cont'd.)
he meet but Mr. Barton; F.M.B. himself. Don't the rest of us wish
we had been there too?

At afternoon reading we stopped "Fire and Sword" early,
and Mr. Travers gave us a very interesting talk about West Point,
where he was at one time chaplain.

FIFTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
ATHLETICS VS. GIANTS.

A very lively game, and a close one, though at one time the
Giants led their rivals 8-4. After that the Athletics began hitting
harder, and at the same time stiffening up, so that for the last
three innings not a Giant got withing sight of the plate.

Features were many and thrilling. In the first inning Aspin-
wall caught Brodrick out on a foul fly, falling head over heels
in the process, but keeping the ball in his hand.

There were six double plays in all. In the second inning
G.E.A. and A. Foss put out Coats and James. In the fourth C. Thorn-
dike, G.E.A., and A. Foss sent Dillon and Leland to the bench.
In the second half of the same inning Dillon, Coats, Hallowell,
and C.F.F. returned the compliment, retiring Cross and A. Foss.
In the sixth Hallowell and Coats doubled up on C.F. Batchelder and
Cross. In the seventh C.F.F. and P. Parker were put out on one play
by H.B. Davis, G.E.A., and A. Foss. In the eighth the same combination
got rid of Leland and James. That is, G.E.A. was concerned in four
double plays.

The batting sensation of the day was Aspinwall's triple, with
bases full, bringing in three runs. He got another in the next inning,
but there was only one man on, so it did not increase the score
so much.

THURSDAY The following batting averages for the day are worth
(Cont'd.)
noting:

Hallowell.....1000
H.B.Davis.....750
P.S.Parker.....600
Coats.....666
Aspinwall.....500
C.F.F.....500
G.E.A.....400

Athletics vs. Giants of July 31 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.		
1	6	1	¹ H. B. Davis	1	6-3		3-2		4-3	4-3		4-3					4	4	3			
4	2		² Aspinwall	2	4-3		3-2		4-3	4-3		4-3					4	2	2			
9	4	1	³ G. E. A.	6	4-3		4-3		4-3	4-3		4-3					5	2	2			
1	4	3	⁴ C. F. F.	4	4-3		4-3		4-3	4-3		4-3					5	0	1			
10	0		⁵ J. Foss	3	K		3-2		4-3	4-3		4-3					5	0	0			
2	0		⁶ C. F. F.	5		K		4-3	4-3	4-3		4-3					3	0	0			
0	0	1	⁷ Cross	7		4-3		4-3	4-3	4-3		4-3					4	0	1			
0	0		⁸ Drumell	9		K		K	4-3	4-3		K					3	1	0			
0	0		⁹ James	8			4-3		4-3	4-3		4-3					4	1	0			
			¹⁰																			
			¹¹																			
27	16	6	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total. 1 1 0 1 2 3 0 3 1 4 4 0 0 2 10												37	10	9			
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk.	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* Double 6-3												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			2	3	1	4-6-3													1	2	
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thru's.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	X 11 1-6-3												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.
						Batt'y errors.	# 11 1-6-3															

Giants vs. Athletics of July 31 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.		
1	4	1	Dillon	4				⁴⁻³ ₆₋₃									5	2	1			
8	0		² C.F.F.	2									K				4	2	2	1		
1	2		P.S. Parker	1													5	1	3			
2	5	1	⁴ Hallowell	6													3	1	3			
0	0	1	⁵ Dillon	8			K										5	0	0			
0	1	3	Brentford	5													4	1	0			
12	2	2	⁷ Coats	3													3	1	2			
0	0		⁸ Belmont	7		K											3	0	1			
0	0		⁹ James	9													4	0	0			
			¹⁰																			
			¹¹																			
24	14	7	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total. 2 2 0 2 4 6 0 6 1 7 1 8 0 8 0 8												36	8	11			
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk.	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* Double 14-36-2												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1	1		3	6	1	11 1-6-3													5		
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thru's.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.
						Batt'y errors.																

THURSDAY, While the ball game was going on, the younger juniors, (Cont'd.) if one may use such an expression, played soccer. We could not see the game, being busy with the score card, but it is reported as very exciting. The Quakers won three goals to none.

After the ball game was over, the ball-players took their turn at soccer, to get good and hot before swim. The score was 0-0.

L.C.Z. and his campers otherwise Camp Hornbow, came home in good time and order, in spite of a rather troublesome cross sea. Why Hornbow? Because they climbed Hornbeam and Bowen Hills; which last eminence has never been scaled before by any members of Camp Merryweather.

After supper there was "Games on the Hill", except for a large number who were rehearsing.

FIFTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, Chopsticks.....T.L., J.R.
2. "John Gilpin.....Greenwood, Paine, J.R.A.,
Holcombe, and many others.
3. Piano Duett.....F.A. Thorndike, Perkins
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell, Camp Chantey,
Camptown Races.
6. Mandolin Solo.....H. Davis
7. Piano Solo.....T.L.
8. Song.....J.A.P.M.
9. Stunt.....P.W.B., Perkins, Leland

Camp Song.

John Gilpin was a splendid performance. Dick Greenwood filled the title role with a happy mixture of dash and dignity, while Theodore Holcombe was a charming and matronly Mrs. Gilpin. Robbie Paine as "my sister" was quite bewitching, but we fear the lady was a naughty flirt. The children, Aspinwall, Moss, C.F. Patchelder, and Charlie Allen, were dear little things. J.R.A. filled the

THURSDAY, trying part of the horse with great spirit and (Cont'd.) energy, even after his head came off. Houghton as the Calendar, Mulliken as Betty, and Curtis as the horse-boy, were all excellent and the sudden change of the children into the pursuing gentlemen showed great versatility. Altogether the revival of this noble work was a memorable event.

Francis and Amory gave us a movement from one of the Haydn symphonies, in spite of the fact that Amory still has his arm in a sling.

Hal played the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin". We have been at a wedding where the only music was a group of mandolins.

Mr. Lynes played us two delightful things: Schumann's "Grillen" and one of the Chopin waltzes. We should have liked more, but there wasn't time.

The name of Dr. Millet's song wasn't given, but it told the experiences of a countryman visiting London, with the familiar refrain of "Ri tooral i coral i ooral i ay."

Mr. Bennett's stunt is guaranteed as strictly historical. If this is so, we do not wonder that they caught only one fish. We are still trying to reconcile his weight, $3 \frac{5}{8}$ pounds, with his length, $1/16$ of a yard. It sounds rather solid.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed, and our guests had departed for Waterville, we settled down to "Adverbs". We received people in all kinds of ways. Perhaps "coquettishly" was the funniest.

The mouse that has been living in Milletville is dead. After eating all the cheese out of a trap, it drowned itself in a basin Remorse?

FRIDAY, Were you ever waked up in the night by something
 AUGUST 1 solid stepping on your feet? It is rather startling,
 R.29.58 even after you put out your hand and find it is only
 T.63' Cloudy even after you put out your hand and find it is only
 S.W.

Duke. The editor is assured that he was hitched up last night, and the door shut on him, but he was on the foot of her bed in the dead of night. Is he a four-legged Houdini?

Our four July boys went away this morning, and we hope they were as sorry to go as we are to lose them. Two months, like two heads, are better than one.

Later in the day, however, we were cheered by many arrivals. Captain Jack got here in time for swim. Mr. Foss, Caroline Stevens, Granny Foss, and Oliver Beland came just before scouting started, and Neddy Billings and Puffy Harris came by the usual train. Quite a collection; though Mr. Foss only stayed long enough to get a look at Alden. Here follow signatures: *Caroline Stevens* *John H. Hall*

Granville S. Foss *H W Harris Jr*
Edmund Billings Jr.

The noble army of half-past niners increases. Neddy and the Puffin have both joined it.

THIRD, SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The firing in the first game was not very heavy. Twelve in all is rather a contrast to ~~this~~ the total of the final game of the second afternoon. No runs were made, and the Iroquois won, nine shots to three.

In the second game the Iroquois led again on shots, but the Algonquins made the only two runs of the afternoon. A.T., who made one of them, got up once, hearing "Thorndike" called, but remembered in time that such a call was a miss,

ALGONQUINS.

I II III

	Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots	Turns
J. R.	X	••		X	••		X		
T. L.	>			X			>		
J. A. P. M.	>			>					
J. G. W.	X			>					
A. T.	X				•	1			
A. M. R.	>			>					
Allen.	>			X					
Brodrick.	X			X	•		X		•
Chapin.	>					1	X		
Goats.	X			>			X		•
Curtis.	>			X			>		
Davis, H.	>			X			X		•
Davis, H. B.	>			X			X		•
Dillon.	>			X			X		
Dorr.	>			X			>		
Dunnell.	X			X			>		
Hallowell.	>			X			X		
Houghton.	>			>	•		>		
Hun.	>			>			>		
Lowell.	•				•		X		
Parker, T. S.	X				•		X		
Thorncliffe, C.	X				••		X		
Scott.	X			X			>		
	9	3		11	9	2	11	6	

IROQUOIS.

I II III

	Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots	Turns	Killed	Shots	Turns
J. R. A.	>			X			X		
R. W. B.	>				••			••	
L. G. Z.				X			X		
G. E. A.					••			•	
C. F. F.	X			X					
Aspinwall.	X							•••	
Batchelder, F.	>			X			X		
Batchelder, C.					••				
Corning.	>							•	
Gross.	>				•		X		
Cabot.	>				••				
Foss.					••		X		
Holcombe.	>							••	
James.					•				
Mulliken.	>								
Paine.	>								
Perkins.	>								
Thayer.	X						X		
Thorncliffe, R.								•	
Smith.	>						X		
Parker, H.									
	3	9		9	11		6	11	

FRIDAY and went on. If we remember rightly, one or two people (Cont'd.) who reported themselves as dead on such shots were sent back into the game from the bone-yard last year. Remember, it takes two names to kill, where there are two with the same surname in the game.

The third game went to the Iroquois on shots, though the score was more even than in the first game.

After supper came "Games on the Hill". It gets a little dark by quarter of eight now, especially on a cloudy night.

Then came the Observation Game. We can't give all the score, but we give all the totals over fifty; that is, the result of adding the six scores of those who did best. We also give the grand average of each of the three squads, which was obtained by adding up the total scores, and dividing by the number of men in the squad.

H. Davis	82	Squad 1, Average 52 7/11
Aspinwall	76	
Coats	67	Squad 2, Average 47 10/11
Corning	60	
G. Foss	59	Squad 3, Average 47 3/11
C. Thorndike	57	
Chapin	54	The squads are numbered
C. F. F.	54	according to their position
Lovell	54	
* Cross	52	at the start. Squad 1 is the
P. S. Parker	52	squad that started at Table 1,
H. B. Davis	51	etc.
Pillings	51	
Houghton	50	
Leland	50	

* Not in time for the first trial.

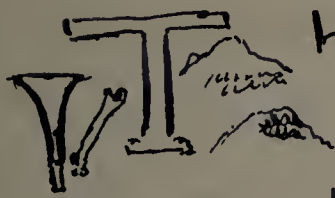
We should like to give some of the spelling here, but we didn't keep the lists. We think, however, that the gentleman who called a buckle a "pant-catcher", has a gift for language.

And the half-past niners began "The Inn of the Silver Moon".

This afternoon the good ship Pie-plant went adrift, and was last seen heading for Stony Point.

"Rip": Chapin, Lowell, H. Davis.

"Corker": Hun, Thayer, L. Z.



The Hornbones departed the float at slightly (?) after 9.30 on Wednesday, the 30th of July. While on the subject of dates, a brief description of the tumult in the boat-house earlier in that same morning may not be out of place. Perhaps the starting of a trip on Wednesday is not altogether unprecedented; but at any rate Perkins had never heard of it before. Neither had the other dogeaters; the prophets of the tribe were sore distressed. The Skipper, in open defiance to the calendar, swore that the day was Thursday - it must be; wasn't there a camping trip posted? Allen gave up; Perkins protested; Hallowell and others advanced strange theories concerning various afternoon probabilities, (much as usual) - but could not solve the problem of a camping trip on Wednesday. It was not until someone suggested that the sing-song date was also changed, that the scene cleared.

The day was a bright one, with a wind, to quote a recent weather boy, from the "nothing to speak of" direction. We paddled over to the mills in average time, and trolled with great ease and little luck to our camping place - the rocky cove just beyond the first island past the Narrows, on the west shore of Long[#]. This place was recommended by J.R.H. and is certainly an ideal spot, in spite of its rocky entrance.

We made camp and cooked dinner immediately
do you follow that?

on landing, keeping our ¹⁶⁵ made-up lunch for a final feast on Thursday ~~morning~~ Afternoon. While the pots were a-boiling we went in for a swim. The only casualties were a few barked feet - but as the same rocks that made our feet bark made fish bite, we can forgive them. Dutchy managed to get a good deal of long pond into the canoe, at the end of the swim. He draped his fairy form over the gunwale until Thayer came to his rescue and pushed him overboard.

After dinner a brief faculty meeting was held, and as we had some violent fishermen in our midst, an afternoon of fishing was decided upon. The first bite was given by a large-mouth black rock, who held Dome's spoon so fast that said Dome had to revert to type and dive. Itals boat caught three fish - all big enough to keep, from our standard, which was chiefly culinary. Dutchy, the keen, the expert fisherman, had forgotten only two articles - rod and reel. But he cut him a stout oaken staff, attached a patent dredging appliance, guaranteed to catch on sight - (it did, however, catch on bottom, not quite as advertized.) - and, with his manly hand as a reel, ~~as~~ started out. Dutch had out about fifty yards of line - untangled after great tribulation and hard trial - and hooked a fish. That fifty yards had to be taken in hand over hand, and wound around ^{said} ~~his~~ hand. When the fish was finally landed - (in Timmie's lap) Dutchie's hand was purple. So was Dutchie. We threw the fish back, and it soon disappeared behind a pebble. We took eight fish in all. Five of them were

beauties. For further particulars ¹⁸⁶concerning them, consult ③

Jimmie Thayer and Butchie.

After a feast of fish, we retired to the tent, we kept a smudge going there for ten minutes, and drove out armies of mosquitoes. But, as the night was hot and still, reinforcements were not ~~so~~ long in coming up. We held an impromptu sing-song - (the feature of which was a solo by Thayer, whose idea of singing is to talk by jerks), and told a round of stories. By that time most of us were thoroughly hot and uncomfortable.

The mosquitoes kept coming in in spite of the netting - perhaps the reason was that somebody had slid down until his feet had opened a great gap in said netting. Hal, Buster, and L.Z. preferred mosquitoes in the open to mosquitoes in a tent, and so recamped under the trees. Buster appropriated the netting from the tent for a covering. All in all, ~~the~~ we gave the insects a lullay night, and we got enough sleep to wake up bright and early in the morning. Buster took a ~~swim~~ swim. The rest of us ~~remained~~ ^{built} and hugged the fire.

Breakfast was over at 7.00 A.M., and we started on our walk. An old logging road goes from the Hornbeam landing, where we camped, back to the highway. It is easy enough getting out, but, as the wood~~is~~ is honeycombed with such roads, we blazed our trail, and when the time came, had no trouble in getting back. We had planned to climb Bowen ~~hill~~, but when we reached the road, Hornbeam looked so near that we could not resist the temptation of climbing it. From Hornbeam (part of the name of which ^{is} ~~it~~ incorporated in our name) we caught our first glimpse of Bowen - (from which, fond readers, the "Bone".) - which lies just across Moose Pond. We went down the West side of Hornbeam (where there are some good ledges of rock), and then around the north end of Moose to the foot of Bowen by road; stopping to get water and time from an affable rustic. (The only Chronometer had lost an hour the day before, but it had "come back" in grand style, and we found that it had

paid its debt and gained ten minutes besides.) 169

The foot of Bowern is pasture land, filled in the time of our pilgrimage, with bulls, which were an abomination unto the Dutchman. The top of the hill is wooded, seemingly all around, but by circumnavigation we found an open slope on the south, from which we could get a good view of Greeley Pond, about three miles distant. We thought of going to Greeley, but the day was a hot one for walking, and the Itan, as an anchor, held pretty well. Moose pond looked much more inviting. We left Bowern at 9.45, after fifteen minutes on the top, spent in examining a syrup camp, and in looking over the landscape. Our next stop was at Moose, and a fine stop it was. The rustic had told us that the boys sometimes went out into the middle of the pond in a boat, and swam around. That suggested a muddy bank, filled with green slime and leeches, but we were hot and adventurous. We struck the pond at the S.W. corner, and as luck would have it, there is at that point a narrow sandy beach, which shelves off into deep water. This beach is probably the work of a small brook, which runs through a meadow and empties at this point. So after all, bathing conditions were perfect, and we had a good swim, in the habit of primeval man.

We went back to camp by road and cross-country around the North of Hornbeam, and reached Long Pond, somewhat the worse for burned backs, at 12.30. Then came another swim, in which Dome was the Victor in a plunging contest. After a most wonderful feast based on the made-up luncheon, Hal took a canoe full out fishing, with no luck. The stay-at-homes packed up, and tried to catch a pout in a lard pail. Ingenious, but also unsuccessful.

Taking an early start, we had an easy paddle home, except for a little weather from the south ~~over~~ which struck us at the Mills.

Hal remarked that we had put a dent in precedent — having climbed Bowern, and also having eaten all our food. Well, perhaps we did put in a little dent — but the result of the last mentioned dent was that we all put on weight, including our fat

SENIOR BASEBALL ~

Batting and Fielding Averages — July 1913

	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	S.H.	AVE.	TR.	A.	E.	AVE.
Chapin	2	4	1	2	0	0	.500	0	1	0	1.000
T.L.	4	15	0	6	2	0	.400	4	15	5	.792
G.E.A.	4	15	4	6	1	0	.400	15	19	2	.944
Aspinwall	4	13	5	4	1	0	.308	23	1	5	.828
J.R.	4	17	3	5	1	0	.294	1	8	3	.750
J.R.A.	4	16	1	4	0	0	.250	24	10	1	.971
R.W.B.	4	14	4	3	1	0	.214	4	2	3	.667
Davis H.B.	4	14	2	3	1	0	.214	5	7	2	.857
Davis H.	4	13	6	2	0	1	.154	5	5	2	.833
Allen	4	13	1	2	0	0	.154	3	1	0	1.000
J.A.P.M.	4	14	1	2	0	0	.143	1	1	2	.500
Hallowell	4	14	1	2	0	0	.143	9	9	5	.783
Parker P.S.	4	15	1	2	0	0	.133	3	0	1	.750
L.C.Z.	4	16	2	2	1	0	.125	38	1	2	.951
A.T.	4	16	3	2	1	0	.125	29	2	5	.861
Thorndike C.	4	9	0	1	0	0	.111	0	0	0	.000
C.F.F.	4	15	0	0	0	0	.000	34	8	2	.955
Dillon	3	9	0	0	0	0	.000	5	9	2	.875
Batchelder C.F.	2	7	0	0	0	0	.000	2	0	0	1.000
Foss A.	2	5	0	0	0	0	.000	2	0	1	.667
Coats	2	4	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000

PITCHER'S RECORD ~

	Games Played	Games Won	Games Lost	Hits	Bases on Balls	Strike Outs	Balks	Hit by Pitcher	Wild Pitches
J.R.	4	3	1	19	4	21	0	1	0
T.L.	4	1	3	29	21	29	1	1	0

Per. cent games won

J.R. .750

T.L. .250

- JUNIOR BASEBALL -

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Batting Averages

July 1913

	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	S.H.	AVE.
Hallowell	6	21	15	16	6	2	0	1	.762
A.T.	3	11	2	6	1	0	0	0	.545
G.E.A.	3	12	7	6	1	0	2	0	.500
Aspinwall	4	14	10	6	1	2	0	0	.429
Davis H.B.	5	17	14	7	0	0	0	2	.412
Davis H.	3	10	5	4	2	1	0	0	.400
Parker P.S.	5	21	6	8	2	1	0	0	.381
C.F.F.	3	11	2	4	2	1	0	1	.364
Chapin	5	17	9	6	1	0	0	0	.353
Dorr	3	7	3	2	0	0	0	0	.286
Brodrick	7	18	4	5	0	0	0	0	.278
Dillon	5	24	10	6	1	0	0	0	.250
Coats	6	20	4	5	1	1	0	0	.250
Thorndike C.	5	19	1	4	0	0	0	0	.211
Leland F.	7	26	3	5	1	0	0	0	.192
Cross	6	23	0	4	0	0	0	0	.174
Foss A.	7	25	2	4	2	0	0	0	.160
Thayer	5	14	1	2	0	0	0	0	.143
Jenckes	5	18	5	2	0	0	0	0	.111
Greenwood	3	11	1	1	0	0	0	0	.091
Batchelder C.F.	5	14	1	1	0	0	0	0	.075
Allen	6	17	3	1	0	0	0	0	.059
Lowell	5	15	5	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Batchelder P.	5	16	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Holcombe	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Dunnell	4	10	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Cabot	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Perkins	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Thorndike R.A.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Smith	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
James	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Paine	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Mulliken	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Scott	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

SATURDAY,
Aug. 2,
B. 29.20
T. 70°
Cloudy
S.W.

Full fairly shines the summer sun,
And the summer breeze in merrily blowing;
But there's one job yet that lies undone,
Where the summer tides are flowing.

Oh brothers, get a net!

The task is not yet o'er, my friends;

There's a dead fish on the shore, my friends;

A dead fish on the shore.

A day of finishings. J.R. finished his history talks, and we finished at various readings "A Sailor's Log", "Fire and Sword", and "The Yellow Burgee".

The Pie-Plant was rescued this morning from the wilds of Pine Beach. The natives of those remote regions had treated her well, and she is once more at her moorings.

The weather report above does not tell the whole story of the day. The sun came out bright, and though the wind shifted to the northwest, it stayed pretty hot, especially on the ball-field.

FIFTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
HAS-BEENS VS. COME-BACKS.

This game was between two teams that varied a little from our two regular sides. J.H.W. pitched for the Has-beens, while P.W.B. figured as the opposition twirler. T.L. and J.R. held down third and first for the Has-beens.

The game was pretty slow, lasting nearly three hours. In fact when it was over Skipper called "Half-past eight", and supper had to be held up a little to give the players time for the very necessary swim.

For six innings the Come-backs led by a good margin; but four hits and three passes in the seventh ran the Has-beens

SATURDAY, round the mulberry bush and to spare, with ten men
(Cont'd.)
up, and six runs. The come-backs came back in the eighth, to the
extent of two runs, but it wasn't quite enough, and in the ninth
They didn't get a man to first.

The hitting was very heavy at times. Each team got three
two-baggers, and C.E.A.'s triple was a beauty.

The fielding was not up to the mark. There were more errors
than there should have been, and there was a great deal of hard
luck in the way of bad bounces. The topography of our field is
pretty erratic in places.

H.B. Davis caught two flies out in left field, the second
one down over the bank, in a very difficult position.

In the sixth T.L. and Allen were out of a double play by
B.W.B., C.F.F., and L.C.Z.

In the eighth A.T. tagged Allen, who was running for Hallowell,
on his way to second, and threw the ball to first in time to
nail J.H.H.

RUG LEAGUE GAME.

The score card came to us without any names, so we can only
call them by the names of the respective pitchers. Thorndike's
men started with a jump, scoring three in the first inning, but
after that they did not score again for some time, and Brodrick's
tied them in the fourth. After that both sides scored, but Brodrick
and his gallant band drew ahead, and finally won, 12-9.

Has-beens vs. Come-backs of August 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		H.B. Davis	7	26												4	2	1	
2	6	2	G.E.A.	6													5	2	3	
0	0	1	T.L.	5				K									5	1	3	
12	0	1	J.R.	3	K		K										3	1	0	
10	1	1	J.R.A.	2	K												5	3	2	
1	3	2	Hollowell	4													3	1	3	
0	6	1	J.H.H.	1		K					K						5	0	0	
0	0		H. Foss	9		P3		1-3		K							2	1	0	
0	0		Allen	8			1-3										2	1	0	
				10																
				11																
27	16	8	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	4	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	34	12	12	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* Allen + J.H.H. + J.R.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
1				4	7	1-b. on errors.	#J.R.A. runs										3	1		

Come-backs vs. Has-beens of August 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	0	1	1 D. Dillon	8		◇	K		◇	27			◇					4	3	0		
9	3		2 C. F. F.	2		◇	◇		◇		K		◇					5	3	2		
0	4	1	3 R. H. H.	1		◇	◇		◇		◇		◇					5	3	2		
3	0		4 J. H. H.	6		84	1-3		96		4-2		K					4	0	1		
4	2	1	5 A. T.	4		◇		2-6	◇	F3	K		F3					4	0	0		
2	2		6 H. Davis	5		K			◇	◇					F3			4	0	1		
6	1	1	7 L. C. G.	3		4-3		F2		◇					K			5	0	1		
0	0		8 P. S. Parker	7			F3	K					F3					5	0	0		
0	0		9 J. A. P. H.	9			◇		F3	97		1-3						3	1	0		
			10																			
			11																			
24	12	4	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	3	2	5	0	2	7	0	7	1	8	0	2	39	10	7	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	X Double 1-2-3.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.		
1				13	7	1-b. on errors.	8 4 4-3										3					

vs. of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
			1	Rudnick	1			4-3										
			2	Curtis	7			K			03			K				
			3	Coats	3	56					K		K					
		///	4	Thayer	2	2-4 26		4-3		11		03						
			5	Cross	5	54			5-3	5-3								
			6	Smith	8									K				
			7	Billings	4				254									
			8	Dow	9		K		K	K				K				
		///	9	Lowell	6						K							
			10															
			11															
			TIME OF GAME.			Runs												
			Hours..... Mins.....			total.	1	0	1	2	1	3	4	0	7	2	1	2

vs.				of				at							
Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	11	1 Deland	4	K	K			5-3		9-3		0-3			
		2 Thomdike	1			6-3		4-3							
	11	3 Chapin	2			0-3									
	1	4 C. Borch	3	K		K		4-3		2-3					
		5 Harris	5						K	5-1		5-5			
	11	6 Frogg	6									5-3			
		7 Borch	8	K					K		K				
		8 Russell	9		K		K				K				
	1	9 Perkins	7		K						K				
Carroll		10	6												
Hopson		11	"												
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.											
Hours..... Mins.....				3	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	9		

After supper there was a brief interval of boats, but as we had started supper late there was not much time before charades.

CHARADES.

VOLODYVSKI. Though this looks rather long, the first four syllables were acted in pairs, so it did not take an undue time. The first scene, "volley", was a very spirited defence of a line of breastworks, perhaps Bunker Hill, against an equally spirited charge. The musketry fire was withering and persistent, and almost everyone was killed on both sides. The second scene, "die off", was rather grim. The dim light showed a dozen snipwrecked sailors starving on a raft. One by one they died, and were thrown to the sharks. The last two crouched at the two ends of their narrow space, eying each other with mingled greed and fear. We almost expected a death-grapple, but Charlie collapsed, and J.C.W. was left alone, to perish miserably a moment later. "Ski" (it is often spelled that way) showed another starving party. These sufferers were on a glacier, and were saved by the heroic courage and great resourcefulness of R.F.F., who found laths on the ground, a hammer in his pocket, and tacks in his mouth, and constructed a pair of skis, on which he slid down the hill, to return in a short time with the mail-bag full of provisions. The whole word was the duel

SATURDAY between Begun and Pan Michael. Gus Aspinwall fought (Cont'd.)

valiantly, in spite of the breaking of his sword, but G. Foss was too much for him, and he was left on the field apparently dead.

J.G.W. made a splendid Zagloba, with a large number of pillows inside his shirt.

QUININE. The familiar blue and green pond did not tell us much, but when a stately lady with curling golden locks (A.T.) came in, followed by a train of followers, we began to wonder if she might be Queen Elizabeth. And when a gallant knight appeared with a cloak, "twirling a real moustache", (he didn't need to tell us that. Have we not all admired it for some weeks?) there was no doubt that we were, in exalted company. Sir Walter (T.L.) flung down his cloak, the Queen set her dainty foot on it, and passed over dry shod. The second syllable was a heroic and successful breaking of the world's record for--well, we are not quite sure of the distance, but it was nine bars, anyhow. J.R.A. made a new record, though we were not able to get the exact time. The whole word took us back to sufferers again. This time it was travelers lost in a fever swamp, from which they were rescued by the timely appearance of L.C.Z. with a large supply of quinine.

RAMPART. The first scene was military again. The Romans under J.R. besieged a town defended by "rummy bunch of Gauls". At first they were repulsed, but by the use of a battering ram they forced their way in. The second syllable was a pathetic series of partings. Pyramus and Thisbe, Romeo and Juliet, and Aeneas and Dido successively harrowed our feelings with their woes. The whole scene was from "Fire and Sword." J.R. as Pan Longin, with his three friends, Volodyovski (G.E.A.), Skshetuski (J.A.P.M.), and Zagloba

SATRUDAY (Hunny) was seen on the walls of Zbaraj. As they talked (Cont'd.) fought, suddenly three heads rose from behind the rampart. The good sword sword Zervikaptur whistled in its master's hand, and the three heads went spinning off in three different directions.

After all this excitement we continued "The Inn of the Silver Moon."

Two arrivals to-day. While the baseball game was going on arrived a gentleman whom we have seen before. ("His name is really Asher Hinds.")

Asher E. Hinds

In the evening, by a somewhat belated train, arrived

Maud Hope Elliott

She has not been with us for several years.

SUNDAY We get a good many spellings that are interesting, but
 AUG. 3
 E. 29. 13 "thermomitor" is new. It suggests Thermidor, and the
 T. 75'
 Clear French Revolution.
 W.

PICNIC TO SOUTHEAST BAY.

PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.	EPERUS.	TERROR.
J.A.P.M.	H.Davis	R.W.B.	P.S.Parker	C.F.F.
C.F.Batchelder	Billings	Allen	Perkins	A.Foss
Scott	Smith	Cabot	P.A.Thorn.	Curtis

YANMERSCHOONER.	COP ^K ER.	APOL.	RIP.	EBEN.
G.E.A.	J.R.	J.G.W.	A.E.H.	L.C.Z.
C.Thorndike	Dorr	Chapin	James	Dillon
Dunnell	G.Foss	O.Leland	Holcombe	Lowell
	H.B.Davis	Corning	Coats	A.M.R.

ADLER.	GRAYLING.	QUANANICHE.
A.T.	J.R.A.	T.L.
Mulliken	Aspinwall	Harris
Thayer		Prodrick
E.W.B.		Houghton
		Hun
		Paine
		Mrs. Elliott
		A.J.M.
		Grub

The Southeast Bay is a longer paddle than most of our picnics, but we got down in pretty good time. There was a launch full of people at the landing, but they withdrew at once. Hope it wasn't because they didn't like our looks.

Most of us walked to Hamilton Pond, in spite of the dust. It is always dusty on that road, somehow. We had time to go down to the shore of the pond, and throw stones in, and wish we could get to the island.

When we got back to the landing the mosquitoes woke up. They liked our looks, without any question, and fell upon us. So we built a very smudgesome smudge, and drove all but the most persistent ones away.

As we were cheerfully munching, and, getting ready for jam, there came a call for the Doctor. Charlie Allen had spiked his arm on Charlie Fuller's knife, and it was quite evident that the

SUNDAY right thing must be done at once. Luckily Dr. Millet was (Cont'd.)

close by, and the bleeding was stopped in what was probably a shorter time than it seemed. The crowd was sent down to the shore, with jam and chocolate, as there was nothing that they could do.

Then the Ouaneniche took doctor and patient home, with a crew revised for power and speed. The rest of us readjusted ourselves, and got home somewhat later.

When we got home we found that the following doctors had been collected, from Pine Beach, Stony Point, and Pine Island: Dr. Swan, Dr. Chase, Dr. Moore, and Dr. Bumpus. They had a fairly long session, but everything went well, to our great relief.

And everyone behaved so splendidly! Little and big, no one bothered, or fussed or got in the way. They did what they had to do, and if they hadn't anything to do, they did their best to make it easy for others to do things. If an accident has to happen, it is good to see a crowd rise to the occasion so well.

Well, we had our hymns, though a little late, and then our story. The Pine Island boys who had brought Dr. Swan up came in for the first story, and we were very glad to see them.

By bed time the report was that everything was going finely, so we were all very thankful people.

MONDAY, The rain was heavy during the night, but by morning
AUG. 3

B. 29.11 it was holding up enough to

T. 62'

Cloudy make a camping-trip seem possible.

N.E.

Rain. By the middle of the morning it

seemed even probable, so J.R. and his

gallant band started off. They were late,

so they were given time at the other end

to make up for it.

We began two new books to-day: "The
Adventures of James Capen Adams" in the
morning, and "Nicholas Nickleby" in the
afternoon.

In the morning Skipper told us about the formation of
storms and showers.

Just at swim time came another arrival, this time all the
way from Philadelphia. He generally comes earlier, but this time
he was celebrating with the measles the first of the month.
Better late than never. *Francis Rowle Jr.*

As the weather was still rather doubtful, boat-building
seemed indicated. The good ship "Bucket-Up" is being refitted, we
are glad to report, and the new boats will have to go some to
beat her.

The little shark which J.G.W. and T.L. are building is now
so thin that we wonder she doesn't crumple up under the mere
pressure of the atmosphere.

After boat-building came soccer. The field has been
shifted, so that it is more level and longer, the boundary has

Camping Trip

Aug. 4th

Batchelder, C.F.

Corning

Davis, H.B.

Leland

Harris

J.R.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomock

MONDAY been marked, and new goal-posts have been set up. They
(Cont'd.)
are in sockets, so they can be moved when the field is needed
for baseball. The sweet-fern has also been cleared away, so we
have a pretty good field.

QUAKERS VS. GRASSHOPPERS.	
Perkins	James
Dunnell	P. Batchelder
Lowell	R. A. Thorndike
Hun	Cross
Chapin	Paine
G. Foss	Dillon
Hallowell	Thayer
Cabot	Scott
Houghton	Mulliken
Smith	Holcombe
Dorr	Curtis

We haven't the positions, and truth to tell giving the
positions takes up a lot of room; but it was a very exciting
game. There was good playing on both sides, but the Quakers did
all the scoring, and won 4-0. The goals were made by Chapin, Smith,
and Lowell, the last-named making two.

X-13-? VS. 8-X-?.

J. A. P. M.	J. G. W.
A. E. H.	J. R. A.
T. L.	L. C. Z.
R. W. B.	J. H. H.
A. T.	C. F. F.
G. E. A.	C. Thorndike
H. Parker	Brodrick
H. Davis	A. Foss
Coats	Aspinwall
Billings	P. Parker

These two teams derive their names from some mathematical
episode that the tutoring squad can perhaps explain. They are
nice names, but I wish there was a sign of equality on this
machine. It was hard to make one up.

This game was so close that neither side could score,
though several times the ball was perilously near a goal. We don't

MONDAY understand all the fine points, but it looks like a
(Cont'd.)
first-rate game, especially when the two sides are so even.

At Digestion Club we finished The Phoenix and the Carpet,
which has been a great success.

"Spin the Platter", with forfeits to follow, kept us very
busy till half-past eight. We had a spider race, a nose race, a
nose duett on the piano, and a passionate serenade, which ended
in the carrying off of the lady by her lovelorn swain. But the
climax was a dance by P. Batchelder. We had no idea Batchy was
a ballet-dancer in disguise.

As it had been a quiet(?) afternoon, with half an hour of
quiet after supper, it seemed a good plan to have some exercise
so we played half-past nine "Boston" long and loud. At least, we
fear it was fairly loud, though we did our best.

Charlie Allen spent a peaceful day in the infirmary,
asleep a good deal of the time. He is coming on finely, but he
must stay in bed for several days yet. Luckily he is a grand
sleeper.

TUESDAY, A perfect day for almost anything; much too fine to
Aug. 5
B. 29.12 squander on odds and ends. But we have to take the
T. 64'
Clear barber when we can get him, and some people's hair was
N.W.
getting so long that they were afraid of getting caught in the
trees like Absalom. So at 8.15 the barber arrived, and began
shearing the sheep.

A great day for parents. Mr. and Mrs. Billings didn't stay,
but they came over for a moment. And when Mr. Billings heard
of the trout that Mr. Lynes and his party caught on their
camping trip, his eye gleamed.

Mrs. Dorr spent the day, so she had a chance to see the
place. It is her first visit, and we are glad to have her find
out what a dark and desperate man the Dormouse really is.

Charlie Allen's family arrived in the afternoon, and were
as much surprised and relieved as some of the rest of us to
find the young man up and dressed, watching the ball players.
Hurrah for Charles!

But I forgot the greatest event of the day. A sudden tooth-
brush raid at breakfast revealed the painful fact that many
brothers were among the sinners. And one of them was Philip Batch-
elder! How are the mighty fallen! We used to think him quite a tidy
boy.

With a camping-trip and the barber in full swing we were a
crippled crowd, but the aquarium was finished. Its cement bottom
looks very professional, and all we need to do now is to wait
for it to set, and then put in water and fish in alternate layers.

TUESDAY The afternoon could not be very connected, on account (Cont'd.)

of the barber. Four boats went fishing, and had the following results: E.W.B., 2; J.R.A., 1; A.T., 1; J.G.W., 1. Total 5 bass.

L.C.Z. took a Ouananiche crew over to Gleason's, and paid a visit to the fish hatchery. They had a very interesting^{time}, and we are to have some young salmon for the aquarium!

The rest played scrub ball, with force and arms. The editor didn't see the game, being occupied in the bog getting white fringed orchids, but report says that it was very lively.

After supper we had boats, and were out so long that there really wasn't time for any games.

The half-past niners had rubber indoor sports, which were great fun.

The Broom-and-Potato Contest would have been a little harder with a shallower basket, but as it was R.W.B.^{and} Hallowell, went out as soon as they got in. Brodrick and Billings managed two potatoes, and P. Batchelder three. The rest finished their four, though there were some narrow escapes; and Aspinwall tried to get ruled out on the plea that he would go through the bottom of the basket.

Various other sports were tried, more or less intermittently, and then came the cracker race. Two lines faced each other, each man armed with half a cracker. The leaders started at the signal to eat their crackers. As soon as a man had finished his, and whistled to that effect, his next neighbor started, and so on. It was a fine spectacle. The race was finally won by J.G.W.'s desperate sprint.

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WEDNESDAY, This morning Capt. Jack told us casting, and showed
Aug. 6

B. 29.30 us the process of making a mould out of sand.

T. 62'

Clear When we had settled down to string beans and the dogs
S.W.

of Mr. Adams, suddenly the word was given, "Forbear, and string
no more!" We knew what that meant. The reading went on, but no
squad was posted except a large lamp squad, and there was much
doing up of lunches. All-day expeditions! And one of them round
the Horn in the Ouananiche, which hasn't been done since 1908.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

ROUND THE HORN.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.

L.C.Z.	Aspinwall
G.E.A.	Billings
T.L.	A. Foss
A.M.R.	C. Thorndike
Hun	Thayer

Smith

Scott

R.A. Thorndike

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OR BURST.

<u>CAUCO.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>RIPO.</u>	<u>ADLER</u>
C.F. Batchelder	J.H.H.	J.R.	J.R.A.	H. Davis
Dillon	Cabot	G. Foss	H. Parker	Leland
Chapin	Holcombe	Dunnell	Lowell	Houghton
P.S. Parker	A.E.H.	Harris	H.B. Davis	E.W.B.

WILLIWAU.. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL.

A.T.	Coats	J.A.P.M.
Perkins	Hallowell	C.F.F.
C.S.	Curtis	A.J.M.
Grub	Grub	Mulliken

The Ouananiche got away first, after half an hour's wait for
the Dutchman, who had run for the mail. No blame attaches to him,
however. It is all the fault of the R.F.D. man, who comes when
he gets ready.

The paddle across was easy, and the carry was made easier by
using the little canoe cart. By the time we got our boat into
the water the Rocky Mountaineers or Bursters were on our heels,
so we had time for a friendly farewell, in case they really burst.

WEDNESDAY There was enough of a head wind the length of Long Pond to set us hunting for a lee, and our pace was not very rapid. We found less difficulty with the logs at East Mt. Vernon than usual. In fact there was only one slender boom-log in the way, and T.L. got out on the bow and stepped on that, so we were able to slide over.

We had lunch just below the dam, and there is no doubt that the canned beans experiment is a howling success. Thirteen people ate four cans, and could have finished another one.

The next event was our arrival at the railroad bridge, where we saw a slow freight passing, pursued by a lone car, entirely detached. We didn't understand the game, but we hope the car got restored to its friends. We also saw a wood duck, which is rare, eleven black duck, and assorted herons, blue and night.

By the time we reached Messalonskee the wind had stiffened, to our great delight, and we scudded down the pond in great style. Our time was 42 m. from the mouth of the stream to the station; twenty seconds behind the record. And the record was made without any favoring gale.

We found a good place for our boat, and before long we were on home waters. Late to supper? Oh yes. But when you have paddled steadily and fairly hard for twenty-four miles, a good part of it against the wind, your chief feeling is one of peace: "For you know you're quits with God and man again."

The Rocky Mountaineers did not burst; far from it. They made Beaver Brook in good time, and decided to lunch there. The spring is delicious to make up for the potato-peelings that sometimes abound.

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WEDNESDAY that sometimes abound.
(Cont'd.)

After dinner (they got away with six cans of beans) the party took to the road, and went up Rocky that way. It is a pretty road, and makes a variety for those who know the brook well.

There was plenty of time for explorations, and they went down over the north end of the mountain, and got a wrong road. This was only a temporary straying, however, and they reached their boats in safety.

One man's meat is another man's poison, and the wind that drove the Ouananiche so merrily down Messalonskee was a different part of speech for the Mountaineers when they headed down Long Pond. There were many blistered hands and many wet clothes before they reached the Mills.

And there a further difficulty confronted them. The water was pouring out through the sluiceway, making it very hard to get to the landing. At last, however, the party reached Great Pond, and got home in time for supper.

Altogether it was a great day, though a little hectic for those who had stunts to rehearse for Sing-Song. There was no time for games after supper, so there was some wild rehearsing; and then we collected for our

SIXTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks" T.L., J.R.
2. Violin Solo Brodrick.
3. Stunt, "Ali Baba" C.S., G.E.A., A.T., & Co.
4. Choruses The Cameron Men, The Water Rats, Rio.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

5. Piano Duett.....T.L.,A.M.R.
 6. Merryweather Quartette.
 7. Stunt, "Dum Dry".....J.G.W.,T.L.,J.R.A.,J.R.,R.W.B.,
J.A.P.M.
 8. Camp Song.
-

Owing to expeditions there had been little time for preparation;in fact Steve and his accompanist hadn't rehearsed at all.They think they did pretty well.

"Ali Baba",prepared and managed by R.R. was a thriller. We don't often see forty thieves on our stage,but there could be no mistake,for they were all numbered consecutively,so even the tutoring squad could count them.In fact there must have been one or two to spare,for when they were being boiled there were more than forty separate howls.

Ali Baba (A.T.) was an urbane and gentlemanly host,all unaware of the excitement that was going on around him.G.E.A. as the robber captain was a terrible ruffian.We found ourselves murmuring "Oh I am a bold bad man",as we gazed on his dark countenance,and still darker moustache.

Caroline made a charming Morgiana,and boiled the robbers and stabbed their captain with right good will.

We haven't had the Second Symphony since last year.It is a splendid thing,and the applause sounded as if the audience enjoyed it as much as the present writer did;which is saying a good deal.

The Merryweather Quartette gave us a new song,"Second Helps of which we will give the words farther on,and then "The Old Ark",which we haven't had before this year.

THE Oshkosh corners Dramatik sassity
will render A Show

AT!

camp Marriwhetha^h ON?

Wenedie :- Orgussed Sicks

The NAME off THE SHOW Will BEE

„Dum Dri“ !!

Four THE benefit of THE Ripare on THE

Meatin' House ruff

ADmishun resonible

Bring

for wife along, FEW!

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WEDNESDAY, The poster on the preceding page roused great
(Cont'd.)
excitement when it appeared, and the dramatic production which
it announced fully deserved the praise of the press, in Oshkosh
Corners and elsewhere.

"DUM DRY".

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ezra Winterbottom, the village loafer.....J.G.W.
Silas Hedgefence, keeper of general store.....T.L.
Hezekiah Peters, stage driver.....J.A.P.M.
Joshua, the man with the thirst.....J.R.A.
Bigge Tucker, farmer.....J.R.
Uriah Peck, farmer.....R.W.B.

Scene:—Interior of store with counter, boxes, rolls of
calico, shelves of canned goods etc. in evidence. Ezra, the loafer,
is seated on a cracker-box at left, and behind the counter (right
is Silas Hedgefence, immersed in a newspaper.

Time:— Morning (about 11.30 of a hot August morning.

Scenario.

Ezra.....Dry, en't it?

Silas.....Eaas, 'tis dry—never seen it so dry—it's awful dry—

Why, it's drier'n the summer o' '89, and thet were a dum dry
summer.

Ezra.....Naw, Si,—'89 were a right good season—you be a-thinkin'
o' '88.

Silas.....I been't nuthin'—'twere '89 when Eph Tucker's spring
run dry, and all my chickens fetched up with the croup.

Ezra.....Now I be older'n you, Si, an' I know what's what, an' I be
dummed ef I hean't orter know—you see—

(Enter Joshua, staring vacantly about.) Hullo, Josh!
dry, ain't it? I were jest a-tellin' Ezry I ain't seen it so

dry sence the summer o'—

Silas:—....!89. Don't yer recollect thut time when ol' Eben Smith hed thet ram with five legs? Bot it down to Oshkosh Center fur a curiosity-like, and when he were comin' hum from the fair-grounds one o'them dum legs drawped off in the dust. Gawsh! Eben was mad.!

Joshua....Huh! Got any sasprilly?

Ezra (having filled and lighted his pipe.) Silas, yer dern fule, I be a-tellin' ye o' the summer o' '88—same year as when I wuked fer ol' man Hicks, down thar in Higginbotham Hollow jest this side th' ol' Jewett Place, whar the road takes a bend (standis up and points with stick) down thar whar Alf Tucker shot the pesky skunk tother day—tew year come ago next August.

Joshua....Say, Si, got any o' thet sasprilly?

Silas (reading from Oshkosh Journal) I see whar Gov. Wilson got the nomination fer the Presidency.

Hezekiah..(Shouts through the doorway) Hey, Si, here's some goods dun up in boxes thet's come way up here from down in Bingville.

Ezra.....Silas, es I was a-tellin' ye, I always recollect 'bout thet thar summer 'cause o' this here stick—Why 'twas the same year es I was pitchin' hay fer ol' man Hicks, down thar in Higginbotham Hollow, jest by the bend in the road I was a-tellin' about whan Alf Tucker shot the skunk.

Silas (reading from paper) See es how they hed a accident like down Bingville way. Ol' Col. Simpson's bull got loose out o'

that pasture jest side o'th' meetin-house, and bruk tew rails afore they ketched him.

Joshua:—...Say, Si, got any sasprilly?

Ezra:—....I alus recemember cuttin' this here stick, 'cause I wus standin' on thet flat mawsey ledge, thar whar Bill Whipple ketched thet 3 pound trout outer th' water. Gosh! I wus a-bendin' over with my big black jack-knife—the one Emmy Lou guv me comin' (pauses to think) comin' 26 year ago next huskin'bee—and b'gosh, my feet guv way all on a suddin and I went down just like a swig o' cider—Gosh! I wus wet clearn through. By Heck! How old man Hicks did holler!

Hezekiah:—...Say, Si, here's them dum boxes come up frum Bingville w way—Looks like your name on the kever—Eaas, 'tis, I guess. And say, Si, her 's mail, likewise.

(Enter Bige Tucker, walking unambitiously.)

Bige:—....Mornin', Si.

Silas:—...Mornin', Bige.

Bige:—....Whut ye say ye guv yor hors fer colic?

Silas:—...Linseed ile.

Joshua (petulantly) Si, ain't ye got none o' thet sasprilly?

Ezra:—....Say, Hezekiah, it were the summer i' '88 was so dum dry, want it?

Hezekiah:—Wal, 'ppears ter me 'twere the summer o' '87 was so all-fired dusty.

Bige:—....Say, Si.

Silas:—...Eaas, Bige.

Bige:—....What you say you guv yer hoss fer colic?

Silas:—...Linseed ile.

Bige:-- (Pause)..Killed mine.

Silas:--(Pause) Mine tew.

Bige:-- (Pause)..Mornin', Si.

Silas:--...Mornin' Bige.

(Exit Bige. Uriah Peck enters slowly.)

Uriah:--...Hey, Si, yer got any o'them taller candles?

Silas:-- (Searches aimlessly under the counter and on the shelves)

Naw.(Pulls a box from under the counter) But I got some right tasty peppermints. (Aside) Them must be left over from them 'ssorted candies brung up here two year ago come next Aprile. I 'member Mirandy Pearce's lettles gal was playin' with 'em. Usin' 'em fer chackers, she were.

Uriah:--...Ain't yer got no kendles?

Silas:--...Naw, Uriah, ezpect they'll be down here next month, maybe.

Uriah:--...Wal, thn wrop me up a half a pound o'peppermints, will ye, Si?

(Receives package and goes out.)

Joshua:--...Si, did yur say yu hed some sasprilly?

Silas:--...Josh Whittaker, yu be the dumdest, allfireddest, most persistent critter I ever laid eyes on-Gaut eny sasprilly-gaut eny sasprilly-Naw, I en't got no sasprilly:

Joshua:--...Wal, I wus jest wonderin'. (Shuffles to door.) Mornin', Si. (Exit)

(Enter Hezekiah, with packages and mail.)

Silas:--...No, sir, (emphatically) 'twere in the hayin' time o'

'89 that thar dry spell come and spilt all our crawps. Gosh! you do be obstinate, Ezry.

Ezra:--....I been't. You be!

Hezekiah:--Say, you still talkin' about thet dry spell? Why, shucks, know 'twere in '87, when Obadiah Whitaker's barn burnt down--an' then thar come thet dum sloppy spell in '88 when all the taters gaut scabby--and thet winter Josh Peters gaut his toes froze off cuttin' ice--an' then come '89, and then--

(Ezra rises, tries to kick Hezekiah, and fails.)

Ezra:--....Why-yer durn young whippersnapper, ye make me dum tired

Silas:--...You be gettin' 'bout your business, Hezekiah. Ezry here kinder's gaut mixed up like, and 'llows 'twere in '88, and I knows dum well 'twere in '89, so I do. An' yu don't know nawthin'.

Hezekiah:--I callate thet dum dry spell were in '87. Mornin', Si.

(Exit. Long Pause.)

(Si putters around with boxes, etc.--holds hammer in mid-air)

Silas:--...Ezry, ye know--thet dry spell--

Ezry:--....Come-in-'87. (Rises and goes to door.)--Gittin'ter be most dinner-time--I'll be back ter th'ol' woman. Mornin', Si.

Silas:--...Mornin', Ezry.

Ezra:--....Dum dry, ain't it? (Exit.)

(Silas picks up paper as before.)

Quick Curtain.

The above is the full text of the drama; but funny as it is, nothing can reproduce the action. They were so funny! It was one of the best stunts we have ever had, and we hope authors and actors feel repaid for the time they put into it.

"The Inn of the Silver Moon" rounded out a most delightful evening; but this day's log would not be complete without the words of "Second Helps" for which see next page.

SECOND HELPS.

(Air, "Forty Years On!")

Out at the Camp, when the Brothers are seated

All round the table, a jovial band,

Toilets begun, but not always completed,

Cup at the lip, sir, and spoon in the hand.

Then you may hear, while the hay-bale and fish-ball

Speed on their way, to return never more,

Voices that rise o'er the crash of the dish-fall

Voices that drown e'en Augustus's roar.

Second helps! Second helps! Second helps!

Second helps! Second helps! SECOND HELPS!

Till the Camp rings with mirth and with noise,

At the sound of the clamoring boys.

Second helps! Second helps!

Off at the picnic, when evening is falling,

When o'er the fire the cocoa's a-steam,

When the grey Wolves come with shouting and calling,

White teeth a-glitter and bright eyes agleam.

Then you may hear from the Brothers that know not

Sense of repletion, howe'er they may cram,

Voices that murmur of milk and of doughnut;

Voices that bellow for chocolate and jam.

Chorus as before.

L.E.R.

THURSDAY, This morning J.R.A. began his
Aug. 7
B.29.32 series of talks on architecture
T.64'
Clear with an account of the architecture
N.W.

of Egypt and other ancient countries.

Camp Kiddo went off in great style, with
high ambitions to equal Camp Capitol, if not
surpass it. Kiddoes are hustlers in these
days.

This morning Neddy Billings's family
carried him off for the day, and returned him

The aquarium is finished, and the water was put in to-day.
It needs some plants, and then we can stock it.

JUNIOR BASEBALL.
BLACKS VS. WHITES.

A good game, and very close, as the score shows. It looked
like a tie game for several innings, and was not won till the
ninth. The Whites made a splendid rally then, and caught up two
runs, but a lead of one is a victory. Hits, runs, and errors, were
very even; except for G.E.A.'s home run, the first of the season.

There was one double play, when G.E.A. caught Coats's fly
in the fifth, and threw to first in time to catch H. Davis off.

Brodrick caught two flies in right field, and batted for
.500. Brodie is coming.

Hallowell and Cross are also in the .500 class, and G.E.A.
batted for 1000, getting four passes and a home run.

In the mean time J.R. took a husky squad for a walk. They
reached the top of Howland Hill in an hour and fifteen minutes,
and made the return trip in an hour and eight. Lively going, that.

Camp Kiddo
Aug 7th

Cabot
Curtis
Dunnell
Mulliken
Scott
Smith

J.R.A.
C.F.F.

Williwaw
Yammerschooner

Blacks vs. Whites of August 7 at																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
0	1	2	Dillon	4	9-3	K		0-3									5	1	1	
7	0	1	Hallowell	6				0-3		9-4							4	3	2	
0	3		P.S. Parker	1	2-0			0-3			4-6	0-2					4	0	1	
8	5		Applinsell	2		2-3			9-6								4	1	1	
1	4		H. Davis	5					*6-3	6-8		K					2	1	1	
9	0	2	Coates	3			9-6		0-6								4	0	0	
0	0	1	Lowell	8	6-3		6-8			K							4	0	0	
2	0		Brodrick	9		1-6					0-3						4	0	2	
0	0		Leland	7			0-1			9-1		5-6					4	1	1	
				10																
				11																
27	13	6	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												35	7	9	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				5	8	1-b. on errors.													1	

Whites vs. Blacks of August 7 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	0		1st 3d	9	0-3		0-3	0-3			0-3						5	1	1	
2	2	1	H.B. Davis	1			0-3	0-3	0-3				K				5	1	2	
6	5	1	G.E.A.	6													1	3	1	
5	2		A.T.	2	K		0-6				K		K				5	0	0	
1	2		C. Thorndike	4			0-6	0-9			0-3						5	0	1	
8	0	2	A. Fox	3	0-9		0-6		K								5	0	1	
1	0		C.F. Butcher	5		K			0-3		0-6	K					5	1	0	
0	0		Thayer 3d	8		K			0-3		0-6						3	0	0	
0	0	2	1st 3d	7		0-6			0-3		4-3						4	0	2	
				10																
				11																
24	11	6	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												38	6	8	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base Home runs.
				5	3	1-b. on errors.														1

FISHING.

IDENTICAL. EREBUS.		PANTASOTE. TERROR.	
E.W.B.	L.C.Z.	J.G.W.	J.A.P.M.
Harris	Hun	Holcombe	Houghton
Dorr	R.A. Thorn.	Paine	James
5 bass		3 bass	1 bass
			1 pout

Total, 10 fish.

After supper it was "Boats". Then came Dumb Crambo, and for the half-past niners, "The Inn of the Silver Moon". We finished it, and had time for Consequences, and part of "Bargain Day at Tutt House."

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FRIDAY, Weather-man was off Kidding, so we can't give any
Aug. 8

Fair more details.

Hazy

Warm J.R.A. being also on a camping trip, Skipper gave us
S.W.

some instruction in the tying of knots. We had the square
knot, the half hitch, and the clove hitch, and some of the brothers
can do all three very well.

A.E.H. had to leave us this morning. It is a scant week,
but he really has to get home.

ROUND THE HORN.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.

L.C.Z.	A.T.
H.B. Davis	Perkins
Hallowell	H. Davis
Corn ing	C.F. Batchelder
J.H.H.	P.S. Parker

F.R. jr.

MT. ROYAL OR DROWN.

<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>CAUCO.</u>	<u>RIPO.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>
T.L.	G.E.A.	Aspinwall	J.A.P.M.	Billings	A. Foss
Leland	Holcombe	James	Thayer	Hun	Houghton
Lowell	Dillon	Dorr	R.R.	R.A. Thorn.	Harris
H. Parker	C. Thorn.	Chapin	Grub		Grub

The Ouananiche crew got away first. L.C.Z., F.R. jr., the
paddles, and the grub went over to the station by wagon, and the
rest footed it manfully along the road.

The Royalists sailed away about half an hour later.

Then came Mr. and Mrs. Allen for a short call, and just in
time for swim, the returning campers. So we were quite coming and
going.

Afternoon reading over, the following list was posted:

<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>ADLER.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
J.G.W.	J.R.A.	R.W.B.	C.F.F.	Coats
Paine	Smith	Dunnell	P. Batch.	Cross
G. Foss	Cabot	Mulliken	C.S.	Scott
Brodrick	E.W.B.	A.J.M.		Curtis

FRIDAY We will give the doings of these various crews in (Cont'd.) order of their return. The Adler, Williwaw, Terror, and Yammerschooner fought their way southward against a hard head wind, till they reached Pinkham's Point. Here they landed, and walked almost to the Hamilton Pond landing. Then they turned homeward, with the wind behind them. They scudded at a frightful pace; and the only appropriate comment on the difficulty of the trip out and the speed of the trip home, according to R.W.B., is "Gosh!" The time going down was 1 hr. 15 m., the time coming back 35 m. So you see.

About twenty minutes past five the Ouananiche came home, pretty wet from the heavy sea, and with a crew burned to all shades of scarlet and crimson. Perhaps J.H.H. had the prize complexion, but C.F. Batchelder ran him close.

They reported a solid head wind on Messalonskee, and a less solid fairwind on Long Pond. In spite of these facts, and the current, they made better time than the crew that took her out on Wednesday. The total number of strokes taken, as reported by Francis Perkins, was 8119.

After supper it was Digestion Club, and we began "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine". While we were still up in the shop we heard the horns, and knew that the Royalists had come home. The following summary of their adventures is guaranteed by the signature of their gallant commander.

Mt. Royal Dope.

Start at 10 sharp.

Wills at 10-50. West wind hinders.

Carry in 5 1/2 minutes.

Monataka at 11-20.

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FRIDAY,
(Cont'd.)

Lunch at once. Start for Royal at 12-15.

Top of Royal at 1.50, after rest at head of meadow on south slope.

Water-drinking at farm on further slope till 2-30.

Blueberries and blackberries picked till 3-00.

Return to Monataka at 4-30.

During trip down meadow G.E.A. and Aspinwall pulled Dorr, Lowell, and Dillon on backs over slope of silken grasses. Tremendous celerity.

(R.R., Billings, and Holcombe fished during the afternoon, and caught five bass, which were fried for supper.)

Swim at 4-45.

Supper at 5-15.

Start at 6-15 for home. Rowlocks of Pantasote mended at Mills.

Return at 7-30.

O.K.
T. Lynes.

The blueberries, we are informed, were as big as hen's eggs, with skin so thick that you had to peel them before you could cut them in two.

Some were a little puzzled to know what the fish were fried in, a frying-pan not being part of the usual outfit; but they were fried in chunks, in tin cups.

Quiet Games followed the arrival of the Royalists; and where was the Abol? We knew what her captain had planned, and it sounded like a big stunt, especially with a strong head wind after leaving Meadow Brook. At long and at last they appeared, very wet, but rather triumphant. They had gone up the Tiber, and from there

FRIDAY, to Little Pond, J.G.W. carrying the Abol by himself.
(Cont'd.)

She is a fair-sized boat, and the breaking of a thwart let her
down pretty solid on his head, which did not make things any easire.

We fed them, and dried or sent them to bed, according to
age, and gave them camphor pills, and "all was gas and gaiters."

Then came a harrowing period of the Smelling Game. Twenty-
two smells confronted our devoted noses, and we sniffed till we
could hardly tell ammonia from onions.

There were no perfect lists, but R.R. and Aspinwall made only
three mistakes each, which is very good.

Celery salt was called curry, tobacco, fertilizer, and licorice.

Vinegar was called mucilage.

Coffee was called chocolate pudding, and gingerbread.

As for spellings, the wealth of the Indies would not
bribe us to reveal some of the things we saw. It wasn't
a spelling contest.

So ended a splendid day. Some felt rather old, but no
one seemed to mind that.

Camp of the Lost and Found

The members of this camping trip refuse to have their trip called by the common name of Camp Kiddo, claiming that, although themselves small in stature, the magnitude of their undertakings entitles them to name their trip in the same way as any regular four-meal camping trip. The name they adopt is the "Camp of the Lost and Found" for various reasons to be explained later. The members of this strenuous trip were the following revered gentlemen, — George Cabot, familiarly known as "Crazy Cal", Nellie Curtis, the belligerent Boston suffragette, Jake Dummell, the diminutive fire-eater, Champion Mulliken, famed for his brilliant conversational powers, Phil Smith, the fiery bantamweight from Short Hills, N.J., and the sedate and matronly Mrs. Scott, the whole party under the able leadership of C.F.F. and J.R.A.

We showed our class in the very first stage of the journey by reaching the Mills in 50 minutes in the two Rangelays, Williwaw and Yammer schooner. This was very good time indeed considering that each boat held four people and a lot of duffle.

Fifteen minutes sufficed for the carry, and, helped out by a favoring breeze we rowed down Long Pond to our camping place below the narrows in 45 minutes. Our first move after landing was to strip and go in for a swim. Once we had our clothes off we were very loath to put them on again for we were all determined to get a good tan if possible, and it was beautiful weather for such a purpose - a hot sun combined with a nice little breeze. Luncheon was served as soon as we had dried off from our swim and we demolished it with great gusto, saving out only some of the cold lamb for soup in the evening.

Then all hands took hold and gathered firewood while C.T.F. and J.R.A. pitched the tent, a job made very easy by the fact that we found tent poles and stakes all cut that had been left from previous camping trips. By 2 o'clock we were all ready for a walk up Hornbeam Hill. We found it a very comfortable climb, taking just one hour. The view from the top was superb though a slight haze in the atmosphere.

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here made it impossible to get a glimpse of Mt. Washington. We remained on the summit for half an hour, admiring the view, playing with the sheep, and sleeping. C.F.F. was best at the last game and had to be violently waked when we were ready to start down. The walk down was uneventful except that we came very near losing our way at the same old spot as of yore on the logging road. Also during the afternoon the color of our backs had been gradually changing from a light pink to a deep crimson. We arrived at camp in time for a swim and short siesta before supper. Supper was a prize meal, consisting of boiled mush, mutton soup, fierce things, cocoa and dates and raisins. After waiting an hour for our food to digest, we indulged in the luxury of a short swim before going to bed. 8:30 found us all ready to turn ~~it~~ in. It was a beautiful night for sleeping - cool and free of mosquitoes, and ^{so} we made the most of our opportunity.

About 6 o'clock next morning, C.F.F. and J.R.A. who had been sleeping outside the tent woke up with the sounds of a spirited roughhouse proceeding from the tent. A plunge

in the cool lake woke ^{us} up thoroughly and soon breakfast was sizzling over the fire. Breakfast was another good meal, fried mush, fried potatoes, bacon, and cocoa. When we had finished washing the dishes it was after 8 o'clock, so we decided to break camp and start back at once, aiming to arrive before swim but after adding humps. We made very good time up Long Pond and had a few minutes extra for a rest at the mills. Coming across Great Pond, we met the all day expedition on its way to Mt. Royal and exchanged salutations. At 10:50 we landed at the float, just in time to get our duff out of the way before swim.

It was a most delightful trip all round and the weather couldn't have been nicer to us. We called ourselves the Camp of the Lost and Found from a very strange habit that developed among us of constantly losing or finding things. Among the most important things we found were Don Sowell's undershirt, Dutchy Hen's necktie and one of the Camp forks. Fortunately, our losses were of a temporary nature only so that we have no regrets at all from our wonderful trip.

SATURDAY Two departures this morning, though one of them, we
Aug. 9

B.29.30 hope, is only temporary. Mrs. Elliott went on, to a camp
T.66'

Fair up in New Hampshire, and Charlie Allen went home, his
S.W.

family joining him at Belgrade. He needs some sort of
electric treatment for his arm, and it seemed quicker and simpler
to send Charlie to the machine than to have the machine sent to
Charlie. So off he went, with promises of returning in time for
at least the last week.

Those who know all about it had decided that we were to
scout, but the faculty thought differently. It had been a pretty
strenuous week, and like the oysters in the poem, "Some of us
are out of breath, and all of us are fat". And the weather agreed
with the faculty, for it turned hot; so hot that if we had tried
to scout we should have melted entirely away.

FISHING AFTERNOON.

WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. TERROR.

J.R.	T.L.	A.T.	E.W.B.	C.S.
Hun	James	H. Parker	Houghton	Billings
Dorr	Holcombe	Mullikne	Paine	Dunnell
5 bass	2 bass	8 bass	5 bass	19 fish
1 pout		2 perch	4 pout	
		3 pout		

EREBUS. CHUB. HORNPOUT.

R.R.	H. Davis	J.G.W.
Coats	Dillon	H.B. Davis
Leland	R.A. Thorndike	Cabot
5 bass		4 bass
1 perch	1 bass	

TOTAL, 60 FISH!!!!

There hasn't been such a catch since 1908, when eighty bass
were caught in one afternoon.

Those who did not fish worked on boats till 4-30, and then
had a rousing game of Soccer. We haven't the list of sides, but the
game was thrilling. Accounts differ as to whether the score was

SATURDAY, 2-2 or 2-1, but expert opinion seems to favor the latter.
 (Cont'd.)
 C.F.W. and Aspinwall kicked goals for their side, and Chapin
 (Batchelder)
 did one for his side.

The playing of the forwards has improved very much, but there is still trouble in using hands on the ball. This should not be.

 As we had soup for supper, which always takes a long time, there was nothing settled before charades, but much collecting of costumes and properties.

CHARADES.

CAMELOT. The first two syllables were acted together. A weary horseman appeared, on a still more weary horse. Both collapsed, and were only rescued from a sandy tomb by the arrival of a caravan of camels and Arabs. One of the camels was sacrificed, and the two quart dipper of water thus obtained brought the traveler back to life. "Lot" was a familiar scene from camp life: the boat-line after supper. There were the usual difficulties among people who wanted the Grayling, and could only get the Wobbler, but all seemed likely to get out in something. The whole word was a beauty. The river was left to our imagination, but there was no mistaking "the lily Maid of Astolat" (E.W.B.), robed in snowy white, with the aged boatman (L.C.Z.) steering her barge.

PRAIRIES. The first scene was among the mountains of Thibet. Two venerable lamas (J.G.W. and Aspinwall) set up their prayer-wheels in apparent harmony, but as soon as one went out, the other reversed his wheel, thus piling up curses on his devoted head. The return of his brother, and the discovery resulted in some very lively language, and there would have been a fight in that peaceful monastery if the Grand Lama (C.F.F.) had not come by. "E'S

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SATURDAY, was a dormitory scene. Six brethren were caught (Cont'd.) by the horn for breakfast with their cubicles not done, and got pigs all round in consequence. For the whole word we had a peaceful emigrant train, attacked and massacred by a band of howling Indians.

SUPERNATURAL. "Soup" was a scene in a restaurant, with an awkward waiter. "Err", which puzzled some of us, represented two not very clever travelers, J.A.P.M. and G.E.A., who made every mistake known to man in regard to trains and stations. "Natural" was superb. J.R. gave a lecture on "Nature" to a class of admiring pupils. We give a few fragments. "Do not read books; read the great book of Nature. - White gingham is a lovely thing. - Browse like the lovely cows. - Lap like the fallow deer. - Writhe like the panther; - wriggle like the snake." After following these instructions, lecturer and pupils went out "for a willowy walk." The whole word was the scene from "The Queen's Museum", in which the great magician, surrounded by his Weirds, is attacked by the robbers, whom he promptly freezes.

One might think that these brilliant scenes were enough; but we had a musical treat as well. Mr. Lynes let us hear the first performance of his new composition, entitled "Fishing with Jamesy". We hope that he will give the Camp an autograph copy of this great work as soon as it is published, to cherish among the archives.

And at last the time was ripe for the mystic game which is talked about all summer but seldom played; which was tabooed for years, and which is allowed now only on condition that we are very good indeed.

SATURDAY As will be seen by the accompanying score card, the
(Cont'd.)

Passamaquoddy tribe won all three games, on shots as well as runs

It was very noticeable that as the games went on there was an
increasing tendency to make runs rather than shots.

Aspinwall heads the list of runs, with seven for the three
games, and C.F.F. has the largest number of shots: namely five.

Coats has a murder against his name, having killed one of
his own side.

SUNDAY, Clarence Corning inaugurated his week as weather man
Aug. 10
B. 29.11 with a surprising performance. At noon it was hot, without
T. 76°
Clear any qualifications. During afternoon reading, which was
W.

on the point because of the heat, a big shower piled up, and
Shower
p.m. we had our first house picnic of the year. By supper time
it cleared off with a roar, and before we had finished the jam
most of us were glad of a fire in the big room and sweaters, and
Dicky Hallowell rolled himself up in a blanket. Perhaps this is
the way they run the weather in Bangor.

Mr. Cross came over to morning service, and spent part of the
day. Is our Piggy going to be as tall as his father? If so he had
better get started.

Neddy Billings's family carried him off for a fishing trip
and didn't bring him back till the middle of the afternoon.

At afternoon reading we began "Hamlet", having finished "
"Richard III" last week.

As it was too wet for anything out of doors, we had some
good songs, and then two tables of progressive ping-pong. This
time we divided into juniors and seniors, with the following
results:

<u>Seniors.</u>	<u>Juniors.</u>
Hallowell beat H.B. Davis	G. Foss beats Lowell
J.R. beat C. Thorndike	G. Foss beat Chapin
R.W.B. beat H.B. Davis	Chapin beat Leland
	Chapin beat G. Foss
	Chapin beat Dunnell
	Chapin beat Dillon

In the last senior game only two dropped out in the last
half hour, which is playing some.

The Ouananiche went out late in the afternoon for a turn
round Oak and Pine, and did the four miles in 37 m.; which is also
going some.

SUNDAY We had supper on the piazza, as it is more like out
(Cont'd.)

of doors than the big room, and jam was served on the rock. We
have our opinion of the people who spill jam on the aforesaid
rock.

At half-past seven we had a continued story, by various
members of the faculty, entitled "The Man with Six Fingers".

We had a full half hour for hymns, and after the juniors
had started for bed the half-past niners had an extra fifteen
minutes.

Then came poetry, and "The Wise Woman of Walna," a story
by Eden Philpotts.

Did anyone notice to-day an air of superior beauty about
the Camp? There is a reason. Mully has parted his hair, so there
will be no more porcupine about. And Philip Batchelder has shaved!

MONDAY, "Those who know all about it " wre fooled this
 Aug. 11
 B. 29.21 time, for no camping trip was posted. And as the wind
 T. 59'
 Clear kept on, and the day stayed cool, it became pretty evi-
 N.W.

dent what was likely to happen in the afternoon.

But in spite of glorious weather the day began badly,
 for Mr. Rawle and Caroline left us this morning.

But Russell Chase came in the afternoon, so we cheered up.

Russell P. Chase

Reprot says that he has undertaken to beat J.R.A.'s moustache
 in a week.

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions were really perfect this afternoon;
 wind enough, but not too much, cool but not chilly, and the leaves
 softened by a slight shower before dinner.

No runs were made in the whole course of the afternoon.
 The Algonquins won the first game by two shots. Both sides played
 a rather conservative game.

The second and third games went to the Iroquois, with
 somewhat heavier loss on both sides.

G.E.A. and Aspinwall head the firing list, with seven shots
 each for the afternoon. G.E.A. has the best number for one game,
 five, and was not shot himself once.

After supper there was "Games on the Hill", and then
 "Monkey in Sight." After which the half-past niners went "Down
 to Andy Coggin's, to get a plate of beans."

ALGONQUINS.

	I		II		III	
	killed shots	turns	killed shots	turns	killed shots	turns
J.R.	•		•		•	
T.L.	X		X		X	
J.A.P.M.	✓		✓		✓	
J.G.W.	X	••••	X		X	•
A.T.	✓		✓		✓	
A.M.R.	✓		✓	•	X	
Brodric.		•	X	••		•
Chapin.	✓		X		✓	
Goats	X		X		✓	
Curtis.	✓		✓		X	
Davis, H.	✓		✓		•	
Davis, H.B.	✓		X		•	
Dillon.	✓		X		X	
Dorr.	✓		✓		X	
Dunnell	✓			••	X	
Hallowell	X		X		X	
Houghton.		•	✓		✓	
Hun.	X		✓		X	
Lowell	✓		X			
Parlier, J.S.	•		•		•	
Thornbridge, C.	✓		X	•	X	••
Scott	X		X		X	
Billings	O		X	•	✓	
Foss, G.	✓		✓		X	••
Keland, O.	✓		X		✓	
J.H.H.	X	•	✓		X	•
	7	9	13	9	13	10

IROQUOIS.

	I		II		III	
	killed shots	turns	killed shots	turns	killed shots	turns
J.P.A.	X	•	X		•	
T.W.B.	✓		✓		•	
L.O.Z.	✓		X		•	
G.E.A.	✓		•••••		••	
C.F.P.		•	X		X	
Aspinwall.	X	•••	✓		X	••••
Batchelder, P.	✓		✓		X	
Batchelder, C.	X		✓		X	
Corning, ?	✓		X		✓	
Gross.	✓		X	••	✓	•
Cabot.	✓		X	•	✓	
Foss, A.	X		X	•	X	
Harris.	X		X		X	•
Holcombe.	X		✓		X	
Howard						••
James.		•	✓		✓	
Mulliken.	X		✓		X	
Paine.	X	•	✓		✓	
Perkins.	✓		X		✓	
Thayer.	X		X		X	
Thornbridge, R.A.	✓		✓		✓	
Smith	✓		X	••	✓	
Parlier, H.	✓				✓	
	9	7	9	13	10	13

TUESDAY A fine morning for camping, and
 Aug. 12
 B. 29.45 Mr. Lynes and his second bunch of
 T. 60
 Clear campers started off right after
 N.W. morning reading. They were heading north
 Light when last seen.

Just after swim Mr. and Mrs. Cabot arrived
 by automobile, to have a look at George. They
 stayed to dinner, and are coming over again
 from the Mills tomorrow.

SIXTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
 BOOJUMS VS. SNARKS.

A very good game, as will be seen by the score. The Snarks
 got the first start, with two runs in the first inning. The Boojums
 began with a smashing triple by R.W.B., but H. Davis's double
 at third base stopped them off from the plate.

In the third the score was tied, and again in the sixth,
 after which no runs were made till the tenth. Then the Boojums
 began to hit hard, and ran up to six. The Snarks got one more run,
 but G.E.A.'s catch of what looked like a safe hit for Hallowell
 won the game for his tea. The catch was made nearly half way
 to first, and at the moment he was flat on his back, while the
 ball was not a foot from the ground.

J.R. heads the batting list, with .600; three hits out of
 five times at bat. G.E.A. comes next, with two out of five; .400.
 G.E.A. incidentally has nine put-outs and five assists to his
 credit.

A. Foss did well in right field, catching two flies.

Camping Trip
 Aug 11th

Aspinwall
 Batchelder, P.
 Dorr
 Holcombe
 Thorndike, C.

T. L.

Caughcomgomock
 Ribogenus

Boogyma vs. Sharks of Aug. 12 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
1	0	1	¹ R. W. B.	5					q3		q6		p3				5	1	2		
2	3		² C. F. F.	2	q6		p3			p3							3	1	1	1	
9	6		³ G. E. A.	6	q6						q6						5	2	2		
0	6	1	⁴ J. H. H.	1		q3		q6		q8		q6					4	0	1	1	
0	0		⁵ P. S. Parker	8		q6		q5				K					5	0	1		
16	0		⁶ A. T.	3				p3		p3		p3					5	0	0		
0	5	2	⁷ Dillon	4		K							K	K			4	0	0		
0	0		⁸ Chapin	7					p3								5	2	0		
2	0		⁹ A. Fox	9			p3		K				K				3	0	1	1	
			¹⁰																		
			¹¹																		
30	19	4	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												40	6	8	3	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			2	2	1-h. on errors.												5	1		
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly h.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F't'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.

Sharks vs. Boogyma of Aug. 12 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.	
0	0	1	¹ H. B. Dain	7	o3	p3				q9			p3				4	1	1	1	
6	1	4	² R. P. Q.	6							q6						4	2	1		
4	1	1	³ H. Davis	5			p3		q9		p3						3	2	1		
0	5		⁴ J. R.	1			p3				q6			p3			5	0	3		
7	1		⁵ J. R. A.	2	p3						q6			p3			3	0	0	1	
10	0	2	⁶ L. C. J.	3			q3		q3								5	0	1		
2	1	1	⁷ Hallwell	4				q3						q6			3	0	1		
0	0		⁸ F. B. B.	8	K			p3		K			o				4	0	0		
0	0		⁹ J. P. H.	9				p3		q6			q6				4	0	1		
			¹⁰																		
			¹¹																		
30	9	9	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												37	5	9	2	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				2	6	1-h. on errors.													1		
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.h.	Muffed fly h.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed hall.	F'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.

Brown eyes vs. Blue eyes of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
		11	1	Blair	4	3-1				K							
			2	Jones	7			K	fb		1-3						
		1	3	Billing	5	K				K			1-3				
			4	Thayer	2	K											
		1	5	Coats	1												
			6	Paine	8							1-3					
	111		7	Davis	3			1-3	fb								
	111		8	Fox	6			fb	1-3		1-3						
	1		9	Brown	9		K	fb	K	K	K	1-3					
			10														
			11														
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.												
Hours..... Mins.....																	
alks.	Hit by ptc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											
						1-h. on errors.											

Blue Eyes vs. Green Eyes of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
		1	1 Coats	4	4		K				◇	03					
		11	2 Lowell	3	4-3		03		K		◇	◇					
		11	3 Brodrick	1				◇		◇	◇	◇					
		11	4 Coats	2		6-1		◇		◇	K	K					
		1	5 Smith	5		1-6		◇		56	01						
		11	6 H. Baker	6		1-6		◇		◇	019						
		1	7 Russell	7		4-3		53		1-3	=1						
		1	8 Perkins	8			1-3		4-3	◇		◇					
		1	9 Houghton	9			◇		1-4	K		K					
			10														
			11														
				TIME OF GAME.													
				Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.												
					0	0	0	1	0	2	3	6	1				
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											
						1-b. on errors.											

The Bug League game, scored above, was too uneven to be very thrilling. There was a good deal of heavy hitting, chiefly on the winning side. On the losing team, Brodrick made three of the seven runs, and got four hits. On the winning team, Coats made four runs and five hits.

After supper it was "Boats"; and though the wind came up, almost everyone stayed out till after eight. There were no regular half-past eight games, but some lively battledore and shuttlecock contests went on.

The half-past niners played the good old game of "Muggins," for the first time this year.

We didn't begin the account of the day's doings early enough. At two a.m. J.G.W. and A.T. went out fishing. They took some early worms with them, but perhaps they were not early enough. At any rate, they had poor luck.

WEDNESDAY The weather looked very threatening this morning,
Aug. 13

R. 29.38 but after all nothing happened, and by afternoon there
T. 59'

Cloudy was blue sky, and a delightful southerly breeze.
N.E.

Shifting. Great wrestling matches this morning, between
breakfast and reading.

Cross downed Hun.

Leland downed Paine.

Smith and Curtis; no fall. A very lively bout.

James downed Cabot.

Thayer downed Dillon.

Cross downed Cabot.

Lowell downed G. Foss.

Cabot downed Smith, after a hard fight.

Coats downed C.F. Batchelder, after the liveliest
contest of the morning.

Captain Jack left us by the morning train.

A new squad, the Navigators, went out this morning, under
command of J.R. They row, practising for form and strength, until
swim time.

Just before swim Mrs. Cabot came over, and said that she and
Mr. Cabot had decided to take George home with them, as he was
homesick. It seems a pity for him to miss the best weeks of
camp, but he went, sometime in the afternoon.

FISHING AND SUNDRY STUNTS.

CHUB.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
J.R.	J.G.W.	R.P.C.	L.C.Z.	R.W.B.	E.W.B.
Curtis	H.R. Davis	Chapin	Billings	C.F.F.	H. Davis
Smith	Paine	James	Hun	Dillon	A. Foss
2 perch	1 bass	1 bass	4 bass	1 bass	6 bass
			4 pout	1 perch	7 pout

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)	YAMMERSCHOONER.	HORNPOUT.	OUANANICHE.
	J.A.P.M.	A.T.	J.R.A.
	Cross	Coats	A.M.R. Hallowell
	Perkins	Harris	Corning C.F. Batch.
EBEN.	1 bass	1 bass	Lowell Bredrick
G.E.A.			G. Foss Houghton
Thayer		Leland	R.A. Thorm.
H. Parker			Scott
P.S. Parker			Dunnell
			Mulliken

TOTAL CATCH, 23 FISH.

The Eben went to the northwest side of Blueberry Hill, where her crew landed and did some exploring. They looked for a road to Rome; and though they did not find it, they found all sorts of other roads, and many things besides. In fact, what they don't know about Blueberry Hill and its environs is not worth knowing.

The Ouananiche went exploring too. The cliffs on Hippo Hill have been explored from the Long Pond side this year, and were first reached last year from Great Pond; but the place from which they were discovered was impossible for any large party, on account of the poor landing. This afternoon the Ouananiche landed on a good beach behind the south end of Hoyt's, and found a good way of reaching the cliffs aforesaid. We prowled all about them, and into various splits and caves, and succeeded in avoiding the poison dogwood, which thrives there. We also succeeded in stopping Mully from throwing people off the rocks, which he seemed inclined to do.

When we got home, we found not only the returned campers, Camp Bâcheêcarûsé, but Dr. and Mrs. Hackett, whose signatures follow:

L. W. Hackett
Hazel W. Hackett

The campers had been to all sorts of places up beyond North Pond, in the direction of Norridgewock, whereof more some day.

- Camp Batchecanuro -

He sang. Or rather, he attempted it. No one may gainsay that. He did his level best to pour out his soul in song. It may have been his conscience that provoked such melodious attempts, and forced him, against his will, to exercise his vocal chords; no one knows. And the fact remains indelible: we all heard him; we all patiently harkened to him; we sat, as one man, with tense muscles, and listened to him; as the prisoner awaits, with bated breath, the verdict pronounced by the foreman of the jury, so did we wait, until the last quivering note had lost itself in the shades of the deep forest to the north; and then we cursed him. Heaven and earth sang with words to elaborate to be penned; the very fire sprang up and thrust a derisive tongue of red flame towards the ambitious youth, and away in the depths of the wilderness, echoed a vibrant voice that canted a mournful dirge. And then - silence! Silence that soothed the tired ear, and calmed the troubled breast. Hearts resumed their normal pulsation, and with soft sighs of relief, our tense muscles relaxed, and we leaned back to enjoy the shades of deepening night.

We started from camp at the usual time, and headed north to Meadow Brook, which we found low and, in places, rapid, making navigation slow, and progress difficult. Without mishaps North Pond was reached at 12.15, and we directly made for Little Pond where we swam and lunched. By this time the slight southwest wind had died to a flat calm, which spoke well for making very slow work to the head of North Pond. So we trolled the length

215
of it, and reached North Pond Brook in good physical condition. This stream is practically stagnant for of current there is none. We landed at the usual place, on the marshy meadow-land, and Mr. Lyons and Dor interviewed the kindly old farmer on whose land we soon camped. The deserted saw-mill is still a plentiful supply-box for fire-wood, and we took advantage of the cold spring not far away. at 4 P.M. we started from our camping-ground and leisurely climbed a nearby hill. Not satisfied with our altitude, all but Batchelder and Holcombe mounted large pines and, alternately gazed at the view and threw great branches at the heads of those below. About this time our mind-minnesinger began to pipe, but was speedily silenced with a threat of having "quakers" forced down his throat. By 6 o'clock we had returned and cooked our supper of pickled and other good things. My, but we did eat!!

By the time camp was cleared up and the dishes washed the moon had showed itself over the tree-tops that line the edge of the swamp. We were comfortable and warm, lying peacefully before the crackling blaze. And then, like a bolt from the blue, Batchy began. Did you ever hear a dog baying to the moon? He did his best to sing. A stone-cruiser sounds like Beethoven's "Mith" compared with Batchy's effusions. So we felt bound to silence him. And afterwards we all felt better, except "Carus". And soon we turned in for the night, on a slight rise of ground. On such a perfect moon we used the tent for a pantasole, and slept calmly through. Some of us, feeling cold did move under the edge of the "pantatent". All in all, it was a splendid night.

Breakfast was the work of a scant $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour, and by 8 o'clock we were ready to depart for Indian Stream, three miles up the road. We got a lift for a short mile, on a timber-drag, and were entertained by yarns from the affable farmers. We found the

brook, about a mile beyond East Mercen, on the straight road from Smithfield. Here we scattered for grasshoppers of which there were very few, and fished the brook from the road down towards Sandy River. If there were ever any trout in the stream at any time, they are all ghosts now. I suppose that they became bored at the damned old stream, and crawled up on the bank and died. Anyway we didn't get any fish over size, though several we landed that measured 4 inches. At one time, Indian Stream must have been a tributary of the Styx, for it wanders through low boggy woodlands, with countless windfalls of dead pine that clog the brook and make fishing impossible for anyone. Clinging strands of trailing clematis made walking almost hopeless near the brook, and it was an Herculean task making a passage anywhere. Mr. Lyles penetrated to a meadow beyond which he could see Sandy River a mile ^{away} beyond, but he got no fish. So we failed on the finny monsters and had a damn good time getting mad at the country in general. The walk back was short and uneventful, and we were all hungry and happy.

By this time Batch had ceased to sing. Evidently his vocal instructor does not wish him to strain his voice, and the pupil, being a willing and faithful apostle to music, obeying implicitly his master's orders, refused to risk his natural gift on the beasts of the field.

At 2 o'clock we started on the return trip, and returning by the same route that we used on the out trip, reached Great Pond with but one incident; Aspinwall, Thordike C, and Don succeeded in tipping over in Meadow Brook. A concealed log did the trick. On Great Pond we had heavy work against a strong southwest wind, and we put to working hard our paddles. Five o'clock found us at the float, all pleased and all tired.

[Indian Stream should be closed to all fishermen for 150 years and then opened during the night to blind men from February to April.]

WEDNESDAY After supper there was Digestion Club and then
(Cont'd.)
all hand settled down to the

SEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Impromptu Cockadoodle Duett.....J.R.,L.W.H.
2. Graduates' Song... ..Graduates.
3. Songs.....L.W.H.
4. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands, Voice of the Bell,
Funiculi-Funicula.
5. Song.....L.W.H.
6. Hampton Trio.
7. Stunt, Nicholas Nickleby". R.R.'s company.
Camp Song.

The Cockadoodle duett, though not so well known as Chopsticks is an ancient and honorable institution, dating from 1903, when it was invented by Mr. Herbert^K Kimball. It is good to have an old friend revived.

The graduates' song is always fun. R.W.B., who had had his crew out to supper, got in only in time for the last three verses, but he was there, so it was quite a phalanx.

Dr. Hackett sang us parts of "Baffin's Bay", "My Brudda Sylvest'", and "Cousin Caruso". Most of us had not heard them since he was herein 1910, and the only pity was that he couldn't remember the whole of them. After Choruses he sang us his own version of "I've got a little list", which is appropriate as it was three years ago. And then he and Mrs. Hackett sang a lovely duett, a canon dating from the thirteenth century.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

The Hampton Trio gave us many strange and delightful songs, and Rhodes, who is in the Institute band, played us the various bugle calls. They have given us a great addition to our sing-song programmes this year.

The stunt was a beauty. There were two scenes; Nicholas's revolt against Squeers, and Fanny writing her letter to Ralph Nickleby. The first was full of dramatic fire, though we decline to admit that any of our number could look as dreadful as the Squeerses are supposed to. H. Parker, as Nicholas, tackled his tyrant with great force, and G. Foss made a pathetic Smike.

But if Fanny Squeers had looked as charming as Robby Paine, the story would have been a very different one.

Dramatis Personae.

Wackford Squeers.....	Thayer.
Mrs. Squeers.....	Houghton.
Fanny Squeers.....	Paine.
Wackford Squeers jr.....	Smith.
Nicholas Nickleby.....	H. Parker.
Smike.....	G. Foss.

Our programme had lasted rather long, but we had time to make a good beginning on "The Voice in the Rice."

THURSDAY Six years ago to-day Moulton Bartlett left us; and
 Aug. 14
 B. 29.41 this morning Mrs. Richards spoke to us about him, and
 T. 59' all that his life meant to those who knew him. It is not
 Calm Fog.
 Cleared often, perhaps, that thirteen years round a life to
 p.m. such strength and beauty of character as all who knew him
 saw in him.

----- Squad Notes. -----

After much washing, draining, and refilling, the water was definitely put into the aquarium to-day. The turtles were also put in, but this was less definite, as most of them got out.

Hal Davis has put a new thwart into the Abol, and done a big job on the Yammerschooner.

A tree squad went out collecting specimens this morning. Why they did it will be unfolded at the proper point.

The Wagnerites, a very select squad, are engaged in labors whose result will be apparent in good time.

----- SUNDRY STUNTS. -----

COR ^K ER.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	APOL.	EBEN.
J.R.A.	H.R.	L.W.H.	L.C.Z.	R.P.C.
Chapin	C.Thorn.	Hallowell	Dillon	Perkins
Thayer	A.M.R.	Holcombe	Dorr	Paine
Brodrick			H.B.Davis	E.W.B.

IDENTICAL.	RIPOGENUS.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
R.W.B.	A.T.	C.F.F.	J.R.	J.A.P.M.
Corning	Dunnell	A.Foss	P.Batch.	Coats
Leland	James	Mulliken	Houghton	Smith
	H.Davis		Curtis	A.J.M.

OUANANICHE.

J.G.W.

G.E.A.	C.F.Batchelder	"Those who know" had it all settled that we were to have track and field practice, the chief argument being that a good many had had too much blueberry pie; but they were mistaken.
Billings	Cross	
G.Foss	Harris	
Hun	Lowell	
H.Parker	P.S.Parker	
Scott		
R.A.Thorndike		
Mrs.Hackett		

THURSDAY, Just before we started Mr. and Mrs. Lowell arrived by (Cont'd.) launch. Arnold had an idea they were not coming till Friday, so it was lucky they did not come a little later, when they would have found him missing. He was transferred to the launch, and went off to spend the night at the Belgrade.

As for A. Aspinwall, he and his three helps of pie had a peaceful time at home by themselves; at least, we hope it was peaceful.

The Ouananiche and her crew went up Philip. The view from the top was splendid, but as usual when one climbs Philip and gets home to supper, there was not much spare time. The head wind on the trip home cut the time still shorter, and there was not a very big margin for washing hands.

The Abol, the Eben, and the Identical went cruising up the Tiber, and followed that noble stream to its navigable limit. There they landed, and most of the company investigated a trout brook in the neighborhood. They did not fish in it, however; partly because it is against the law, and partly because they had neither time nor tackle.

The Terror pursued a conservative course, and went to the Mills for shoes shirts, and other less necessary things. The shirt market was poor, but otherwise the trip seems to have been fairly successful.

The Corker sought the wilds of Blueberry Hill, and went over beyond till they were within half a mile of North Pond. During their wanderings they met the crew of the Pantasote, who had landed behind Chute and come up the hill another way.

The Rip went over to Ellis Pond, and got halfway up McGraw. They also explored a brook at the south end of Ellis.

THURSDAY The Eyebus, manned by a crew of Islanders, went out (Cont'd.) exploring islands. They did Chute, Indian, and the north end of Hoyt's, where they had time to climb the hill.

The Williwaw and the Yammerschooner went to the mouth of Bog Brook to get material for the aquarium. They brought back plenty of bladderwort, and some other plants, but the fish they got all died on the way back, owing to a deficiency in the number of pails provided. Better luck next time.

Late in the afternoon the wind came up so that "Games on the Hill" was the thing after supper, and then came a "Tree Observation Game." The specimens had been collected by the tree squad in the morning, and were all marked with numbered tags. The four tables had the same assortment of twenty-seven kinds of trees, and lists were made out and checked by the list in the hands of the committee. The following had the best lists:

Aspinwall	23.
J.R.	21.
C.F. Batchelder	19.
Coats	17.

Someone observed that Aspinwall was on the squad, and it is perfectly true; but no one else on the squad got above fifteen, so it doesn't look as if that made the difference.

It might be unkind to give the names of the poorest ones; but there were three lists with only one right on them.

The half-past niners went on with "The Voice in the Rice". And then J.R.A. and J.G.W. took the Grayling and went round through Ellis and McGraw, over the Itchfield Carry, and home by Meadow Brook. They got home about half past four!

FRIDAY, Dome Lowell's birthday, though we didn't have a chance
 Aug. 15,
 B. 29.38 to wish him many happy returns till supper time.
 T. 58'
 Clear This morning Dr. Hackett gave us the first of two talks
 S.

on the principles of hygiene, taking up first matters of
 food and clothing. Tomorrow he is going to tell us why we wash.
 (Some of us don't much.)

More interesting squads to-day. Skipper took a squad to col-
 lect fish for the aquarium, and they came back in triumph, with
 pickerel, horn pout, pollywogs, and dace. Truly a great haul.

A huckleberry squad went to work on the point, and though
 it is slow picking, they got a good many.

T. L. continued his Wagnerian labors in solitary grandeur.

The Marathon Mystery squad puzzled everyone, for it didn't
 seem likely that they were either committing or investigating a
 murder. But the afternoon showed what they had been doing;
 makin' out the handicaps for track and field practice.

At swim this mornin' Archie Coats swam to Oak Island in
 25 m. 40 s., breaking the record by ten seconds. Congratulations.
 Never have we had such a record-breaking summer.

THIRD TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

With all hands at home, and all but Brodrick taking part,
 this was the most important practice meet of the season. Besides,
 handicaps were given, which made things much more exciting.

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.		
Name.	Height.	Handicap.
H. Davis	4'2"	Scratch
Hallowell	4'2"	6"
Aspinwall	4'1"	3"
Perkins	4'1"	3"

This is better than Davis did in either of the other
 trials. Perkins's jump, without the handicap, is just what he did
 last time.

FRIDAY,
(Cont'd.)

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.B.Davis	17'4"	1'
H.Davis	16'6"	Scratch.
P.S.Parker	16'1"	2'6"

H.Davis has done better than this. Horace, however, has broken his own junior record by five and a quarter inches. He is now a senior, but he wasn't in July.

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Aspinwall	26'6"	Scratch.
H.Davis	26'	6"
Hallowell	25'3"	3'6"

Aspinwall's winning this was not a surprise, but H.Davis has improved his former figure by a foot and a half.

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.Davis	12 2/5 s.	Scratch.
Aspinwall		2 yds.
Billings		8 yds.
Corning		5 yds.
Coats		6 yds.
P.Batchelder		8 yds.

Davis was almost pocketed when two thirds down the course, but got clear, and drew away from the rest, leading Aspinwall at the finish by three yards. Billings made a good third, with Corning not far behind.

Second Heat.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.B.Davis	12 4/5 s.	2 yds.
P.S.Parker		5 yds.
Perkins		6 yds.

H.B.Davis won easily. The closest contest was for third place, A.Foss being only a matter of inches behind Perkins.

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	11 1/5 s.	Scratch.
H. B. Davis		2 yds.
Aspinwall		2 yds.
Billings		8 yds.
P. S. Parker		5 yds.
Perkins		6 yds.

There was some uncertainty about the time of this race, and Aspinwall stole on the start, but it was a splendid finish. The Davises were not more than six inches apart at the tape, with Aspinwall about a foot behind Horace.

SENIOR 440 YARD RUN.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Corning	1 m. 3 s.	20 yds.
H. Davis		Scratch
H. B. Davis		10 yds.
Aspinwall		10 yds.
A Foss		25 yds.
Perkins		25 yds.

Corning ran better than he has run at all, coming to the front at the back-stop. There was a long gap after fourth place.

JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.

Division A.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
C. F. Batchelder	4'4"	Scratch.
Chapin	4'4"	6"
Curtis	4'2"	1'8"

Batchelder has done better than this. Chapin, however, has come up an inch, even when you take off his handicap.

Division B.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Lowell	4'7"	1'6"
Leland	4'5"	1'
H. Parker	4'4"	1'6"

The superiority of this division over the other is owing to handicaps, and is therefore more apparent than real.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)		
<u>JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.</u>		
	<u>Division A.</u>	
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	14'6 3/4"	Scratch
C.F. Batchelder	14'3 3/4"	Scratch
Dillon	14'3"	1'6"

It is always satisfactory when the scratch men win, in spite of the handicaps against them. Batchelder has done a couple of inches better than this, but Chapin bettered his old distance by an inch and a quarter.

	<u>Division B.</u>	
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Leland	14'10 3/4"	2'6"
Smith	14' 3/4"	3'
Thayer	14'2 3/4"	3'

In this case, as in the B. high jump, handicaps figure rather prominently.

<u>JUNIOR SHOT PUT.</u>		
	<u>Division A.</u>	
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
C.F. Batchelder	41'4"	Scratch
Chapin	37'10"	9'
Houghton	37'	14'6"

Even with their handicaps, Batchelder had this event easily. How many more times he is going to break the record remains to be seen.

	<u>Division B.</u>	
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Dowell	39'2"	18'
Thayer	37'2"	12'6"
Leland	36'2"	15'

Without the handicaps, as will be seen, this division would have come out some distance behind the other.

<u>JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.</u>		
	<u>First Heat.</u>	
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Leland	13 4/5s.	5 yds.
Mulliken		8 yds.
James		8 yds.

Leland had four yards over Mulliken at the tape, but James was a very close third.

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Parker	14 1/5 s.	5 yds.
Thayer		5 yds.
Smith		5 yds.

Gaps were fairly even in this heat; that is, three or four yards, except for Scott, who came in last, and was rather outclassed.

Third Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Dillon	13 s.	2 yds.
C. F. Batchelder		Scratch
Chapin		Scratch

Dillon and Batchelder were only a yard apart at the finish. Chapin was evidently not trying to do better than get a place.

Fourth Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Houghton	14 2/5 s.	5 yds.
G. Foss		2 yds.
Dorr		5 yds.

This was the slowest of the four heats, though only by a fifth of a second.

First Semi-final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Parker	14 s.	5 yds.
Leland		5 yds.
Thayer		5 yds.

All three place winners had the same handicap, so the race between them was an exciting one.

Second Semi-final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
C. F. Batchelder	13 1/5 s.	Scratch
Dillon		2 yds.
Chapin		Scratch

Batchelder won on a good sprint, and beat Dillon by about four feet. Chapin was evidently saving himself for the finals.

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	12 1/5 s.	Scratch
C. F. Batchelder		Scratch
Dillon		2 yds.

A pretty race. Chapin ran as he hasn't run before this year, and led at the tape by three yards, tying H. B. Davis's new junior record.

FRIDAY

JUNIOR 440 YARD RUN.

(Cont'd.)

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	1m.9 2/5 s.	Scratch
C.F.Batchelder		Scratch
Holcombe		80 yds.
Smith		50 yds.
Hun		100 yds.
Mulliken		60 yds.

A fine race. Hun led for more than half the distance, with G.E.A. pacing him and cheering him on. Then Holcombe ahead. Chapin came to the front at the beginning of the straightaway, and led all the way home. Batchelder sprinted and passed Holcombe at the last minute.

Altogether it was a very satisfactory afternoon, and we feel sure of a first-rate meet in a little while.

After supper Digestion Club seemed the obvious thing, as some of our brothers were feeling old.

Then came Dumb-Cramb. to liven things up, and half-past nine Boston to top off with.

(Finished, 6-30 a.m. Saturday. Rather smart?)

SATURDAY, The day began with very ordinary temperature, and when Aug. 16

B.29.26 a breeze sprang up some looked wise and guessed that T.64'

clear there would be scouting. But it soon became evident that S.W.

it was going to be a very hot day.

Squads were again interesting and varied. A big Ouananiche crew had the sad duty of ferrying Dr. and Mrs. Hackett up to the head waters of the Northwest brook, whence they were to start on a tramp of some days.

An aquarium squad went to the lagoon for fish, and came back with a good lot. There is a trap that gives good results.

A huckleberry squad went up to Shute Island, and found that they could pick all day without making much impression. As it was, what they got, added to the crop of Friday, made enough for supper.

----- JUNIOR BASEBALL -----

----- WHITES VS. BLACKS. -----

This game was too uneven to be very thrilling. Parker was hit heavily, and there were thirteen errors made in the field by the Blacks. These two facts account for their being unable to make a very good showing.

H.B. Davis and Hallowell both batted for .500.

G.E.A. got a splendid triple, but it would not quite stretch to a home run, and he was caught at the plate.

C.F. Batchelder got a two-bagger. Congratulations, Foster.

There was one double play, in the seventh. C. Thorndike put H. Davis out by a throw to G.E.A., who got the ball to first in time to catch Parker.

As it was only five when the game ended, there was start made on a second game. H. Davis went in to pitch in Parker's place,

SATURDAY, and it promised to be a somewhat better game than the (Cont'd.)

best. There was not time for five innings, however, so we do not give the score. It was a pity it had to go unfinished, for some people had got hits, and were hoping to do wonderful things to their batting averages.

White vs. Blacks of August 16 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. bits.
1	0		1 Chapin	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	5	2	2	
0	3		2 H. B. Davis	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	6	3	3	
5	1	1	3 Whinnell	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	2	0	1
8	3		4 G. E. X.	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	6	1	2	
9	2		5 J. Fox	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	4	0	1	1
0	1		6 J. Thorne	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	4	3	2	
2	0	1	7 C. F. Batch	5	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	4	1	1	1
7	0		8 J. Fox	7	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	4	1	0	
0	0		9 J. Thayer	9	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	5	1	1	
			11																	
26	10	2	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												42	14	12	2
					* Double 4-6-3.															
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.											
				7	4															
						1-b. on errors.														

Blacks vs. White of August 16 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.
2	3	2	Dillon	4	K	$\frac{2}{6}$		K		$\frac{2}{6}$			$\frac{0}{6}$				4	0	0	
4	1		H. Davis	5	$\frac{2}{6}$	$\frac{2}{3}$			$\frac{2}{6}$	$\frac{4}{0}$			K				3	2	0	
2	2	4	Hallowell	6	$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{2}{6}$	$\frac{2}{8}$			$\frac{2}{6}$				4	2	2	
0	5	1	P. S. Parker	1	$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{0}{3}$		$\frac{0}{3}$	$\frac{2}{3}$		$\frac{0}{3}$					4	1	1	
8	0	1	C. F. F.	2	$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{2}{6}$				$\frac{0}{6}$				3	0	1	
0	1		Brudrick	9	$\frac{2}{6}$		K		$\frac{2}{6}$	$\frac{2}{5}$			$\frac{2}{5}$				4	0	1	
1	1	1	Lerwell	8	$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{0}{3}$		$\frac{0}{3}$				$\frac{2}{6}$				3	0	0	
9	1	3	Costa	3	$\frac{2}{6}$			$\frac{1}{3}$		K			$\frac{2}{6}$				4	0	0	
1	0	1	Leland	7		$\frac{2}{3}$		$\frac{2}{6}$		$\frac{2}{3}$			$\frac{1}{6}$				3	0	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	14	13	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	3	0	3	0	3	2	5	0	5	0	5	0	5	6
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				6	4													3		

WILLI WAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. PANTASOTE. IDENTICAL. EREBUS.

J.G.W.	L.C.Z.	R.R.	J.R.	J.A.P.M.
Holcombe	Hun	Harris	Houghton	Dorr
Paine	James	H. Parker	Billings	Corning
Dunnell	P. Batchelder	3 bass	Cross	Smith
			4 pout	1 bass

66 perch! 1 bass
4 pout

SATURDAY	ARK ^K LET.	TERROR.	TOTAL CATCH, 81 FISH!!!!
(Cont'd.)	T.L.	A.T.	
	Perkins	R.A.Thorndike	
	Scott	Mulliken	
	Curtis	2 bass	

There's another record gone, by one fish. The old record, eighty, was made in 1908. J.G.W. struck a school of white perch, and his crew made their amazing catch in fifty minutes, with twelve worms. Comment in prose seems inadequate, and we have called on the Merryweather muse to express our feelings.

I

Mr. Wiggins caught some fish,
 Mr. Wiggins did!
 Hoped to fill a little dish,
 Mr. Wiggins did!
 Multiplied by sixty odd,
 Got him such a mighty lo'd,
 Broke his net and smashed his rod,
 Mr. Wiggins did!

II
 To J.G.W.

Believe me, if all those endearing young fish
 That we fed on so gladly to-day,
 Should revive in an instant and leap from the dish,
 Like grasshoppers speeding away,
 Thou would'st still be beloved, as this moment thou art,
 Let our breakfast depart as it will,
 And around thy piscation each hope of our heart
 Would entwine itself lovingly still.

23
SATURDAY,
(Cont'd.)

III

Mr. Wiggins wanted fish,
Mr. Wiggins had his wish;
Got some sixty odd white perch,
Left the others in the lurch.

IV

The fishes had turned up their tails;
They had vowed that we never could beat 'em.
With lines, hooks, nets, sinkers, and pails,
In vain we should try to defeat 'em.
But Fortune has managed to cheat 'em,
And prove that their boasting was vain,
For Wiggins is going to eat 'em,
And the record is busted again.

While all these things were happening, arrived more Bennetts
to wit the ladies whose signatures follow:

Barbara Bennett Rosamond T. Bennett

After supper we had brief and blissful boats, as it was
very hot, and then came in for charades.

Campbell. To get the point of this, you must remember that the
Scotch do not pronounce the "p" in it, and that they broaden the "a"
considerably. The first syllable was "calm": the Ancient Mariner,
seated on the corpse-laden deck of his vessel, with the Albatross
round his neck. Not a word was spoken, but his anguish was
plainly depicted on his countenance. "Bell" was the tragedy of
the Inchcape rock. The good abbot (Houghton) fixed the bell, and
Sir Ralph (G.E.A.) cut it off. A moment more, and the ruffianly
knight and his followers were whelmed beneath the tide. The whole

SATURDAY word was the best of three good scenes. We beheld the (Cont'd.)

walls of Lucknow, with the pale and bandaged countenances of the beleaguered garrison looking over. Then the pipes of Havelock sounded, and the Highlanders marched in to the rescue.

INSPECTOR. The inn was a well-kept establishment, with a neat barmaid and bar-tender, but the men who frequented it were a hard looking set. We should have been sorry to have employed them. "Spectre" was splendid. A band of campers, led by T.L., set down their packs and made their fire, which blazed brightly all through the scene. They had a ghost story, and just as they were getting to sleep, a ghastly white figure appeared, and sent them scampering in six different directions. The whole word was a scene at the wharf, with passengers going through the custom-house. We are sorry to say that some of them had been smuggling to a disgraceful extent, and were led off to jail.

ANARCHIST. Time was short, so we began the scene from "Bluebeard" in the middle; the door open, and Fatima (Hallowell) at the feet of her brutal husband. The brothers came in time, and all ended happily. "Ark" was what one would expect. J.G.W. made a splendid Noah, and did full justice to the difficulties that must have attended that embarkation. Imagine making out the list for placing all these beasts! It must have been worse than sundry all day stunts. The third scene was from the ballad of "Kempion", where the prince kisses the dragon, who turns out to be his bewitched lady-love. The whole was the murder of King Augustus Aspinwall by J.G.W.; a dramatic and terrible event.

After these adventures, it was too hot for anything but stories and songs on the float.

SUNDAY, Aug. 17 Buster Chapin evidently likes it hot, for look at his

B. 29.25 first day. It was the worst we have had all summer.

T. 73'

Calm it was as bad as the summer of '89, (or '88 or '87), when Smoky.

it was so dum dry.

3 p.m.

T. 89' Just after service Mr. and Mrs. Scott came over, to

have a look at Scotty, and stay to dinner.

PICNIC TO GOOSE BEACH.

WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. EREBUS. TERROR.

C.F.F.	G.E.A.	R.W.B.	J.A.P.M.	H. Davis	R.P.C.
C.F. Batch.	Coats	P.S. Parker	Aspinwall	C. Thorn.	A. Foss
R.A. Thorn.	Smith	Mulliken	H. Parker	Curtis	B.B.
	Scott				

CORNER.	ABOL.	RIP.	EBEN.	ADLER.
A.T.	L.C.Z.	T.L.	J.G.W.	J.R.A.
Dillon	Dunnell	Chapin	Holcombe	G. Foss
Houghton	James	Leland	Lowell	Paine
P. Batch,	E.W.B.	Perkins	A.M.R.	Billings

OUANANICHE.

J.R.

Hallowell	Thayer	it was pretty hot. But when we got into
R.B.	Harris	
Brodrick	H.B. Davis	the shade of the trees by the Goose
Dorr	Corning	
Hun	Cross	Beach it was better, and we lay still

L.E.R.

A.J.M.

and cooled off with three stories by John

Masefield. Then the breeze came up a little, and we walked over to the big pine, where we threw many stones down the bank.

By six o'clock it was cool enough to enjoy supper, and after supper we had many good rounds. There was no sprint on the way home, but when the canoes were told to go ahead and land first they felt in honor bound to get out of the way as quickly as they could.

After hymns we sat on the piazza, or lay there, and Mrs. Richards read us "Timberline" from the doorway.

MONDAY - Still hot, but with a breeze, so we did
 Aug. 18
 B. 29.25 not feel quite so dead as we did yes-
 T. 71' terday morning.
 Smoky
 N.W.

J.R.A. and his gallant band started in
 11 a.m.
 T. 82' good order, heading westward.

— Afternoon's Entertainment —

Boat-Building
 (Say-dats fine)

till

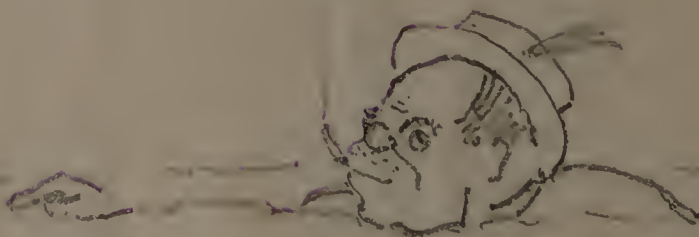
— 4 o'clock —
 (goot)

— and then —

— b'gosh —

we
 will
 try

Rubber-Water
Sports



Camping Trip
 Aug. 18th

Billings
 Hallowell
 Houghton
 Hun
 Thorndike, R.A.
 J.R.A.

Aboljockamegus
 Caughcomgomock

236
MONDAY,
(Cont'd.)

The announcement that thrilled us when we came in from reading was so beautiful that we have put it in whole. Boat building went merrily for over an hour, the shop being about the coolest place in the neighborhood, and then came a wild dive for bathing-suits.

No lists were posted, but Skipper announced each race and its conditions as its turn came. This kept everyone on his toes with excitement.

SENIOR HAND-PADDLE RACE.

<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
H. Davis	P. S. Parker	Aspinwall
A. T.	G. E. A.	C. F. F.

Methods and steering were both somewhat erratic. The crew of the Williwaw was the only one to get all four hands into play, by having both men amidships, hanging over the gunwales. The Williwaw won, with the Identical second and the Yammerschooner third.

JUNIOR HAND PADDLE RACE.

<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
Dorr	Smith	Curtis
Dunell	Scott	Mulliken

The Identical won, largely by judicious steering, and letting the wind do the propelling. The Williwaw was wild in her course, but got into her stride at last and made a second. The Yammerschooner was a plucky third.

BLINDFOLD ROWING.

<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>YAMMER.</u>	<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>PANRASOTE.</u>
C. F. Batch.	H. B. Davis	H. Parker	C. Thorn.	Perkins	Brodrick

Each man was sent out alone, blindfolded, to row to Pickerel Rock and stop when he thought he was there. The results were very interesting. C. Thorndike, the winner, rowed straight for the rock, and did not stop till he bumped into it. One could not get much

MONDAY nearer than this. Batchelder got the right distance, but (Cont'd.) ran about ten yards north. H. B. Davis went about forty yards north. Perkins ran about seventy-five yards to leeward. H. Parker got a hundred and ten yards in the same direction. As for Brodrick, he covered about three times the distance, in so many turns and shifts that it would take a map to show what he did.

<u>TUE RACE.</u>		
<u>Trouble</u>	<u>Rubble.</u>	<u>Bubble.</u>
Curtis	Scott	Dunnell
Mulliken	Dorr	Smith

In the first "heat", both men went over very soon. Curtis was a little the more stable of the two.

The second heat was a beauty. Both paddlers remained calm and steady, but Scott showed a little better judgment, and grounded on the pebbles first.

In the third Smith went over, and Dunnell fouled the rope half way in. He was adjudged the winner.

In the finals, between the winners of the first and third heats, Scott won by a good lead, going perfectly steadily. Dunnell could not keep up such a steady pace, but finished in good form. It was one of the best races of the day.

<u>CANOE-FILLING RACE.</u>	
<u>EBENEZER.</u>	<u>RIPOGENUS.</u>
Aspinwall	H. Davis
G. Foss	Paine
(Chapin)	(Thayer)
P. S. Parker	Coats

The race was from Pickerel in. The man in brackets was an enemy, filling the canoe as fast as he could with a pail. The paddlers tried to get to shore before the boat filled. Thayer lost his pail, but Chapin, sank the Eben about two-thirds of the way in. (N.B. The six quart pails are too big for this game.)

MONDAY STERN FIRST SINGLE PADDLE RACELEYS.

(Cont'd.)

TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMER.	PANTASOTE.
Harris	P.Batch.	Corning	Chapin	Holcombe	Thayer

This race was hard to finish, and still harder to start. The wind was troublesome and only three men were able to finish. Corning won, showing the best mastery of the situation. Chapin managed to achieve second, and Holcombe, in spite of very wild wabblings, got third. Then the race was called for darkness.

FACULTY HANDPADDLE RACE.EREBUS. WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL.

J.G.W.	J.R.	A.T.	T.L.
G.E.A.	R.W.B.	E.F.F.	J.A.P.M.

All four showed a lively pace, but the steering gave some trouble. The Erebu was a good first, and the Yammerschooner would have made second if she had not stopped, thinking that she was across the line.

EIGHT HAND RACE.

<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>
<u>COMPS.</u>	<u>BARGES.</u>
Aspinwall	H. Davis
C. Thorndike	A. Foss
H. B. Davis	C. F. Batchelder
P. S. Parker	Coats
Corning	Brodrick
P. Batchelder	Perkins
Harris	G. Foss
Chapin	Holcombe

A wonderful race. Both boats were floating low, and the spectators expected to see one if not both swamp. The pace was terrific, and the effect was like that of the the triremes of the ancients. The Identical seemed a sure winner, but at the last minute she lost her course, and went wild. At the same moment the Williwaw found her course, and nosed across the line on a terrific sprint, winning by eighteen inches.

MONDAY

BARREL RACE.

(Cont'd.)

This event was cancelled, as no one could keep on the barrel at all.

UNDRESSING RACE.

Aspinwall, C.F. Batchelder, Brodriek, Chapin, Coats, Corning, H. Davis, H.B. Davis, A. Foss, Harris, P.S. Parker, C. Thorndike.

The contestants, wearing over their bathing-suits shirts, trousers, socks, sneakers, and neckties, had to go out several yards from the float, tread water, and take off all their outer garments; then these must be brought to the float.

Very few really finished. Aspinwall got out of his clothes and swam in long before anyone else, but lost a sock on the way, and could not find it for some time.

C. Thorndike was the winner, for he was the first to land all his clothes. He did not try to do it all in one trip, and so did not lose things.

Batchelder came in third, all but his necktie and one front tooth. It was a crown, and he lost it trying to carry his clothes in his mouth.

The rest did not finish. Some touched bottom, some lost clothes, and some were called in because it was getting late.

FACULTY CIGARETTE RACE.

T.L., J.R., R.W.B., J.G.W., J.A.P.M.

The race was as follows: light your cigarette, get into the water, and swim ashore smoking. You must not land till your cigarette is smoked out. The first three finished in the order given. Dr. Millet put his cigarette out when he went in, and J.G.W. sat down on the boom before he had reached the end of his smoke.

After all these brilliant events, there was an impromptu

MONDAY but spirited camphor pills race, won easily by Mr.
 (Cont'd.)
 Lynes. We would back him to beat anyone except Skipper at this
 noble sport.

Supper was half an hour late, so "Games on the Hill" did
 not last very long. Then we had "Quiet Games", and finished the
 evening with "The Voice in the Rice."

Mr. Chapin and Miss Chapin came over this afternoon to see
 Buster, and took him off with them to spend the night.

Mrs. Dunnell came this evening, to spend a couple of days.
 She has not been here since '05.

Brother S. Dunnell
As Touching Perch.

There was an old man of the Cave,
 For fish 'twas his custom to rave;
 But he learned some new tricks,
 And he caught sixty-six,
 This astonishing man of the Cave.

TUESDAY A heavenly day, marred only by the departure of
 Aug. 19
 Fair Russell Chase. Never was there a better camper than Chasey.
 Cool
 N.W. Buster came back in time for swim, and his family came
 with him, and stayed to dinner.

CHIEFLY PHILIP MOUNTAIN.

WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. RIPOGENUS.

Aspinwall	C.F.F.	A. Foss	J.A.P.M.	G.E.A.
P.S. Parker	Brodrick	C.F. Patch	H. Davis	Dorr
James	Mulliken	Paine	Smith	G. Foss
A.J.M.				A.M.R.

FREN.	ADLER...	QUANANICHE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
L.C.Z.	A.T.	R.W.B.	J.G.W.	T.L.
Dunnell	Chapin	C. Thorn.	Coats	Perkins
Thayer	H.B. Davis	P. Batch.	Corning	Leland
E.W.B.		Harris	Dillon	3 pout
		Lowell	H. Parker	2 bass
		R.B.	R.R.	1 perch
				5 pout
		Mrs. Dunnell, R.B., Scott		

All but the Erebus and the Terror went to Philip, against a head wind. It was good solid work as far as the tip of Shute Island, and the Rip reached that point with an inch and a half of water loose in her, besides what was sopped up by the clothing of her crew. From there on, however, there was a chance to get a lee, and we made better time.

A few of the party stayed on the beach, but most of us went up the mountain in good time. The view was wonderful, and some of the sheltered ledges were fine places to dry one's wet self. We came down the west side, which is a new game for most of us. There is no precipice there, but fine long ledges, and in one place it is best to sit down and slide. From the foot of the mountain the course is clear, across fields and along the road, and we got drinks from a swift place in the upper waters of the Northwest Brook.

When we got to the landing supper was ready, including cocoa and beans. We ate and drank, and then came home before the wind.

TUESDAY There was quite a sea on, so there was no sprinting,
(Cont'd.)
and the landing was prompt and orderly.

We found the returned members of Camp Bull Run (ask Hunny what that means) in good order, except Billy Houghton, who had a bad leg, with a mosquito bite that had gone wrong.

The Erebus and the Terror came in just after the Mountaineers. They had been to the Northeast Bay, but it is now to be known as Exasperation Bay, or Horn Pout Gap. What is the use of hoppers, when the white perch are biting and won't take anything but worms? So our fishermen had a rather suffering time, and came home very far from reconciled to their lot.

There was no time for any half-past eight games: And when the young and the sleepy had gone to bed, the vote was almost unanimous for "The Voice in the Rice", which we finished.

And by and by, when the table was being set, in walked no other than

And when he saw Mr. Wiggins, he almost fainted.

R. C. Wiggins

WEDNESDAY Great monkey-doings these days, on the pruning squad.
 Aug. 20
 B.29.68' The woods are full of them, and at any moment the cry
 T.61' of "Heads" may warn you of the fall of a big branch.
 N.W.

As the forestry squad went about its business this morning, Foster Batchelder discovered a nice little fire in the sweet fern east of the bone-yard. The foresters became a band of firemen, and stamped it out before it had done much damage, but there is a black patch on the side of the hill, and a horrid place to scout through. And if there had been no forestry squad, or if they gone to work by the shore path, we might have had a bad time.

This morning there was the first boat-building squad of the season. A number of the laggards and the unfortunate were put to work on their boats, and we hope they got on well.

SEVENTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
VASSAR VS. BRYNMAWR.

A rather uneven game, but full of interesting features. For the first three innings the BrynMawr players held their opponents down to two runs, without making a single put-out at first. It all happened round third, except for the strike-outs.

In the first inning Hallowell showed quick judgment. He made a move to throw to first, and then threw to third, catching C.F.F. R.W.B. was caught between second and third, by half the team, and the same play caught G.E.A. before he could reach second.

In the second Dillon made the only three-bagger of the game.

In the third the Vassar team made three hits, but no runs.

In the fourth both sides went out, 1-2-3.

In the fifth Hallowell tagged T.L. on his way to second, and threw to first in time to catch A.T.

In the sixth the Vassar team struck a streak, and scored four runs.

WEDNESDAY In the seventh Hallowell and L.C.Z. worked a double
(Cont'd.)
play again, catching A.T. and Parker.

At the end of the game, the teams behaved in a most lady-
like manner, with songs and shrill cheers.

Vassar vs. Bryn Mawr of August 20 at																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base blts.	Sacr blts.
13	0		1 C. F. F.	2	40	K						P3					5	1	2	
0	1		2 R. W. B.	5	40		25		K	39							4	0	1	
2	6		3 G. E. A.	6	40		K			50							3	0	0	
1	3	2	4 T. L.	1		K	26		00								4	0	1	
11	0		5 A. T.	3					40		10						4	1	2	
0	0		6 P. S. Parker	8				23			43						4	2	2	
0	2	1	7 Dillon	4				23			60						4	1	2	
0	0		8 J. Fox	9		K		27		03		00					3	0	0	
0	0	1	9 Chapman	7								K					3	2	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	12	4	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	2	2	0	2	1	3	4	7	0	7	0	7	
balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				3	11													1	1	
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.											Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.

Bryn Mawr vs. Vassar of August 20. at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base blts.	Sacr. blts.	
1	1		1 B. Davis	7	56	23		23					63				5	0	3		
1	1	2	2 Spinnell	6					23	63							4	1	1		
5	2	3	3 H. Davis	5		K					23		23				5	1	1		
0	4		4 J. R. *	1	K		63		56		23		K				5	0	1		
7	2		5 J. R. A.	2			22				K						4	0	0		
3	4		6 Hallowell	4								63					3	0	1		
7	1	3	7 L. C. Z.	3	22		K		K			K					4	0	0		
0	0		8 J. P. M.	9		21		K		63		K	0				4	0	0		
0	0		9 E. Batch	8				K		K							2	1	0		
			10																		
			11																		
24	15	8	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	1	3
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	* J. P. M. runs.										Earn'd runs.	2-base blts.	3-base blts.	Home runs.	
				3	6		+ Double, 1-5-4-5, 6.											1			
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	# Double, 4-3.										Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	
							‡ Double, 4-3														

WEDNESDAY The Bug League game was uneven. Brodrick and Cross did (Cont'd.)

the best batting, each getting three out of five. In pitching,

Brodrick did not allow so many hits as Coats, but he gave a large number of free passes to first.

Porcupines vs. Dachsunds of Marymount at North Belgrade

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-bas hits.
			1	Leland	5	K		f1					1-3				5	2	0
	1		2	E. Thornhill	2	fb	K			1-3							6	2	2
	1		3	Brodrick	1	fb											5	4	3
			4	Harris	3												6	3	2
			5	James	7		1-3										5	2	1
	2		6	Gilling	9		6-3			1-3							5	0	0
			7	Foss	6			f1					K	K			6	3	1
			8	Parkinson	8									K			5	2	2
	1		9	Smith	9							f1	K				3	1	0
			10																
			11																
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.														
Hours..... Mins.....					0 2 2 5 7 0 9 5 12 0 2 5 17 17 19														

Dachsunds vs. Porcupines of Marymount at North Belgrade

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-bas hits.
	4	1 Curtis	K	K		3		5	SL		5					1	2	0
	2	2 Cross	3			fb		5			5					5	2	3
	4	3 Thompson	2				5	6-3		K	1-3					4	1	1
	2	4 Coats	K				5	5				1-3				4	2	1
		5 Dorr	9		K		5	5				K				2	0	0
	3	6 Lowell	6				fb	6-5		11						5	0	2
	1	7 Bird, P.	7		K		K	K			6-3	K				3	0	0
	1	8 Dunn	4		K				K		6-3					3	0	0
	1	9 Barber	5			fb	5		5		5					3	1	2
Wheeler		10 D. Patch	6													2	0	0
		11																
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.														
Hours..... Mins.....				0 0 0 0 0 2 2 3 5 0 5 5 3 0 0														

After supper we had time for boats, and also for rehearsals.

The fancy dress stunts are beginning, and already papers are sticking out of pockets, and operatic airs are beginning to resound.

Billy Houghton came in to sing-song. This is the first time he has been up to-day.

WEDNESDAY EIGHTH SING-SONG.
(Cont'd.)

1. Puett, "Akademische Fest-Overture",T.L., A.M.R.
2. Songs.....Mr. Sturgis.
3. Topical Songs.....J.R...
4. Choruses, "The Cameron Men", "John Peele", "Old Towler".
5. Stunt, "The Return of the Nussbaum Players".

Camp Song.

This may look like a short programme, but when one is to have a dramatic presentation of four Wagner operas at once, it does not do to plan much else. But we anticipate.

Mr. Sturgis gave us two lovely songs, one in Italian and one in English.

J.R.'s songs dealt with the peculiarities of various of our number. The author accompanied himself with great fire and feeling on the back of a chair, which he handled like a 'cello. We had never thought that the harmless necessary chair was capable of expressing so much feeling. Here follow the words.

I
(Tune, "Titwillow".)

One day on the yard, squad young fiery Phil
Sang "Give up, I give up, I give up!"
And I said to him, "Smithy, you make me quite ill
With your 'Give up, I give up I give up.'
It is weakness of intellect, Smithy, "I roared,
"I'm sleepy and tired and weary and bored.
Oh give us a rest!" But he only encored,
" I give up, I give up, I give up."

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

II

(Tune, "Row, row, row.")

And Batchy'd wash, wash, wash

His little fingers,

And he'd wash, wash, wash;

See how he lingers

On the corner of the float.

Don't he get your goat?

He' scrub his nose and scrub his toes

And gargle his throat.

And then he'd scrub, scrub, scrub,

Scrub a little longer

Oh, he sure can wash, by gosh!

Till his brother got sore,

And the Skipper did roar,

But still he'd wash, wash, wash.

III

(Tune, "Take me out to the ball-game.")

Take me up to the ball-field,

Take me up to the track.

Tubby the fat has gone out for a run,

So have Ted Holcombe and Piggy and Hun.

And it's root, root root for the Dutchman,

Cheer, cheer, cheer for the Pig;

But when they're through they'll stick in the Cow-gate,

They're all so big.

WEDNESDAY IV
(Cont'd.) (Tune "Pow,row,row.")

And Batchy'd row,row,row

Around Oak Island,

And he'd row,row,row

Away from dry land.

First he'd try the Mills,

Next Vienny Hills,

And then rowed round and round and round as if he had the chills.

And then he'd splash,splash,splash,

And gain an inch thereby;

Then lose a yard or so,

Give a quick little jab,

Catch a left-handed crab,

And then he'd row,row,row!

J.R.

The return of the Hussbaum players, so long hoped for and enthusiastically heralded more than surpassed our highest expectations, high as they were. Evidently things have prospered with the two managers since they were with us last, as they have put on weight considerably. We are glad that genius is meeting with proper appreciation.

Wagner's version of the legends of the Nibelungen has held the operatic stage for some years, but we venture to prophesy that it is only a question of time before he will sink into the ranks of back numbers, to be replaced by the profound and brilliant work of Gebhardt and Rudolf Hussbaum.

The parts were superbly taken. The stately dignity of J.P.A. as Wotan as only equalled by the restless sprightliness of Loki, as impersonated by J.A.P.M.

WEDNESDAY Thayer gave to the rôles of Alberich and Mime the subtle (Cont'd.) malice which is so essential.

G.E.A. made a brilliant Brünnhilde; and the pathos with which the lovely maiden submitted to her father's stern sentence moved us to tears.

J.R.'s dashing rendering of the part of Siegfried was thrown into superb relief by the gloom~~x~~ of R.W.B. as Hagen. It did not need the "Black thought motif" to tell us that here was a man of evil mind. The contrast between the two was as fine an example of dramatic chiaroscuro as we have ever seen.

The stage setting was worthy of the drama. The wild boar was a fine specimen of the genus *Porcus*, but when it comes to the dragon, words fail us. If Wagner could have seen that monster, with its sinuous tail and horrent scales, he would have paled his ineffectual fires, and sunk into the limbo of innocuous desuetude which so soon awaits him.

For the copy of this superb production of genius which "ennobled hath our buskined stage", we are indebted to the kindness of the Brothers Nussbaum. Herr Rudolf is writing it out, and Herr Gebhardt has undertaken to supply sketches. With the addition of an autograph leit-motif from Herr Rudolf, we shall have a treasure which we would not exchange for all the treasures of the Bodleian Library.

Well, anything else seems rather tame, but we had a noble new game. It has no name, and is hard to describe. You have to think of a poet, a general, a vegetable, a mineral, and eighteen other things, all beginning with the same letter, and all in five minutes. Duplicates do not count, but any name which no one else has counts you one.

-The Return of the Musbaum Players -
presenting

Richard Wagner's "Ring des Nibelung"
with modern ideas.

Gebhard

Musbaum



Rudolf

Musbaum



Cast

Wotan	J.R.A.	Alberich	James Thayer
Siegfried	J.R.	Brünhilde	G.E.A.
Hagen	R.W.B.	Prompter	J.G.W.
Loki	J.A.P.M.	Orchestra	T.L.
	Dragon	Paine Ted Wood	
Reader [Gebhardt]	J.G.W.	Sceneries [Rudolph]	T.L.

Vorspiel

We aint' gawt time t'er giff dis hol Schauspiel, put my bruder
an me haf picked out der big und shdinging scenes; so just you wait.
Eerstens ye haf t'o know somedings before dis Schauspiel
begins. Der was t'ree pretty girls wat ned t'er go schwimmen in der
Rhein, just below Frankfurt, wen der wader was nice an der wind
blowed südwest. Their mutter was eine Brewer, and she left 'em
a lot o' gold wat dey witer geep in der Rhein, so 'st' it vordit get-
dry, und gack on 'em.

Vell, der was a liddle feller wat lifed way down in der bottom o' 250
der Rhein, in a pig hole wat was Niebelungen genannt. Dem
Niebelungs wster life on crab-apples und water-cress. [Crab-apple motif]
Vell, Alberich, dots wat dis feller's name was, he stole der gold; Ach!
eine grosse menge gold!, an Took it home mit him. Oh! but he was a
nasty feller! De ting he liked best was a hat, wat dey called
der Tarnhelm.

But we must leaf der pretty girls an dat nasty Alberich
an soon to higher dings. [Higher-things motif.] Der gods absof us
wanting a new house. Der roof was leaking und der cellar was
to Damp. So Wotan, he hired Herras Fasolt und Fafner, Pilders
und goudcrafters, wat should build dem a pig abartment-house -
private suites und running water - But Wotan had overdrewed
his bank account mit der Erste Nationale Bank zu Bingen. Say,
dis feller Wotan, he was der pig god of the whole crowd.

Now Wotan is always friends mit Waki gewesen, und
Waki just-lufed Wotan.

And Wotan says, "Say, Waki, wat shall I do?"

And Waki, he say, "Donnerwetter, I doe no," an den he
stopps. "We vill steal it," says he. An' so dey go, arm in arm,
down in his hole to see Alberich go — (longbreath) — Abgemacht!

Scene I.

Think yourself, men und vinnen, in a grossen black hole,
[Gretchen: Oo! gee! it's schrecklich down der----- Rudolf: Ja! Fierce!] mit
craze und caterpillars crawling round [Caterpillar motif] Enter Alberich
[rechts] mit a great lent-bag von gold gefüllt. He sets himself neider
und choggles in his throat yet. Nach und nach kommt Wotan
und Waki. Oh! Waki, he is a shly feller! Alberich, he sees dem
gomming, an jist lachs hard like. "I ain't scared off you pig götter
no more," he says. "weil ich hab etwas hier wat you don't know

nodings about"; and he pull out his Tarnhelm. "Dis", he say, schlapping
it on der back, "can make me any ding vat I want. Den Lohi, he say,
"Wat?" an Alberich he say, "Oh! a lion, or a poached egg, or a
dress-suit case, or anydings". An Wotan, he say, "Ach! du lieber Himmel".

Lohi: "I doubt perfid you, Alberich; just you change yourself
into a glond like. [Cloud motif.] Alberich puts on der Tarnhelm
und becomes a glond. Wotan und Lohi stand erstaunt.

Wotan: "Say, dat's awful."

Lohi: "Ja, Wotan, unerhört!" - "all right, Alpy - dat's fine!" (den
he, think arile. [Oh, perb he is a clever kerl, is Lohi.]) "Say,
Alberich, I tink you're alright; put dat's easy, just making
yourself into a glond like. Just you make yourself into someding
small, klein, ganz winzig, like a kop-frog."

Alberich: "Goot! Wohl an! So gehts los!" an he puts on der
Tarnhelm again - Vatch him gedding kleiner und kleiner - Aint-
dot-funny? Der Tarnhelm gets gloner und gloner to der ground
und schtopps, und out from under hüpft Alberich in der shape of
a kop-frog.

Now heris ver Lohi makes his kolozalen Streich! Like a
arrow vom a bistol he saunt over and puts his pig Fuss
on Alberich. Alberich schucks. "Aurich it," say he.

Lohi: "Hut dil I get der Schatz"

Wotan: "Ja! Ausgezeichnet, Lohi!"

And so he gets der gold, und der tent-bag, und der
Tarnhelm; an den change Alberich pac into a dwarf wieder,
and dey go pac in der pig abbaument bei Wohlhalla, quiet-like.
[Lewish Guden] [Intermission motif.]

- Scene 2 -

Imagine yourself, girls und beoples, in a pig tree
squaddin'; or better yet, in a paloon like, loogin down on der

dop off a mounding. Enter Wotan, mit his Tochter Brunhilde. 252
She's a fine pig girl [Rudolf: Ja! ausgezeichnet!] wat rides round on



Brunhilde

a pig horse, und picks up dead men, und brings dem home lige. Her middle name ist Walküre.

Wotan: "Say, ya, Bruny, I'm just mad mit ya. I told ya not to go helpin' dat Siegmund fellow, wat was fightin' Hunding: now, vy did you do it?"

Brunhilde: "Oh! Vater, dont see mat, but he was such a nice fellow, I dook to him right away."

Wotan: (fierce like) "Still du. nicht's mehr from ya.. I'm going to finish ya!"

Brunhilde: "Well, wat are you going to do about it?"

Wotan (wütend) - "Me! I'm going to put youse to bed right away midout no supper; and dont-ya ged up dill some fellow comes und wakes ya, wat dont fear nothings. Go to bed, youse!"

Brunhilde:- "Oh! Vater!"

Wotan:- "hab anoder word, you - geh zu Bett!"

Brunhilde lies down under the tree wat youse is sittin' in.

Wotan:- "Say! Hi! Lohi! come hies a minute." Lohi is way off on his farm pitching hay, but he hears him just a blain as if I was talking to you, Wotan's voice is dat loud.

Lohi comes herein gesprungen! "Wat you wat, Woty", say he, all out o' breath, sodat he can't schpeck.

Wotan: "Pried me a big fire round Bruny, hies, so as she can't get-oud."



Wotan, mit a Crow

Bruny: (rolling over in bed). "Say, dis is awful!"

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Wohi schtämpo on der ground und a big circle of fire jumps up all around Bruny, so'st she can't get out.

"Gut nacht" Bruny; says Wotan.

Schols is his only answer. [Sch motif.]

[Schlow Gerdin.]

Mime

Zene Drei

You are now in a great big forest, men, mit-bies, und leaves, und wood-chucks, Oo... it's just like a real forest. Und right-schlands a Forger. Behold Mime vest-in der Offing. [He looks just would think he was his dear brother.

But say! Just see der young hero Say! he's strong! Just look at Dot's Siegfried wat is der son fellas wat Brunhilde got he's a poor fellow wat has Vater's schwert wat he is cause dat bad fellow der forest-lige an he der forge, und tree nichelungs te

Bump!

Bump! Bump!

Bump!

Well, dat's sword

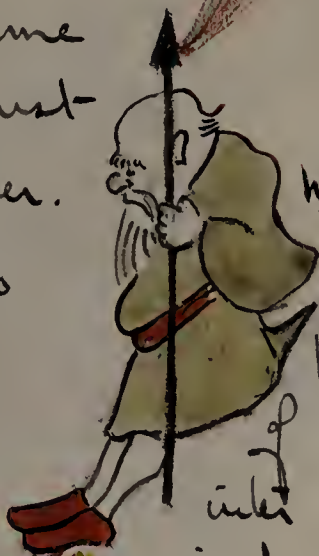
leffs



Alberich



Loki



Wotan

Dat's right, he was! going into der Forger! his arms und muscles.

Siegfried, der same in der trouble about! Well, just got the pieces off his

goin' to schmied ter gedder, Mime is sending him off into

wants te haf a weapon. He goes to

dabing up der hammer wat it dabo's left, perkins te work mit a light heart.

Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

Bump! Bump - Oo... gee! he missed it!

all right; he does dat sometimes. But der is done and off he goes into der forest, und Mime cause he thinks dat Siegfried vill get lost lige, und he's just glad off it, he's dat mean.

Now hier, girls und fellows, is a quick

change off scenery, from der forest to der middle off

der woods. Links is a gow (Hurry up mit dat cave Rudy) mit



Walhalla ladies und und cantaloupes;

im vorgrunde zidding on his like Alberich; you

crag and caterpillars crawling around. [Cave motif] [Say! but we are short-handed on this trip.] Here's where Fafner, of Fafner, Fasolt and company lives, only he's a dragon now, cause he has to guard the money that he got from Wolfram for building the abbey up to the Walsley Villas. He done it with the Tarnhelm.

Enter Siegfried [rechts] singing lustig. [Pause.] But what is this? Unum der mound of the cave springs the dragon hervor. Siegfried looks around in mild surprise. [Dragon ramps.] Siegfried coolly sticks him with his sword in the left ventricle. Der Dragon shrieks, struggles and dies. And so Siegfried is master of the Nibelungen Schatz. [Quick finish.]



A few words to explain. I'd bring eyes to say it, but it you think Siegfried happy like - put alas! - has otherwise ordained.

Now comes our king, sad scene.

Bruny, and Bruny just lost of the family; that's where the dragon comes. That fellow's name is Hagen, and he's a mean fellow, jealous or something. And he is invite Siegfried to a shooting party on the Rhein.

you, congregation, of globes of water to my must see did. is going to life no - great Vate [Cruel Fate motif.]

Siegfried has gone crazy over Siegfried. But! he's a friend of the fellow's name is

- Zone Vier -

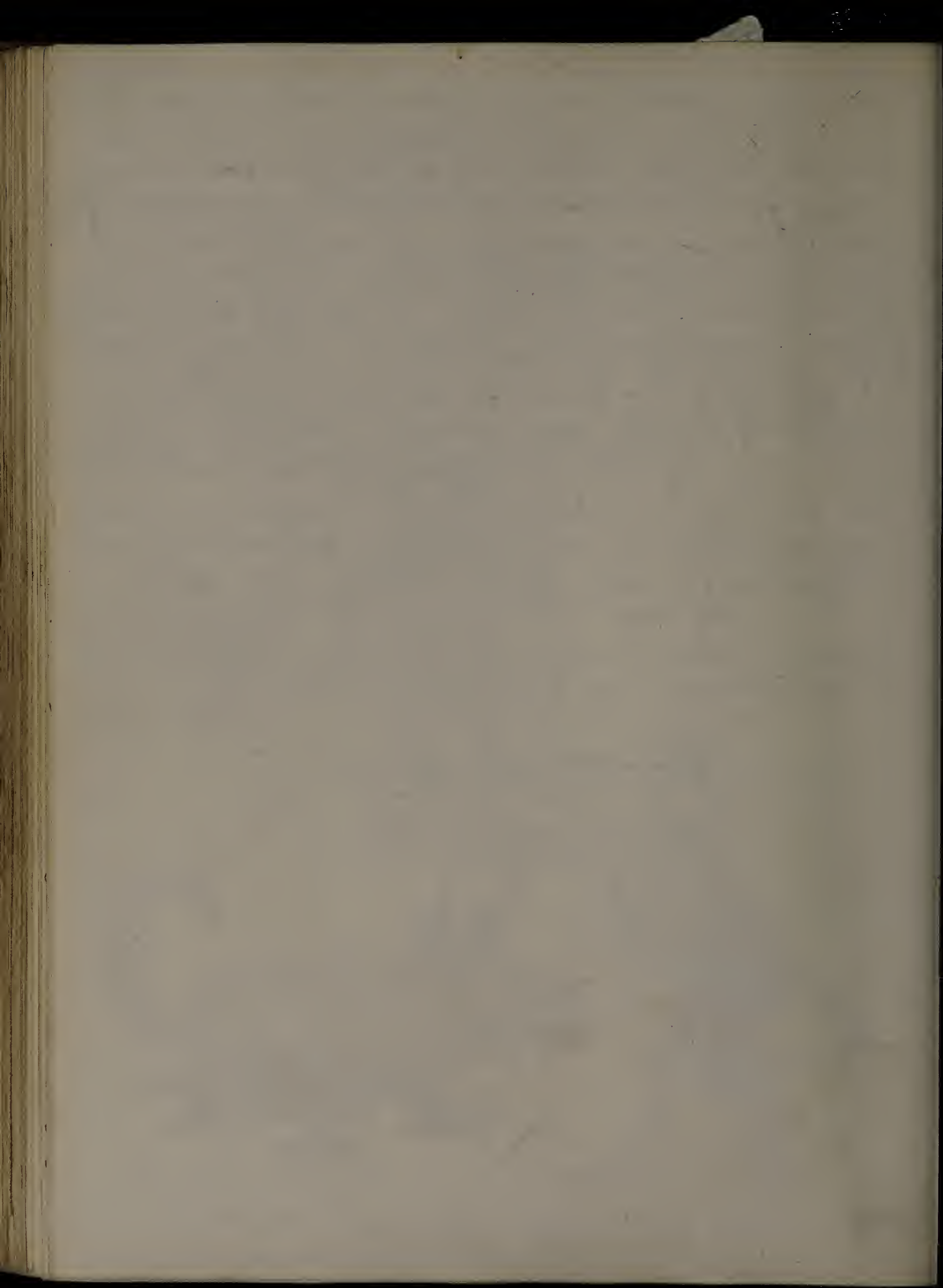
The scene opens on the banks of the great, old Rhein. Siegfried and Hagen is found in the middle of the stage, hunting. "Gee! it's hot," says Siegfried. Hagen, he says, "Himmel. Ja, 'sist!" That's just the way they have been talking all day, just about the weather, 'cause they don't like each other now, and feel a little embarrassed like. But then Hagen's thinking of other things, and he has it in for Siegfried.

"Ha! a wild Boar," says Hagen. [Enter wild Boar.] He threads a schlep before
 der roaming monster, but Siegfried rushes in mit-oud no laught. 255
 "Hunah!" he shouds, "a great, big, black fellow," and he runs him through
 mit-his spear. Den he turns round as cool as ice-water, and says,
 "Hagy, let's haf some lundge." Und Hagen, he say, "Sure, I'm hungry."
 They sid down on der green erdige, und beide schtut munching off
 pumpernickel und zwieback. [Zwieback motif]. But just watch Hagen;
 he aint eating, he's just-dinking. See der black dough's schneef
 across his mint-[Black Thought-motif.] He is blodding murder!!
 Says Siegfried, "I'm thirsty," und geht zur Quelle im Vorgrunde.
 He pends ofer to drink. Hagen, schcowling, bicks ub-hiss schpear.
 "Say, Haggy, dis is fine", says Siegfried. But, beables, deris
 de last vords he'll efer say! Watch Hagen! Oo! der mean
 guy! He schtichs him mit his schpear in der pack, und lustiger
 Siegfried gurgles oud his life to der Fischlein in der Quelle.

Der Vögel sing mournful in der drei-dops. Der moon
 moon vies on der dreadful scene, und Hagen schlinks away
 in der blackness - und all is schtill! [Still motif.]



Siegfried und Fafner



Camp Bullrun

Camp Bullrun is probably more famous for the things it didn't do than for those it did. It was rather a lazy trip, as trips go, but it was a mighty good one. We, Dick Hallowell, Ned Billings, Billy Houghton, Amory Thorndike, Dutchy ~~the~~ Hum. and J.R.A.) went to our old camping place on the southwestern shore of Long Pond. This is a dandy place for a lazy trip for, all the equipment of previous camps ^{is} ready at hand and it takes ^{only} about five minutes to get tent up. We had paddled down Long Pond with a favoring wind and reached our camp at about noon. It was a glorious day, just hot enough so that it made us feel like a good swim when we arrived and then a good loaf. Swimming and loafing was our middle name. After lunch four of the party went out fishing while the other two picked up camp and then took a snooze. The fishermen got two good pickerel trolling. They tried still fishing with some bait bought at the Mills, but that was not so successful. At 3 o'clock we all set off for Hornbeam Hill. The view from the top was spoiled by smoke from forest fires, but we enjoyed the climb. It was just about far enough for all of us except Dutchy, who wanted to go

on to Moose Pond & Bowen Hill. However, we outwitted him and forced him to accompany us back to camp. There we indulged in another swim, and then Ned and Dick went out and got 2 bass while the rest of us cooked supper. Ned and Dick cleaned the fish in fast time, being old hands at the game, and those fish certainly did taste good. Supper was our biggest meal and we ate less and less ~~at~~ each succeeding meal. We didn't finish supper till dark and so we left the dishes to be washed in the morning. After a round of stories by the fire ~~and~~ we were ready for sleep about 8:30. ~~It~~ It was such a beautiful night that we all elected to sleep out although the tent was up. Shortly after turning in we heard weird cracklings and rustlings in the woods nearby of the many wild and extravagant surmises as to ~~and~~ what caused the noises, ~~but~~ we finally settled on a porcupine as the most promising & probable creature. The sounds ceased after a while and soon we were all asleep. During the night it turned quite cold and in the ^{morn}ing we were all lying in a bunch trying to keep warm.

It was another perfect day with a good strong wind blowing from the northwest.

In spite of the bracing effects of a dip in the cool water of the Pond, we all felt lazy and sleepy. We weren't through breakfast till about nine o'clock and then we decided definitely that we wouldn't be at all strenuous. We lay around on our blankets till 10:30 with our heads in the shade but the rest of us in the hot sun. At 10:30 we got up enough energy to walk up the logging road and about a mile along the main road to a white schoolhouse. Here we stopped in spite of the protestations of Dutch who wanted to climb Royal & take in ~~the~~ Greeley's Pond on the way back. We walked back to camp, got lunch, and then lay around in the sun until 2:30 when we packed up and set off for moony weather. We had been saving our strength for the paddle home against the wind and we needed it. We really did do some very good work on the way back, however, and got to camp at 4:30 to find everyone away on an all-day expedition. ~~We~~ We were perfectly content to take it easy as we had most of the day. It will ^{always} be a pleasure to look back on this camping trip as an oasis in the

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desert of stremosity. I have left the most exciting adventure of the trip till the end as it contrasts well with the indolent nature of our other doings. As we were proceeding peacefully through the middle of a large field ^{at the foot of Hornbeam} we became aware of a white head looking at us through the bushes. We allowed as it was a bull, and when the critter took a step or two in our direction, we wasted no more time in trying to be friendly with it, but moved on at a considerably accelerated pace. However, we reached the fence without mishap, Dutchy in the lead, and clambered over. Then some of the bravest suggested that it wasn't a bull at all, but only a steer. But not all of us were convinced of this fact, and we carefully avoided that field on the way back.

Such was Camp Bull Run, and a bully trip it was altogether.

THURSDAY, Mrs. Dunnell left us this morning, to our great
 Aug. 21 regret, and Mr. Sturgis just after dinner.
 B. 29.61
 T. 57'
 Cool S.W.

At morning reading we finished "Grizzly Adams", and began "Memories of Two Wars".

The tutoring squad started off for a great big camping trip, as will be seen by the accompanying list. Nine out makes quite a crowd.

As six of the nine were from the Tink, that table decided to go back to the good old fashion of naming itself, and announced itself as "The Fabians on the Shore", because it was left.

After reading in the afternoon we had a good hour of boat-building, which was much needed. Then came soccer; two games, as usual, the juniors first.

JUNIOR SOCCER.

Leland	R.O.F.	Mulliken
Thayer	R.I.F.	Lowell
Dorr	L.I.F.	Holcombe
Smith	L.O.F.	Curtis
Harris	R.H.B.	Dunnell
R.W. Thorndike	C.H.B.	P. Batchelder
Billings	L.H.B.	Scott
Hun	R.F.B.	Cross
Pillon	L.F.B.	Corning

The teams were rather uneven, as the score was 4-0 in favor of the left-hand team. (No names were given). One of the four was the result of a penalty for using hands.

SENIOR SOCCER. QUAKERS VS. HOPPERS.

This was a good game, the final score being 2-2. There were several other goals very nearly made. Three times the ball was

Camping Trip Aug. 20th

Brodrick

Coats

Foss, A.

Foss, G.

James

Paine

Parker, P.S.

J.G.W.

R.W.B.

Yammerschooner
 Williwaw
 Identical

THURSDAY kicked over the bar, and twice it hit the post.
(Cont'd.)

There was not time to play off the tie, and the swim was a select and hasty one. This, however, was owing partly to the cool wind.

After supper it was "Games on the Hill" till half-past seven, and then we played "Towel" for an hour.

Several half-past niners were off camping, and several more went to bed early, but the survivors had a good round of spelling, making short words out of "Recriminations".

120 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.



FRIDAY Not a very promising day at first, but the wind seemed
 Aug. 22
 B. 29.32 inclined to go down, so we packed up our grub, and all
 T. 59' aboard for big trips.
 S.W.
 Cool

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

"Fair is foul and foul is fair—this expedition is a bear."

CAUCO.	ABOL.	EBEN.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.	TERROR.
J.R.A.	T.L.	G.E.A.	J.A.F.M.	A.T.	C.F.F.
Bunnell	Thayer	Leland	H. Davis	Billings	Aspinwall
Lowell	Mulliken	Chapin	Scott	Dorr	Curtis
A.M.R.	H.B. Davis	Hallowell			Smith

OUANANICHE.

L.C.Z.

Corning	Perkins
H. Parker	Harris
Holcombe	P. Patchelder
E.W.B.	B.B.
Hun	P.A. Thorndike

Do not forget shirts or sweaters!!

R.R.

A.J.M.

R.B.

We did not forget our shirts or sweaters, and we started very gaily. "Dear me!" said the wind. "Look at those Merryweathers out on the ^{water}~~wind~~!" And it got to business. By the time we reached the north end of Oak the Abol found it a good plan to go ashore and dump, and others were pretty wet. We hunted ^every lee along the west side of the pond, and even then it was solid hard work. The Eben and the Abol cut across Monkey Point, thereby saving a bit.

And when we reached the stream, going all so gay, and glad of calm water, the rear-guard became aware of the Terror, sitting on a stump in mid-channel. P. Curtis is rather wild as a cox, and he had not noticed it at all. They had to shift some of their crew into another boat before they could get off, but no damage seemed to be done.

The carry at the Mills was complicated by the presence of a boat full of water and ^t~~s~~ones, which somebody likes to keep in

FRIDAY the middle of the only place where the Ouananiche can
(Cont'd.)
land. We cursed the boat and her owner, and moved her with some
difficulty.

The wind in Long Pond was roaring wild, like Tugai Pey, and it
was not very easy to get off. The waves were so long that we
coasted wonderfully, but the canoes took water in over both bow
and stern. The Abol reached Beaver Spring with five inches of water
in her, and if Mr. Lynes hadn't made his two middle paddlers sit
down on the bottom there would have been several feet.

Many of us were wet, some up to their waists, but the sun
was warm, and there were camphor pills, so dinner went very well.
All this wind, however, had made us late, so we had to make a quick
start.

All hands went together as far as the road, where the Musk-
rats, under charge of T.L. and L.C.Z., turned off up Beaver Brook.
The Rocky Mountaineers turned off at the pond behind Rocky Mount-
ain, with J.A.P.M., G.E.A., and C.F.F. to oversee them, and J.R.A.
and A.T. piloted the Hampshire Hillers along the hard high road.

The Muskrats followed Beaver Brook, through a jungle of
cardinal flowers, and struck the trail that leads to the old
house in the field. From there they followed a trail, which after-
wards proved to be that of the tutoring campers. They had a good
hour on top, and though they had no view, owing to the smoke, they
got dry, and made game of Jimmy Thayer. They lost their way on
the way down, but that is the custom, and they soon found it again.

The Mountaineers explored both ponds, Donner and Blitzen,
and came down the steep face of the mountain. Some of the shorts
and fats had to be helped more or less, lest they come down faster
than was advisable, but everything went beautifully.

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FRIDAY, The Hampshire Hill party footed it steadily along the (Cont'd.) road, with only two stops. At the farm-house at the foot of the hill they stopped for drinks, and then divided; some going right up to the top, and the rest going round to the west of the hill, to see if they could find the place that looks so steep on the map. They hadn't time to go far enough, but the walk up the back of the hill is very pretty.

Half-past five found the whole company assembled at Beaver Spring, somewhat stiff in spots, but ready for food. Mrs. Millet and Rosamond had got the fire ready, and soon the cocoa was done. A few ate too many beans, but we knew that the wind had gone down, so we didn't worry. If it hadn't gone down, it would have been a serious proposition for the canoes.

At the Mills we found our rowboat blocking the gangway again, but we turned her out, and got across in good time. From the mouth of the stream we kept in a line all the way, till it was time for the Ouananiche to turn down to her own landing. She struck Pickerel Rock on the way, in the dark, but no harm seemed to be done.

Just as the canoes were coming in, a select committee set off a great flare of kerosene on the Pie-plant, so we had plenty of light, and made a dramatic entry besides.

We found the tutoring squad even stiffer than we, after much toil and many adventures.

We also found our railroad magnate; to wit: *R. G. Henderson* Only for Sunday, but that is better than nothing.

J.R. and a crew had been out to the perch rock, and caught fourteen perch; and L.F.R. had celebrated the sufferings of the stay-at-homes in verse.

The few who did not go to bed at 8-30 had a story.

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SONG OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

(Air: "In the Sweet By-and by.")

There's a dear little, sweet little germ,
Which is making amongst us his home;
His affection for us is so firm
He refuses to wander or roam.

Chorus

In the toils
Of the boils,
We must stay on this beautiful shore!
In the toils
Of the boils,
We must stay on this beautiful shore!
But we'll take it with patience and cheer,
Nor will one of us sigh or repine;
And we'll have extra candy, my dear,
And on cutlets and peas will we dine.

Chorus

In the toils
Of the boils,
We rejoice on this beautiful shore!
In the toils
Of the boils,
We rejoice on this beautiful shore!

Why the name? Well, you'll have to wait for an explanation, or else start at the nether end with engines reversed.

The professorial department did a real stunt Thursday morning, and covered three full hours of ground in just 90 minutes. Inside an hour more we had left camp, the only thing left behind being — telegraphic connections to report the health of the members: Steve Brody, Bobby Paine and J. G. W. in the Yammer, Beef Parker, Archie Coats and Jamesy in the Willi, and Two Fossils with R. W. B. in the Identical

It was late for lunch when we arrived at the camping spot, the north-east tip of Long Pond, so Food was unanimously elected to the position of Most-Pressing-Business-on-Hand. Hunger conquered for the nonce, J. G. W.'s only other idea (it deserves the capital) spoke up, "Who wants to go fishing in Green Pond?"! Well, fish they did, Mr Wiggins, Si Foss and James, right in Gleason's Bay, and at 8:15 they returned with six white perch to a

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hot supper, not once having been detected by
by the other inhabitants of Merryweather.

In the meantime, the remaining
six swam, caught turtles, and put up
the tent, undaunted by two huge hills of
ants and a nest of yellow-jackets, which
latter quickly captured Brody's goat, a job
far easier than the subjugation of O'Grady's
famous quadruped.

In anticipation of the morrow,
retiring was early, and as a result, nine
o'clock the next morning saw the campers
fed and under way. Half an hour later, we
left our boats at the mouth of Rocky
Mountain Brook, and in 15 minutes more,
we reached the top of Rocky! The next
cry was "Muskrat." An hour's hard row
took up to Monataka, and here we left
Woodchopper Foss and Brody to guard the
boats, as both felt a wee mite queer.

The gallant seven reached the
spot where the trail leaves upper Beaver
Brook at 12.25, having lost the way only
twice, quite a feat! There we stopped for
lunch, and 17 minutes (!) after the start, we
reached the top.

In the woods on the crest, O horror
of horrors, we discovered a herd — angry
bulls? — no, only interested steers. However,

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Their slow approach put Granny, Rubber-tree, Archie and Beef up the nearest trees, and turned Jamesy in precipitate flight down from the top which he had but just reached, leaving J. G. W. and R. W. B. to use their hirsute adornments to scare off the animals and lay plans for reaching Royal.

The get-away was made in safety, and we walked to the other shoulder of Muskrat, then struck across to Royal(?). A marvellous blackberry patch delayed us about ten minutes, and an icy, more-than-welcome spring an equal time, but after an absurdly easy climb we arrived at the top of a hill which Jamesy's perspicacity assured us was easily recognizable as the Mt. Royal he had climbed once before this year. Thence we set out for Monataka, where Fossil and Brody, each refreshed by a 3-hour nap, greeted us.

For a squad of brain-workers, we had already expended quite a little brawn, but the worst was coming, on the wings of the gale. The wind blew, the waves rose, and the three Rangeleys were buffeted little and gone on their way back to Camp. For corroboration of this weather report the reader, if any, is respectfully referred to Washington L. James, and the all-day expedition which almost had several canoes swamped as they tried to come home.

At the float, the first question that greeted us was, "What is your

name?" The only reply ²⁷⁰ was, "Ask Mr. Wiggins." And Mr. Wiggins would only say, "I don't know: Camp Pickles or Something." The next information was that our third mountain was not Royal, but Beaver; a discovery which entirely restored our respect for Royal, though it didn't banish our weariness from the triple climb.

The question of name was still open to the floor for argument, but at supper time all doubts were settled: the following, from the Skipper's hand, appeared on the blackboard: —

CASTRA
CANICULORUM
" LUDENTIUM



A.D. XI · KAL · SEPT
CONS · WIG

So we were not merely named, like plebeians, but were christened!

SATURDAY, As it was very wet till the middle of the morning,
Aug. 23

F. 29. and w were late in starting reading, squads did not begin
T. 67'

S.W. till ten, the boat-building squad was a large one.

Rain,

Clearing. The reason for reading being late was a sad one.

The Pennett ladies left us by the morning train.

There were several rehearsals in the course of the morning.

EIGHTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

VILD POAPS VS. DRACHENS.

It was curious to have the score exactly the same as in Wednesday's game; and this time also errors counted for a good deal. The winners did all their scoring in two innings, and in the first of these three consecutive errors by their opponents were taken full advantage of.

Except for the first half of the sixth, when the winners ran through their batting order, the game was a fairly quick one. Six times the side was retired 1-2-3.

Chapin batted for .750, and J.R.A. for .666, and G.E.A. for .500.

It seemed natural to see R.G.H. on first again. He made eleven put-outs.

RUG-LEAGUE GAME.

NUTS VS. PUTTS.

As there has been a great deal of kicking over these games, and the arrangement of sides, this time the captains chose sides. The result was a very close game, 7-6. There were errors, but not so many as usual. Coats stuck out seventeen men, and Brodrick fifteen. Two hits were made off Coats, and four off Brodrick.

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Drachens vs. Wild Pigeon of Aug. 23 at

7.1.13 vs. B. Et. of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-bas hits.
			1	Carte's		K			K		03		5-8				4	1	0
16		1	2	W. ...													5	3	1
6	0	2	3	W. ...					2-3		56						5	1	0
1	2	3	4	W. ...	K		K				K						3	1	0
	0		5	W. ...	K		K					4-3	K				5	0	0
0	0		6	W. ...	K			K		K							3	1	0
2	1		7	W. ...				K				K					4	0	1
3	1	3	8	W. ...				1-3				K					3	0	0
0	0		9	W. ...		K			K	K			03				4	0	0
			10																
			11																
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1						
Hours..... Mins.....					3	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	7						

Bulls vs. Cubs of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-bas hits.
1	1	2	1 Deland	5	K		2-5	1-5			K		1-5				2	1	0
17	2		2 Lowell	2	5-3		1-3			6-3		1-2					3	0	0
8		2	3 Cross	3	5-3		K		2-6	3-1		K					5	0	1
0	2		4 Coats	1	K			5-5	K		5-2						3	1	0
		1	5 Dummell	4	K			5-5	4-6		0-3						3	1	0
1		3	6 Smith	6		K		K		0-3		1-2	K				5	1	1
	1	2	7 Dorr	8						K		1-1					4	2	1
			8 Perkins	7		K		5-6		4-5		2-3					3	0	1
			9 P. Batch	9			K	1-2		K		K					4	0	0
			10																
			11																
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	3	2	5	6			
Hours..... Mins.....																			

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After supper we had "Digestion Club" in the shop, all but a few who were rehearsing in the boat-house.

CHAPADES.

PYGMALION. We began with the classics. Circe, bewitching in white robe and golden curls (J.A.P.M.), feasted the comrades of Ulysses, and turned them into swine. The second scene was taken from western life in the old days. The mail raiders relieved each other, and the last was attacked by a band of Indians. "Lion" whisked us to the East, and we had R.G.H. as a most impressive Daniel, cowing the savage brutes by his majestic calm. The whole word was a wonder. The audience felt the charm of the statue as much as the sculptor (J.P.) did; and when she came to life, we felt that, as Pygmalion said, she certainly was a pippin. G.E.A. might try the effect of bleaching his hair to a golden blonde, and see what his family would say.

CANTANKEROUS. This word began nearer home, with an expedition at dinner. There was much scrambling, and the opening of the bean cans evidently took a good deal of time. "Tan", as someone said, was really "sunburn", but it was a good scene all the same; especially the moments when someone slapped his neighbor's bare shoulders. The "chorus" was a beauty, and we should have liked another verse. The whole word showed the trials of a grocer with

SATURDAY an incompetent assistant. L.C.Z. may have been cantan-
(Cont'd.)
kerous, but the way in which Augustus ate crackers was enough
to drive any grocer to madness.

ALTERNATIVES. Here the syllables went in pairs. For the first two
we had Henry Hudson and his men, playing ninerins, and sending the
thunder down among the mountains. To them enter Rip Van Winkle.
A drink from their demi-john laid him senseless; and when the cur-
tain went up again, he was altered indeed. The "natives" seemed a
peaceful set at first, but when they had been called "dolicho-
cephalic" and other pretty names for a good while they rebelled,
and we rather think they ate Aspinwall as soon as they got him
away to a convenient place. The whole word was founded on "The
Lady or the Tiger". J.C.W. as the itate monāgn, gave Aspinwall his
choice between marrying the princess (Hallowell), and being eaten
by a tiger. Gus was extremely rude, for he called the lady names,
and chose the tiger. We could not see what followed, but it sounded
as if the tiger was enjoying himself.

BADEN-BADEN--. This charade was acted once years ago, after the
boys had gone, but this time it was ever so much funnier. What did
they do? Why, they took shower-baths, with every symptom of dis-
like. The water was evidently cold, and the way they scrubbed
when they came out made the audience shiver. It is hard to say
which expressed more dislike, J.C.W.'s slow reluctance, or J.R.'s
wild prancings. But does a scene like this encourage cleanliness?

Then we had "Mythology", with two full tables.

THE BALLADE OF WHITE PERCH. -

It is the ancient Wiggins,
 And he taketh youngsters three.
 "By my Simpson's beard, I catch some fish,
 Or I resign," said he.

The float was cleared of Wiggins' beard,
 Steadily did they row
 Beyond the Point, beyond the bar;
 The wind from South did blow.

Beyond the bar they anchored fast,
 And overboard they throw
 Their bait to catch the waiting fish,
 For such was bearded Wiggins' wish,
 And also of the crew.

The bait went down upon the right,
 Then up again came he!
 And on the left, by casting deft,
 Went down into the sea.

For near an hour waited they,
 Nor caught what lay beyond.
 "Their rods were still as painted-boats
 Upon a painted pond."

The waves did make a merry noise,
 And Wiggins he did swear,
 "We'll pull to old man's fishing-rock."

'Tis now 4-20 by my clock."

And he tore his curly hair.

With iron muscles did he toil,

As one who on his native soil

By digging gets the wiggly worm,

And mops each sweaty pore.

The boat went on, and thereupon

They struck towards Gleason's shore.

A good south wind sprung up behind,

And Wiggins he did grin.

"We'll catch some perch or eat our shirts!"

At which he stroked his chin.

And now he anchors near the shore;

Full fast he ties the rope.

The youngsters three most merrily

Throw out their lines and hope.

.(According to the Skipper's word

This is the proper dope.)

The water it lay round about,

The time was getting late.

Twelve worms they had, and they were glad

They had the bally bait.

The water off the shore was riled

With force of beating wave,

And there the perch are wont to lie,

Awaiting fishers brave.

One after one, by hook and line,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 They hauled white perch into the boat;
 They 'gan to ^ddubt if she would float,
 So many had they nigh.

Six and sixty scalp fish,
 (The worms by now were gone)
 With heavy thump, a lively lump,
 They dropped in one by one.

It was a merry Wiggins
 And happy youngsters three.
 Their anchor up, they home to sup
 Did come all merrily.

And Wiggins, whose blue eyes are bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Comes home in state, for supper late,
 And enters at the door.

He smiles benign at loud applause,
 (His beard his face doth smirch)
 For he has made a record catch
 (With youngsters three beyond the latch)
 Of sixty-six white perch.

T. L.

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SUNDAY,
Aug. 24

Shortly after service Clarence Corning's family
B. 29.18 arrived, to the number of three. His youngest brother
T. 65'
Cloudy had never been here before, but he seemed quite able to
still take care of himself. They stayed to dinner, and Mr. Corning
and Howard junior went in for a swim.

It being voting day, no one was surprised at the following
verses from our friend Nemo. He is always timely.

TO R... P.....
Vile dope! Thou soggy, pasty mass of rice/
People there are who waste their votes on thee.
But though they say that thou art ~~er~~ so nice,
For thee a ballot ne'er'll be cast by me.

Last year thou wert not strong enough alone,
But some weak souls, by filthy lucre bought,
For thee cast votes. A sad result was shown,
And by such means a winning fight you fought.

The doctor toots thy praises in my ears,
And says that dire illness he will see
If pie wins. Thus he tries to raise my fears,
But he can't make me cast my vote for thee.

Surely the stomach, all the summer trained
On puddings and such other simple food,
By pie and jam-tails this week won't be strained,
And I o'er fear of illness need not brood.

Vile dope, avaunt! I will have none of thee!
For thou wilt ne'er get any vote from me!
Nemo.

SUNDAY The voting itself was more orderly than it has often
(Cont'd.)
been. Mr. Millet, as medical inspector of this district, opened the
campaign. He declared rice pudding to be not only a cure but a
prophylactic as regards the dread invader that is in our midst.

Francis Perkins replied in a thoughtful speech, which
began as follows:

"Friends, Merryweathers, and countrymen,

I come to bury rice pudding, not to praise it.

The evil that rice pudding does lives after it.

The good it does (if any) is interred with its bones."

J.B.A. flung down his gauntlet with "What said the Voice
in the Rice? 'Rice Pudding!'"

Dome Lowell pointed out that all who now have have boils
have eaten rice pudding; to which E.W.B. aptly retorted that they
had eaten pie more recently.

The result was as follows:

Apple Pie.....	41
Roman Nose.....	39
Watermelon.....	36
Jam Tails.....	31
Huckleberry Pie.....	31
Bananas.....	26
Rice Pudding.....	25

Vanilla Ice-cream, with Maple Cow, 18

PICNIC TO HOYT'S ISLAND.

CORNER, ... RIP ARCOL FREN QUANANICHE.

R.G.H.	L.C.Z.	A.T.	J.G.W.	J.R.
Chapin	R.A. Thorn	Lowell	Dorr	A. Foss
Dunnell	Paine	Leland	Houghton	Hun
H. Davis	Aspinwall	E.W.B.	A.M.R.	Cross
				Harris
				Perkins
				P. Batchelder
				L.E.R., E.R.

SUNDAY,
(Cont'd.)

WILLIWAW.	YAMMER-SCHCONER.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.
J.A.P.M.	J.R.A.	R.W.B.	G.E.A.	Coats	P.S.Parker
C.F.F.	H.B.Davis	C.F.Ratch.	Prodrick	Hallowell	Corning
A.J.M.	Hillon	Theyer	G.Foss	James	Mulliken
	Smith	Scott	Curtis		

We hoped that we could land on the big south beach, but the owner's of it had a painful time with some undesirable folks last year, so they have decided not to let anyone land. We went up to the little beach along the east shore, and found a very good chance for landing and supper. There is also a fairly good trail to the field, so we went up and had three games of "Skowhegan". J.R.A.'s side won all three, with the following scores:

9 killed-14., 13 killed-16, 9 killed-13.

No runs were made, probably because the games were only ten minutes long.

The wind came up before we started for home, but we had no accidents. This time we all thought we were on the wrong side of Pickerel, as we did Friday, but we missed it.

After hymns we had "Bread upon the Waters;" one of the best series that were ever written.

The day lasted later than it sometimes does, for F.G.H left about eleven o'clock, to take the one o'clock train from Waterville. We hope that some day he will have a real vacation.

MONDAY, The official weather report seems to have got mislaid,
 Aug. 25,
 7.56' but the morning was the coldest we have had. The west
 Fair
 Cold wind was merciless till the sun got reasonably high, and
 W.

it was hardly necessary to sing, "Go put on an undershirt."

We are getting on to more elaborate things in the way of knots now. In fact we are not tying knots, but splicing.

As the time is getting short, we had "Nicholas Nickleby" at morning reading as well as in the afternoon.

Boat-building is the chief occupation now. We have had so few rainy days this summer that we are not so far advanced as we were at this time last year.

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions could hardly have been improved upon. The wind was brisk, but not furious, and it was not too dry.

With the Iroquois leading by five games, it looked as if the Algonquins must make a desperate stand, and they did. For the first time this season, they won two of the three games. As four games are still to be played, they can now tie the score for the season, though they cannot win.

The first game was a very conservative one. Both sides were determined not to throw men away by recklessness, and the result was what we believe to be the smallest score made since the historic 1-0 game, which won the season by the killing of one small Mouse. The Algonquins lost the one man, scoring the first victory for the afternoon.

In the second game there was a little more doing, and the Iroquois lost pretty heavily. The Algonquins lost only three.

The third game was the best of the three. Again and again the score was tied, and Skipper was standing on the rock ready to

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MONDAY give the "All in" when the death of Munnell gave the
(Cont'd.)
Iroquois a lead of one.

Four men were out of the game: Cross for the Iroquois, and
Dillon, Houghton, and G. Foss for the Algonquins. It is too bad
that they had to miss such a splendid afternoon.

At supper there was some excitement caused by the news
that a turnstone, who had been about a good deal during the day,
was in plain sight down by the Ouananiche slip. Dormouse went
out to investigate, and had a good view of him. He also saw a mink,
so he was repaid for letting his soup get cold.

Instead of games, we had rehearsals for the first hour
after supper, and at eight o'clock came in for "Tea-kettle".
This time we played it like "Clumps", in two circles, and it makes
a much better game.

Scouting and a cool evening made everyone pretty sleepy,
so there were not very many half-past niners. Those who sat up
played "Muggins".

ALGOQUINS.

	I			II			III		
	killed	shots	Turns	killed	shots	Turns	killed	shots	Turns
J.R.	✓			✓			X		
T.L.	✓			✓			✓		
J.A.P.M.	✓			✓			✓		
J.G.W.	✓			X	••			•	
A.T.	✓			✓			✓		
A.M.R.	✓			✓			✓		
Brodrick	✓			X	••		X	••	
Chapin.	✓			✓			X		
Goats.		•		✓			X	•	
Curtis.	✓			✓			✓		
Davis, H.	✓				•		✓		
Davis, H.B.	✓				••		✓		
Dillon.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Dorr.	✓			✓			✓		
Dunnell.	✓			✓			X		
Hallowell	✓	•			•		X		
Houghton.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Hun.		•		✓			✓		
Leland.	✓				•		✓		
Lowell.	✓			✓			✓		
Parlier, J.S.	✓			✓			✓		
Thorncliffe, C.	X			X	••		✓		
Scott.	✓			✓			✓		
Billings.	✓			✓			✓		
Foss, G.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
	1	3		3	11		6	5	

IROQUOIS.

	I			II			III		
	killed	shots	Turns	killed	shots	Turns	killed	shots	Turns
J.T.A.	✓			X			X		
P.W.B.	✓						✓		
L.C.Z.	✓			✓			X		
G.E.A.	✓						✓		
G.P.F.							X		
Aspinwall.	X	•					X		
Batchelder, G.	✓			✓			X		
Batchelder, T.	✓			✓			X		
Goring.	✓			✓			✓		
Cross.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Foss, A.	X			X			X		
Harris.	X			X			X		
Holcombe.	✓			✓			✓		
James.	✓			✓			✓		
Mulliken.	✓			✓			X		
Taine.	✓			✓			✓		
Parlier, H.	✓			✓			X		
Terrins.	✓			✓			X		
Thayer.	✓			✓			✓		
Thorncliffe, T.A.	✓			✓			✓		
Smith.	✓								
	3	1		11	3		5	6	

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TUESDAY, The fate of the day was decided at breakfast, when it
Aug. 26

B. 29.31 appeared that practically everybody could have a boat
T. 52'

Fair finished by the end of afternoon reading. All aboard for
S.W.

Rain the yacht races!

p.m.

Only the necessary squads were on duty, and some even stayed out of swim to get on with their work. Afternoon reading was short, and was held in the shop, for the convenience of the slow and the unlucky.

At about three o'clock operations began. The arrangements for starting were the same as those of last year; four anchored starting boats, with crews to take the boats out, and other crews to retrieve them.

Conditions were not ideal, for the wind was lightening, and the rain which threatened soon came down, but putting things off never works well. So we went on, in spite of everything. We give a detailed account of the proceedings.

ANNUAL RACE FOR THE MERRYWEATHER CUP.

First Preliminary Heat.

Clarice (H.B. Davis) Wind light, S. by E., rising. Rain. All boats
Hydroplane (James)
Good Hope II (Lowell) went over very soon, but were set up
Pie Rat II (Harris)
promptly. The Hydroplane led for a while, but

the Clarice, fighting hard, passed her, and won by a good distance. The Hydroplane was a rather slow second, when the Clarice got really going. The other two were distinct failures.

Second Preliminary Heat.

Would Duck (H.B. Davis) The Would Duck was the only one to
The Leathery Ape (J.R.A.)
Patschki (Billings) finish in this heat. The Ape had a leaky
I Give Up (Smith)
deck. The Patschki went over soon and permanently, and the I Give Up lived down to her name.

TUESDAY Third Preliminary Heat.

(Cont'd.)

Tubera (C.Thorndike) Wind more easterly. The Cobra led at the
Cobra (Brodrick)

Foab (A.Foss) start, but was soon passed by the Tubera. The

Demmit (Hillon)

Foab was very fast when right side up, but she showed
the same lack of stability that was her ruin last year. The

Demmit lost her rudder, so she couldn't be expected to get on

very well. The Tubera won, with the Cobra a fair second.

Fourth Preliminary Heat.

Slowcome II (E.W.B.) All four went over so many times that

Furunculus (J.R.)

Pubber Tree (Paine) the heat was finally called off, with no

Boat (R.A.Thorndike)

one qualifying.

Fifth Preliminary Heat.

Blue Streak (Cross) The Mucker went over at once, and was

Candy Kid (P.S.Parker)

Peanut (H.Davis) soon followed by all but the Blue Streak.

Mucker Jaith (Thayer)

The Streak was a handsome winner, with a lively contest for
second place between the Candy Kid and the Peanut, in which the
former finally won. The best heat so far.

Sixth Preliminary Heat.

Peanut Shell (H.Davis) Wind lighter, rain heavier. The Pop was
Speejacks (James).

Hawk (Scott) soon out of it. The Hawk did well for a while, but

Pop (Corning)

later followed suit. The Peanut Shell won, with the Speejack
a fair second.

Seventh Preliminary Heat.

Bob-Cat (Hallowell) All went over at once but

Helgranite (E.W.B.)

My Popolorum Tibby (Holcombe) the Bob-Cat, and she soon found

Hampton I (D.Mayo)

the contagion of example too much for her. All boats being
out of it, the heat was declared off.

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

Eighth Preliminary Heat.

Goober (H. Davis) Rain and wind both lessening. The
Whirlwind (Munnell)
Welch Rabbit (Houghton) Goober, heavily reefed, was safe but
Moolicow (Mulliken)
slow. The Whirlwind held up for a while, but finally
sank, leaving the Goober the only one to cross the line.)

Ninth Preliminary Heat.

Speed-Boy (C. Thorndike) Very little wind. The Socrates
Little Bear (Leland)
Socrates II (Perkins) led at first, with the Little Bear
Cyclone (Munnell)
close behind, heading for Oak Island. The Speed-Boy closed up
on the pair, and all three went over. The Cyclone had split, so
her career was brief. The Speed-Boy won, after many settings-up,
with the Little Bear second.

Tenth Preliminary Heat.

I Resign (Hun) As the wind had shifted, the course
C.O.P. (H. Davis & Coats)
Big Bear (Leland) had to be shifted to meet new conditions
Meteor (C.F. Batch.)
Get There (P. Batch.) Beginnig with this heat, the boats were
started from a line southeast of the point, and finished on a line
from the point to Oak Island. The I Resign, in spite of one resign-
ation, won her heat, with the C.O.P. second. The Great Bear went well,
but getting out of her course, ran aground on the beach before
crossing the line.

Eleventh Preliminary Heat.

Bucket-Up (Billings) The good old cup winner, though she
Twiggins (T.L. & J.G.W.)
Ar. Bus. (Chapin & Coats) went over once or twice, owing to
Typhoon (Munnell)
the light wind, won her heat, with the Twiggins, the only boat
in the heat that didn't tip over, second. The Ar. Bus. was a very calm
third, evidently not liking to hurry. The Typhoon hardly lived up
to her name.

TUESDAY Twelfth Preliminary Heat.

(Cont'd.)

P.D.Q. (Borr)

Red Sox III (Hallowell)

J. Blunt Esq., M.P. (J.A.P.M. & A.J.M.) little to say about this
Thunderstorm (Dunnell)

heat, as none of the boats in it were able to stand up long
to accomplish anything.

Thirteenth Preliminary Heat.

Hydro-Aeroplane (James) The Hydro-etc. was the only boat to do

Hurricane (Dunnell)

Putt-t (R.W.B.) anything. She ran a good race, and drew a by.

Flying Bacon (H. Parker)

First Semi-Semi-Final Heat.

Tubera

Wind rising. The Clarice was speedy, but got a

Cobra

Clarice poor start, and ran ashore, after tipping over. As she
Hydroplane

seemed to have had hard luck, she was given a place
in the next round. The Tubera did well, and deserved her first
place. The Cobra was less fast, but a good second.

Second Semi-Semi-Final Heat.

Would Puck

Much capsizing. The Would Puck looked a safe

Peanut Shell

Candy Kid winner from the first; the Peanut Shell made

Blue Streak

second, after tipping over and being set up. The other two
were rather outclassed.

Third Semi-Semi-Final Heat.

Little Bear

Raining again. The Little Bear won this heat in

Speejacks

Gocher

good, shape. The Speejacks went over, but got righted

Speed-Boy

in time to make a good appearance at second. The Speed-Boy
lost her rudder, and was soon out of the race.

TUESDAY

Fourth semi-final Heat.

(Cont'd.)

Bucket-Up The Bucket-Up was up to her old form, and won,
Twiggin's
C.O.D. in spite of a dangerously late capsize. The Twiggin's
I Resign
 though her sail looked a little small, came in second.

The C.O.D. went over early in the heat, and the I Resign, at last really did resign.

First Semi final Heat.

Would duck The most exciting heat of the afternoon.
Cobra
Tubera The Would duck, the winner, led from the start, but the
Peanut Shell
 fight for second place was terrific. The Peanut Shell
Hydro-aeroplane
and the Tubera fouled, and it was almost impossible to keep them
apart. When the Cobra slipped into second place, the Tubera was
close behind her, with the Peanut Shell a dangerous fourth.

Second Semi-final Heat.

Speejaks A good deal of tipping over, due largely to
Little Bear
Bucket-Up the light wind. The Bucket-Up kept a good lead
Clarice
Twiggin's for some time, in spite of accidents, but fouling
the Little Bear, lost the heat, and put the Bear out of first place.
The Speejaks won, with the Bear second, and the Bucket-Up coming
along fast in third place. The Clarice came in fourth, and the
Twiggin's "guarded the dangerous rear".

Final Heat.

Would duck At first the Little Bear led. Then the Would
Cobra
Speejaks duck hauled up and passed her. Next the Speejaks
Little Bear
 took the lead, but capsized at the critical moment,
leaving first and second places to the Would duck and the Cobra
respectively. So ended a good regatta.

We had supper over half an hour late, but we finished the race
in one day; a thing that we often fail to do.

TUESDAY Now comes an important question, raised by Horace
(Cont'd.)

Davis himself: Can the Would Duck carry her sail in still water?

The doubt is to be settled tomorrow, and we hope that after having won in such good style, she will prove herself entirely eligible to hold the cup.

As supper was late, and everyone was feeling rather peaceful, we did nothing in particular till half past eight.

After that we mostly went to bed, but the valiant survivors had stories. And some of them went so sound asleep that they did not wake up till "Taps" had been sung over their prostrate forms.

WEDNESDAY This morning the Would duck was tried in still
Aug. 27
B. 29.21 water, and met the test triumphantly. She therefore was
T. 64'
Cloudy immediately put in her place in the rack, and at the
S.W.
Clearing. end of supper the cup was presented to her builder,

Showers Horace Davis.
p.m.

 This morning a large huckleberry squad went up to Shute Island
to make preparation for the huckleberry pies. They did well, and
pies will appear in due time.

 The afternoon was to have been filled with all kinds of
exciting things, but two fat showers kept us in the house; and though
though there were exciting things, they were not the ones that had
been planned. Progressive Ping-pong ruled supreme, till after five
o'clock.

 The two tables were divided according to age, and the results
were as follows:

<u>SENIORS.</u>	<u>JUNIORS.</u>
A. Foss beat Hallowell	Chapin beat G. Foss
R. W. B. beat C. F. F.	Leland beat G. Foss
J. R. A. beat R. W. B.	Chapin beat G. Foss
G. E. A. beat H. Davis	G. Foss beat Leland
	Chapin beat G. Foss
	Chapin beat G. Foss
	G. Foss beat Leland

 After supper it was "digestion Club" for half an hour, and
then all hands gathered for our

LAST SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks" T. L., J. R.
2. Song, "The Two Grenadiers" J. G. W.
3. Stunt, "The Savage and the Maiden" .. G. E. A., A. T., C. F. F.
4. Choruses, "Scouting Song, October, Camptown Races.
5. Duett, T. L., A. M. R.

WEDNESDAY,
(Cont'd.)

6. Stunt "The Johns".....J.R.,J.R.A.,J.G.W.,J.A.R.
7. The Hampton Trio.
8. Stunt,"An Old Chinese Story".....J.G.W.,J.R.,T.L.

CAMP SONG.

We have missed our Chopsticks for the last two weeks, and this time it was full of all sorts of delightful new frills, besides our old friends.

We had been planning to get Mr. Wiggins to sing us "The Two Grenadiers" before, but we had some delay about getting the music. It is one of the great songs, and he sings it splendidly. Of course some of us don't understand German, but the English translations are almost all horrid, and one can't misunderstand the music.

The first stunt was a scene from "Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Vincent Crumple (A.T.) appeared, a stately figure in dress suit and black moustache, and prepared us for the appearance of Miss Ninnette Crumple (G.E.A.) and Mr. Folair (C.F.F.) in their famous ballet. What a vision the Infant Phenomenon was! Her flying skirts, her golden curls, her amazing pirouette and bounds more than justified all that her adoring parent said of her. The Savage showed the transition from savagery to adoration most vividly; and when he knelt on one knee, with the lovely maiden standing on the other, kissing her hand, it was a sight not to be forgotten.

The duett this time was a delightful Haydn minuet; and the editor is very sorry that she lost her place in it.

The great John stunt, originated in '08, was equal to our most precious memories of it. It began with "John the Boatman"

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WEDNESDAY (J.R.A.) curled up in his boat, not to be roused from (cont'd.) slumber by any mere singing.

"Oh bring the Wagon home, John," we can hardly speak of. The deep pathos of the words, the crushing grief which sent J.R.A. staggering from the room, throbbed in J.R.'s high soprano tones, and contorted the manly countenances of J.G.W. and J.A.P.M., is not to be dealt with lightly.

"Poor John" was also rather painful, for the lady of John's affection. We should not like to have Dr. Millet for a mother-in-law.

The last song, "Mother please Christen me Johnny", cheered us all. After tragedy and family jars, it was sweet to turn to this exquisite bit of nursery happiness. Such dear innocent babes! No wonder that their adoring mamas were ready to grant anything that they wanted.

The Hampton Trio has been a great addition to our sing-songs this summer, and we wish we were to have more of their singing. They gave us "Little David", "Swing Low", two or three new ones, and then ended with "Great Tribulation", which has been the most popular of their repertoire.

The third stunt was a drama given in the Chinese fashion, with no real scenery. When a tree or a brook was needed, the property man, an important figure, put it in place, explaining what it was. At other times he sat at the back of the stage, smoking or eating rice.

The drama was not really old, for it was made up here in camp Tuesday evening, but it looked Chinese. T.L. was the property man, looking more Chinese than we should have supposed he could. J.R. was the wicked brother, gorgeous in scarlet, and J.G.W. the avenger. It was really tremendously dramatic, especially in the last

WEDNESDAY scene, when the murderer of his father realized
(Cont'd.)
that the avenger was upon him, and that there was no escape. We shall give the full text below.

After sing-song we had half-past nine "Boston". The prize performance was the mistaking of Horace Davis for Alden Foss. Foss's hair looks a little longer than Horace's, but appearances are often deceptive.

By the way, a hand-washing raid at supper revealed painful truths, and left some most unexpected people rejoicing in their glory.

An Old Chinese Story.

Characters: Fu Ching.....J.G.W.
Fu Ho^Ka, his brother.....J.R.
Property Man.....T.L.

Prologue.

Fu Ching was the eldest son of a rich Canton merchant, who by rights should inherit his father's property at his death. When he was about thirty years of age he was sent by his father to Pekin, where he was to transact some business affairs, which should keep him there about one year. His younger brother, Fu Ho^Ka, was delighted at this opportunity for making a fortune speedily, and murdered his father, and reported the matter to the authorities, saying that his brother was the murderer, and had fled to escape the just retribution which he deserved. As a result of the crime Fu Ching had to flee into Mongolia, where he lived twelve years hiding in the deserts; and during this time his heart was devoured by hatred for his brother, and he swore to avenge his father's death.

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Scene One.

The Garden of Fu Ho^Ka's summer mansion, just outside Canton. Fu Ho^Ka sits beneath a cherry tree eating peaches, and listening with delight to the song of the birds and the gurgling of the brook. Fu Ching enters, as beggar, falls at the feet of his brother and begs alms. Fu Ho^Ka strikes him and orders him off. Fu Ching hurls a knife at him and barely misses him. Fu Ho^Ka rushes away in terror. Fu Ching is left lamenting his fate, and swearing that he will yet avenge his father.

Scene Two.

Fu Ho^Ka is discovered on a journey into the interior, with one coolie as an escort. They sit down at the foot of a mountain, beside a pond. The coolie prepares tiffin, and serves his master. The coolie, who is the elder brother in disguise, at last draws out his knife and starts to creep up behind Fu Ho^Ka. The latter turns and discovers him, and leaping to his horse gallops terror-stricken through the forest. A long chase ensues, and Fu Ho^Ka, having the better mount, at last escapes.

Scene Three.

Fu Ho^Ka discovered on a pleasure boat on the Yang-tse-Kiang. He sits in the bow facing his boatman, who poles slowly up the stream. At first Fu Ho^Ka is in high spirits, and sits at ease fanning himself. But his mood changes and he begins to think of his evil life; will retribution overtake him? For a long time he sits staring vacantly at the coolie. Where is his father? where his brother? Ah! Those eyes, are they not familiar? The contour of the face—can it be?—yes, it is his brother. Fear darts into

his eyes, and he cowers back. Fu Ching leers at the huddled form in the bow, gloating over his brother's terror. As he poles, he moves slowly forward, his eyes forever on the white face in the bow. Slowly, very slowly, he winds his queue about the neck of his cringing brother, who through horror is unable to stir, and very slowly he strangles him to death.

(It was the slowness of it that made it so ghastly. From the moment when Fu Ching began to leer at his victim, it was plain that the parricide was hopelessly in the toils; and the gradual moving of the boatman, as he still poled, yet crept nearer and nearer, had something perfectly inevitable about it.)

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THURSDAY, Even the "dopesters" could not get very far out the
 Aug. 28
 E. 29.28 way to-day. The time is so short that it was pretty
 T. 61'
 Fair plain that, unless we had a sand-storm or an earthquake,
 N.W. it would be track and field, or canoe races. Huckleberry pie
 for dessert turned the scale in favor of the track and field
 meet.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

The division into three classes had real meaning this time,
 instead of being based merely on age and the alphabet. The follow-
 ing did not take part at all: Hallowell, Brodrick, Lowell, Cross,
 Dillon, and Scott.

Class A	Class B	Class C
Aspinwall	C.F. Batchelder	Curtis
Billings	P. Batchelder	Munnell
Coats	Chapin	Holcombe
Corning	Dorr	Hun
H. Davis	G. Foss	James
H.B. Davis	Harris	Mulliken
A. Foss	Leland	Smith
P.S. Parker	Paine	R.A. Thorndike
Perkins	H. Parker	
C. Thorndike	Thayer	

<u>Class A High Jump.</u>		
<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	4'6 1/2"	Scratch
H.B. Davis	4'6 1/2 "	1"
A Foss	4'4"	6"
Corning	4'4"	7"
Aspinwall	4'3"	2"

H. Davis's jump was really better than H.B. Davis's,
 though by the handicap they were tied for first place. In the
 same way Aspinwall, who did not get a place, actually jumped higher
 than Foss or Corning.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

Class A Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	17'10"	Scratch
C. Thorndike	17'7"	5'
Aspinwall	17'5 1/2"	1'6"

C. Thorndike owed his place largely to his handicap.

He has never jumped so well before, but there were others who jumped a good deal better. H. Davis's jump is four inches better than anything he has done here previously, and is only two inches below the record.

Class A Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Aspinwall	27'3"	Scratch.
H. B. Davis	26'11"	4'6"
C. Thorndike	25'5 1/2"	3'6"

Here, as in the other senior events, the scratch man won. H. Davis, whose best put was better than his brother's, was cut out of a place by the handicap.

Class A Hundred Yard Dash.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>First Heat.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
	<u>Time.</u>	
H. Davis	11 4/5 s.	Scratch.
Aspinwall		3 yds.
Corning		5 yds.

The first three men were very evenly spaced at the tape, the gap in each case being about two yards. H. Davis came to the front about three-fourths of the way down.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. B. Davis	12 1/5 s.	1 yd.
P. S. Parker		5 yds.
Perkins		6 yds.

This heat was closer than the first, but Davis was not hurrying till the last of it. There was not more than a yard between the first two, and less than a yard between second and third.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

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Class A Hundred Yard Dash.
Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	11 3/5 s.	Scratch
H.B. Davis		1 yd.
Aspinwall		2 yds.

A very pretty race, in spite of one false start. The first three men were evenly spaced at the finish, a scant two yards apart.

Class A 440 Yard Run.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	1 m. 4 1/5 s.	Scratch
H.B. Davis		10 yds.
Corning		10 yds.
A. Foss		30 yds.
C. Thorndike		40 yds.

Thorndike led till the last fifty yards, and worked hard. Then the others passed him, the Davises taking the first two places prettily.

Class B High Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
C.F. Batchelder	4' 9"	Scratch.
Chapin	4' 5"	4"
H. Parker	4' 3"	1'

Here, as in Class A, the best jump is given its actual measurement, the standards being a little erratic. Batchelder is now now less than two inches behind the senior record.

Class B Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	15' 3/4"	Scratch
Leland	14' 5 1/4"	2'
C.F. Batchelder	14' 4 3/4"	Scratch

Chapin has never done so well as this. His old mark was six inches behind.

Class B Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
C.F. Batchelder	39' 10 1/2"	Scratch
Chapin	38' 10"	9' 6"
Thayer	37' 4 1/2"	13'

Batchelder has done better than this, but as it was he was over ten feet beyond any other actual put.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

Class B Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	13 2/5 s.	Scratch.
C.F.Batchelder		2 yds.
P.Batchelder		8 yds.

A good heat. There was less than two yards between first and second, and about the same distance between second and third.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Parker	13 4/5 s.	5 yds.
Leland		5 yds.
Thayer		6 yds.
Harris		8 yds.

A very lively finish, with Leland six inches behind Parker, and Thayer and Harris tied for third place. The time, however, is not so close to that of the first heat as it looks, for Parker had a handicap.

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	12 s.	Scratch
C.F.Batchelder		2 yds.
P.Batchelder		8 yds.

Chapin not only won by three yards, but broke H.B. Davis's new record by a fifth of a second.

Class B 440 Yard Run.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chapin	1 m. 4 1/5 s.	Scratch
C.F.Batchelder		5 yds.
Leland		35 yds.
P.Batchelder		30 yds.
Dorr		30 yds.

One of the most exciting events of the afternoon, for it was a fight between Chapin and C.F.Batchelder all the way. Batchelder led till the back-stop, when Chapin sprinted; but it was still hard fighting to the tape, where Chapin led by about five feet. The next two men were in very open order.

THURSDAY
(Cont.d)

Class C High Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Smith	3'8-1/2"	Scratch
James	2'11"	2"
R.A.Thorndike	2'10"	2"

As can be seen, Smith outclassed the rest easily, doing better than some of Class F.

Class C Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Smith	12'	Scratch
R.A.Thorndike	11'4 3/4"	1'5"
Dunnell	11'3 1/2"	1'4"

Smith won his position on his last jump, but except for handicaps no one was very near him.

Class C Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
R.A.Thorndike	23'3"	Scratch
Mulliken	23'	5'6"
Smith	22'3"	3'6"

Thorndike won on his last put, going a foot and a half better than he had done before.

Class C Hundred Yard Dash.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>First Heat.</u> <u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Dunnell	15 3/5 s.	4 yds.
Holcombe		6 yds.
Curtis		4 yds.

Hun, who came in fourth, led for some distance, but couldn't hold his lead. Holcombe was a yard and a half behind Dunnell at the finish, with Curtis a yard behind him.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Smith	14 3/5 s.	Scratch
James		4 yds.
Mulliken		4 yds.

Smith ran a good race, and led James three yards at the finish. Mulliken was about two yards behind James.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Smith	14 4/5 s.	Scratch
James		4 yds.
Munnell		4 yds.

Smith's time was not so good in the finals as in the preliminary heat, but he was just out from the high jump, so he was not so fresh.

Class C 440 Yard Run.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Smith	1 m.22 s.	Scratch
Mulliken		10 yds.
Curtis		10 yds.
Helcombe		20 yds.
Hun		45 yds.

A fine race. Smith passed the rest at the back-stop, and no one got near him after that. He was twenty-five yards ahead of Mulliken when he finished. The rest were closer together, and Hun held his fifth place gallantly.

LIST OF POINT WINNERS.

Class A

	<u>H.J.</u>	<u>B.J.</u>	<u>S.P.</u>	<u>100</u>	<u>440</u>	<u>Total.</u>
H. Davis	4	5		5	5	19
H.P. Davis	4		3	3	3	13
Aspinwall		1	5	1		7
O. Thorndike		3	1			4
Corning	1/2				1	1 1/2
A. Foss	1/2					1/2

Class B

	<u>H.J.</u>	<u>B.J.</u>	<u>S.P.</u>	<u>100</u>	<u>440</u>	<u>Total.</u>
Chapin	3	5	3	5	5	21
C.F. Batchelder	5	1	5	3	3	17
Leland		3			1	4
P. Batchelder				1		1
H. Parker	1					1
Thayer			1			1

Class C

	<u>H.J.</u>	<u>B.J.</u>	<u>S.P.</u>	<u>100</u>	<u>440</u>	<u>Total.</u>
Smith	5	5	1	5	5	21
P.A. Thorndike	1	3	5			9
James	3			3		6
Mulliken			3		3	6
Munnell		1			1	2
Curtis					1	1

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THURSDAY

So the three cups go to H. Davis, Chapin, and Smith.
(Concl'd.)
Congratulations to three gallant winners, and to the others too,
upon a most successful meet.

Congratulations also to the handicapping committee, for
a fine piece of work. We don't think that the handicaps have ever
been so satisfactory.

After the regular meet was over, There was a faculty leap-
frog race between the following teams:

R.W.R.

A.T.

J.R.A.

G.E.A.

T.L.

C.F.F.

J.A.F.M.

J.G.W.

The left-hand team won, by a snappy sprint after being
in the rear nearly half the course. Superior form told in the
end, for their rivals, though speedy, were wild.

After supper came rehearsals again. We are coming on well,
and Saturday night promises to be a brilliant occasion.

At eight o'clock Punch Crambo began, and the few surviving
half-past niners had two good stories.

FRI DAY A pretty dark and unpleasant day. We had to have a
Aug. 29
B. 29.14 lamp at morning reading, and though the sun tried hard
T. 60°
N.W.-S.W. to break through early in the afternoon, it failed.
Rain

The thought of canoe races, in such a heavy southerly wind, did not rouse anyone's enthusiasm, so we played it was Saturday, and had our last rehearsals. We also did the wash, a valiant squad assisting. Then there were two good games of soccer, junior and senior.

We haven't the lists of the teams, but the junior score was 5-0 and the senior 3-0.

After supper came "Digestion Club", and we finished "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alesline."

"Earth, Air, and Water" goes very well in two circles, our numbers being rather too large for one.

Then came two good stories; so good that we were quite as happy as if it had been a glorious day, with canoe races and all the fixings.

To be sure, we shall probably have four scouting games on Monday, which is a painful thought to the fat and scant of breath, but one can die but it is in a good cause. And as we can't do anything about the weather,

"We'll banish all sorrow
And sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again."

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SATURDAY, Having played that Friday was Saturday, we now
Aug. 30
P. 29.7 played that morning was afternoon: canoe races all
T. 65'
Rainy a.m. the morning, squads in the afternoon.
S.W.
Clearing. Weather was not very good, but at least it had

stopped raining by breakfast time; and though there was some
wind, it was quite as likely to increase as to lessen. Besides, to
finish races at half-past five, get ready for supper, and bolt
for stunts immediately afterward would not be nice. So we got
out our boats and hit her up.

CANOE RACES.
Senior Singles, Standing.
First Heat.

Aspinwall (Pink)	The race, like all the races
Hallowell (Squanny)	
P. Parker (Hecuba)	except the fours, was out round Pickerel.
Billings (Grayling)	

(Excuse me. The Rangeley races were from
Pickerel in.) Parker led well on the way out, but got to leeward
before he reached the rock, and had to come up to make his turn.
Aspinwall and Hallowell turned almost together. Aspinwall drew
ahead on the homeward tack, and won by three lengths, with Hall-
owell second. Parker, owing to his drift to leeward, was third, and
Billings in the rear.

Second Heat.

A. Foss (Squanny)	Davis got away best. A. Foss headed
H. B. Davis (Hecuba)	
Brodrick (Pink)	up to windward. Perkins was pretty wild.
Perkins (Grayling)	

H. B. turned first, with Foss second, but drifted
a little to leeward, so Foss gained. On the way in Davis lost his
balance, and though he recovered promptly, Foss sprinted and won
by two lengths, after a fine contest. Brodrick upheld the honor
of third place, at some distance behind second. Perkins went over
at the turn, and did not finish.

SATURDAY

Third Heat.

(Cont'd.)

H. Davis (Pink)

Coats made the quickest start.

Corning (Squanny)

C. Thorndike (Grayling)

Davis soon passed Corning. Thorndike

Coats (Hecuba)

ran down a little to leeward of the rock. Coats sat down at the rock, lost his paddle, and fouled Thorndike. Davis and Corning turned first. Davis won by seven lengths, but Corning did well. Thorndike was of course a good deal delayed by the foul at the rock, but finished the course. Coats tipped over half way in.

Final Heat.

Aspinwall (Squanny)

A splendid race. The start was very even

H. Davis (Hecuba)

A. Foss (Pink)

but Aspinwall turned first. Davis was a close

second, and it was a hot fight all the way to the finish,

Aspinwall won by less than a length, in 3 m. 39 1/5 s. Thorndike

was a conservative third.

JUNIOR DOUBLES, SEATED.

(Out and Back)

First Heat.

Pink

Grayling

Squannacook

Hecuba

C. F. Batch. Harris

Lowell

G. Foss

Punnell

R. A. Thorn. James

Paine

Going out the Pink and the Hecuba led. The Grayling was rather erratic. At the turn the Pink was first, and Squannacook second. The Pink won by four lengths, the Hecuba making second place by a splendid sprint, a scant length in front of the Squannacook.

Second Heat.

Pink

Squannacook

Grayling

Hecuba

Leland

Chapin

P. Batch.

Cross

Thayer

Holcombe

Borr

H. Parker

There were really only three in this heat, for the crew of the Hecuba, after many vain attempts to get into line for the start, tipped over before the race began, and were ruled out. The Squannacook got away first, with the Pink close at her heels

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

The two were so close all the way that they fouled twice, the second time just before the finish. They crossed the line almost neck and neck, but the Pink was a little in the lead. Anyhow, the second foul seemed to be on the Squannacock, who got out of her course.

Final Heat.

<u>Pink</u>	<u>Grayling</u>	<u>Hecuba</u>	<u>Squannacock</u>
C.F. Hatch	Chapin	Leland	G. Foss
Munnell	Holcombe	Thayer	Paine

The wind had stiffened a little, but the boats got away well, the Hecuba in the lead. The Pink passed the Squannacock, but the Grayling turned first, with the Hecuba second. The Grayling led till the last minute, when the Pink, by a dashing sprint, drove over the line a length ahead. At the same moment the Hecuba sprinted, and came within two feet of catching the Grayling, and landing in second place. Time, 3 m. 44 1/5 s.

MIDGET RACELEY RACE.
(From Pickerel in.)

Mulliken (Williwaw)
Curtis (Yammerschooner)

Smith was to have been in this race, but he had to leave on the early train this morning. Our apologies for not having mentioned the fact before. It was a lively race, for though Mulliken won by four lengths, both steered straight and well, and handled their boats in good shape, in spite of the wind.

FAT MAN'S SINGLES.
(From Pickerel in)

R.A. Thorndike (Yammerschooner) Thorndike fouled Hun, but
Cress (Identical)
Hun (Williwaw) the two soon got clear of each other.

Cress won, and Thorndike, sprinting manfully, overhauled Hun, and won second place by a foot. Time, 1 m. 32 2/5 s.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR FOURS.
(Out and back twice.)

<u>ABOL</u>	<u>COP^KER</u>	<u>EBEN</u>	On the first turn all were
Chapin	G.Foss	C.F.Batch.	
Paine	Thayer	H.Parker	very close, but the Eben ran
Leland	Dorr	Holcombe	
Lowell	Harris	P.Batch.	between the rock and the buoy,

which slowed her down a bit. The Corker led on the second stretch, with the Abol second. The Abol caught up and made the next turn first, with the Corker and the Eben about even. The Abol got ahead on the last turn, and finished four lengths in the lead. The Corker was second, with the Eben less than a foot behind. Time, 6 m. 59 4/5 s.

SENIOR FOURS.
(Out and back twice.)

<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>COP^KER.</u>	The Corker got away quickest,
H. Davis	A. Foss	Aspinwall	
Brodrick	C. Thorn.	Hallowell	and led on the first stretch,
H. F. Davis	Perkins	Corning	
Coats	P. Parker	Billings	but the Eben made the turn first.

with the other two very close. The second turn looked more like a drill than a race, the three boats came round in such perfect time with each other. On the third turn the Eben was first, ~~th~~ the Abol second. Half way down the last stretch Davis stood up, and drove his boat across the line, first by a length, with the Abol second. The Corker made a sporting finish, for though Aspinwall overbalanced himself when he stood up, and went overboard, Hallowell took his place, and they came in only a length in the rear. It was a splendid race. Time, 6 .13 1/5 s.

After dinner and reading squads went to work: lamps, knives, potatoes etc., and a huge decorating squad. In due time loads of pine and hemlock came in, with sheaves of cat-tails. The hammers hammered merrily, and before long our room was a lovely sight, with green everywhere. The birds above the fire-place were in

SATURDAY real trees, and the big dragon ramped along the
(Still cont'd.)
the tree-tops, on the wall by the Tincubator.

The afternoon was enlivened by one most distinguished and
welcome arrival; the head of the long North Andover line.

Abbot Stevens.

Supper was rather like breakfast; a picnic supper, with haybales
and corn-flakes. Miss Rosalind was afraid we shouldn't have enough
to eat, but we doubt if anybody starved.

Dressing came next, and making-up. The moon would have seen
strange sights if she had been up, but she was elsewhere, and the
camp lanterns are too well used to it to be surprised.

At eight o'clock, more or less, the grand march filed into
the big room, and a noble sight it was. We give the full list,
including T.L., who did his marching on the piano.

A Medical Student	T.L.
Another Medical Student	J.A.F.M.
A Nurse	E.W.B.
Another Nurse	A.J.M.
First Sailor	R.W.B.
Second Sailor	C.Thorndike
Third Sailor	Thayer
Margaret	Chapin
Sal	G.Foss
Kitty	Harris
Patterson Corby Torbay	J.R.A.
The Mayor of Hamelin	Holcombe
First Alderman	Perkins
Second Alderman	Cross
Third Alderman	H.Parker
The Pied Piper	J.G.W.
First Rat	Dorr
Second Rat	Bunnell
Third Rat	Mulliken
Fourth Rat	Leland
Clarence O'Shea	G.E.A.
Sudd Lanigan	L.C.Z.
William	C.F.F.
Ivernelle	Hallowell
Thuthelred	Brodrick
A Villain	A.Foss
The Poet	P.Batchelder
Sir Hothryn	H.Davis
Cinderella	R.A.Thorndike
Forst Proud Sister	P.S.Parker

SATURDAY

(Oh yes)

Second Proud Sister

The Prince

The Fairy Godmother

A Hindu Boy

Another Hindu Boy

A Fakir

His Attendant

A Hindu

Puss in Boots

The Miller's Son

The King

The Queen

The Princess

The Giant

First Courtier

Second Courtier

A Portrait of a Lady

Aunt Keziah

Billings

Aspinwall

A.M.F.

James

Paine

C.F. Batchelder

Curtis

H.B. Davis

J.R.

A.T.

Coats

Hun

Lowell

Corning

Houghton

Milton

R.P.

A.S.

This list does not tell the whole tale, for as some were in two stunts, there were many transformations. One medical student was to become a dusky Hindu, the other a dashing Highlander. One of the two nurses reappeared as the Goddess Sita; and rats turned into Hindus as well as into children. The whole effect was brilliant and kaleidoscopic.

There was some dancing, (the Portland Fancy was great fun) but we shall devote ourselves to the stunts, in order of their appearance.

First Aid to the Injured.

The medical conversation of our two students was a little too technical for us to follow, but their plot for making the acquaintance of the two pretty nurses was well carried out. Down they both went, the scamps, in fetching attitudes, where the ladies, no matter how absorbed they might be in their studies, could not miss them. There was a little confusion at first.

"Do you suppose they could have drowned?" But artificial respiration soon restored them to life, and the four went off

SATURDAY gaily arm in arm.
(Again)

A Nautical Interlude.

Enter three merry sailor-boys, just back from South Amerikee. Having money, they are looking for agreeable company to spend it in. And they found what looked like most agreeable company. Such lasses! Their golden locks, their white dresses, their extremely flirtatious glances, made them a trio to be sought by any sailors. But they were not very encouraging; and after a turn at the capstan, in which all hands took part, the lads went back to Janeiro (or Gibraltar) leaving the ladies in Portsmouth.

Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

This ballad is a fine mixture of romance and tragedy, with a running accompaniment of music. T.L. as McClan (for his whole name we refer you to the book. It is really too long to write) was a gallant figure. No wonder the ladies all sat at his feet and adore him; "especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen". His performance upon the pipes was the crowning touch. Ellen, fair but fickle, was a charming creature. It was hard to recognize, in those dainty girlish poses the rigid form of John's mother, as we saw her Wednesday evening. Torbay, the ruthless Sassenach, was splendidly portrayed by J.P.A. If anything could have consoled the girls of the village, "especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen," for the loss of their piper, no doubt it would have been such a man. At the same time, the thought of those pathetically limp and disconnected legs lying on the mountain side must have haunted their dreams sometimes.

The Pied Piper.

The drama opened with the perplexed mayor and corporation of the good town of Hamelin sitting in council, wondering what to do. We couldn't agree with the opinion that the towns-folk

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SATURDAY expressed of their governing body. They may have been
(Encore)
a little close in money matters, but it was quite evident that
they were men of sense and weight. The Piper was truly "the
strangest figure". As he danced round and round the room, with
the rats running after him faster and faster, it really looked
like magic. And when the mayor turned stingy, he changed his tune.
Out came the children; and once more it was round and round,
faster and faster, till Piper and children vanished together. We
must be careful how we trust J.G.W. with a pipe, for there is no
knowing what he may do.

A Hard Road to Andy Coggin's.

All the half-past niners know this story, but it was so
vividly presented that anyone could follow it. Space fails us, or
we would write pages. When we begin with the Insulting dignity of
William (C.F.F.), we suddenly remember the vague flutterings of
Philip Batchelder as "the Angora poet". And then the mind turns
admiringly to the steady friendliness of L.C.Z. as Lanigan,
trying to break the real tragedy to Clarence; and the wild gleam
in the eye of Clarence (G.E.A.) as he realized that his chance
had come to make a climax of William once and for all. And the fair
Yvernelle! Never has a lovelier or more misfortunate person
adorned our stage. Nicky's voice was as mournful and melodious
as if he had been "a tired dove". The "villainous Thuthelred" has
little to do, but Steve looked most haughty and uncompromising in
the part. No wonder Sir Hothryn did not want to go back to her
if that is the way she looked at him. Sir Hothryn himself (H. Davis
was all that a gallant if unfortunate knight could be; and we
doubt if he had ever really been engaged to Thuthelred at all.
Such a villain as A. Foss (his name is not given in the story)

SATURDAY would not stick at a little thing like a false (Noch einmal) accusation. He said so himself, in fine stentorian tones. The climax was superb. They surely fought strong and not weak, and we hear that there were a good many sore places on the persons of both the warriors. No wonder that William turned and fled before the fury of that onslaught.

Cinderella.

Such a proud pair of sisters as Reef and Ned made! No wonder they felt sure that they could win the Prince's heart, with their curls and their gay dresses. Poor Cinderella certainly led a life with them, and Amory's sobs, as he sat in the ashes all alone were very real. Then came the transformation. Gray wrapper vanished, giving place to white and gold, and a real pair of glass slippers! Yes, sir, we all saw them. R.R. made them out of transparent celluloid; and while we should hate to play soccer in them, they held together through the ball, and looked very fine. As she danced with the Prince, no wonder that Cinderella forgot all her woes. There was no mistaking Gus's intentions, as he gazed lovingly at the lady of his heart, and a most princely prince he was. The pathos of his scene alone, as he pined for his lost Cinderella was most moving. However, we knew that it would all end right, for we knew the story. It is a great advantage to be well-read.

The Worship of Sita.

This was a wonderful representation of a real Indian scene. Mrs. Millet, who arranged it, was in India for years, and as we watched the white turbaned figures whirling in their wild dance around their goddess, whose real hands were as motionless as the wooden ones, we felt that we had been there too. The fire blazed in front, and two or three dusky boys held lanterns. In the background

SATURDAY crouched an old fkir, with his little half-naked (ad infinitum) attendant beside him. It was so real that it was hard to realize that we were right here in camp, and that these worshippers were the two Abbots, Dr. Millet, Mr. Wiggins, Alden Foss, and Horace Davis. The goddess was Mrs. Millet, in a real Hindu dress, with the extra arms and hands behind her; but it was hard to believe that she was not a being from some very strange and far-away place, as she sat motionless and glittering in the light of the fire.

Puss in Boots.

Here again we are on familiar ground, though the opera is a new one, written for this occasion. We intend to give the full text in due course of time. A.T. as Pat was splendid. Whether in rags or in the gay feathers borrowed from the king, he was every inch a marquis. His princess, though she had little to say, was a lovely creature, and Arnold's glances showed that he felt more than he could express. Archie was a friendly and dignified king, and Hunny imparted to the rôle of the queen an air of massive calm. Dillon and Houghton filled in the background as courtiers, with an air of great courtliness. As for J.R. as Puss, we don't wonder that he carried all before him. There was an air of master even in the swing of his tail as he danced about. The pantomime scene in which he and Pat showed what it is to be a marquis was superb. The giant did his part with as much expression as one can show when one's face is hidden in the middle of one's clothes. And the dance at the end was fine, with Marquis and Princess all engaged, friends all friendly, and even the giant restored to take part in the fun.

Well, so ended the stunts. We always say this is the best yet and we cheerfully say it again; or at least, that we have never had

SATURDAY a set that averaged better.
(Concluded!!)

The reel lasted twenty-eight minutes, and in spite of a few hitches went with great spirit. By that time all were ready for lemon sherbet and cake, which flowed in abundance. (Cake doesn't flow perhaps, but I have been writing this day long enough, and I can't stop to be fussy.)

Then all circled round for "Taps", with the smallest ones in the middle. And then we set the table, for it has to be done.

And then the indefatigable faculty went swimming, at half-past twelve.

So ended a very great and glorious day.

CINDERELLA.Scene I.

(Cinderella and Sisters.)

Quiet, Sisters. Air, "Voice of the Bell".

First Sister.

Brush out my hair, for 'tis your bounden duty,

Come, Cinderella, won't you hurry up, do!

Tie up my sash, and isn't it a beauty?

Come Cinderella, won't you hurry up, do!

Tuck up my skirt to show my pretty slipper;

Silver buckle! Isn't it a clipper?

Who but I will be the lightsome tripper?

Come, hurry up, hurry up, up, up, up!

Come, Cinderella, won't you hurry up do!

Second Sister.

One more curl, now, just above my forehead!

Come, Cindereall, won't you hurry up, do!

Stupid thing, you've made me look quite horrid!

Come, Cinderrella, won't you hurry up, do!

Who ever saw so dull a thing as you are?

Clumsy to, and plain as very few are!

Don't know how we bear with you, I'm su-ah!

Come, hurry up! hurry up! up, up, up!

Come, Cinderrella, won't you hurry up, do!

(Together. Air, "Oamptown Races".)

We're going to the Prince's ball,

Boodah! boodah!

He's asked the ladies one and all!

Boodah! boodah day!

See us strutting like a peacock pair,

goodah! goodah!

Fair and proud and proud and fair,

goodah! goodah day!

Bound to dance all night,

And bound to dance all day!

We'll do our part

And win his heart,

goodah! goodah day!

(Exeunt Sisters)

Solo, Cinderella (Air "Voice of the Bell.")

Left alone in the cinders and the ashes,

See how my tears are falling, boo hoo hoo hoo!

hid their hair and fastened up their sashes;

See how my tears are falling, boo hoo hoo hoo!

No one to love or speak a kind word to me,

Only blows and curses to pursue me,

Scornful glances piercing through and through me,

Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!

See how my tears are falling, boo hoo hoo hoo!

Rags for my clothing, crusts for my dinner,

See how my tears are falling, boo hoo hoo hoo!

Am I, I wonder, really such a sinner?

See how my tears are falling, boo hoo hoo!

No one to care, howe'er I moan and sigh, oh!

Never a look from any friendly eye, oh!

Might be as well to lay me down and die, oh!

Boo hoo hoo hoo etc.

(Air, "Gantown Races.")

They've gone to dance at the Prince's ball,

goodah! goodah!

Nobody wants me there at all,

goodah! goodah day!

I'll scrub and scour, bake and boil,

goodah! goodah!

For life is only grief and toil,

goodah! goodah day!

Bound to cry all night,
 And bound to cry all day;
 And yet when I pass
 The looking-glass,
 I'm rather better-looking than they.

(Enter Godmother.)
 (Air, "Marching Through Georgia".)

Godmother: Greetings to you, lonely maid,
 And pray how do you do?

Cinderella: Pretty well, I thank you, ma'am,
 Good gracious! Who are you?

Godmother: I'm your fairy godmother,
 And so I tell you true,
 Straight from the land of the fairies.

Chorus: Oho! oho! Look up, my pretty dear!
 Oho! oho! Your fortune's drawing near!
 Not for nothing have I come a-visiting you here,
 Straight from the land of the fairies.

Cinderella: Isn't it my sisters, ma'am,
 You're wishing for to see?
 Nobody in all my life
 Has ever called on me!

Godmother: That's the very reason why
 I've come here hastily,
 Straight from the land of the fairies.

Chorus: Oho! oho! etc.

Godmother: Straightway to the garden go,
 And bring a pumpkin in,
 Rat trap, mouse trap, bring me too,
 And all that is within.
 Then you'll see a pretty trick,
 That I am sure to win,
 Straight from the land of the fairies.

Chorus: Oho! oho! etc.

Cinderella goes out. While she is gone, Godmother draws
 cabalistic signs on floor with wand and sings:

(Air, "Villikins and his dinah")

Oh, Abracadabra, cadido, cadum!
 Oh, pentacle, tentacle, tiday hi hum!
 Remarkably mystic,
 And antiphlogistic,
 To Abracadabra, cadido, cadum!
 Exit.

Enter Cinderella, who looks off and sings, with gestures of
 amazement: Air, "Three blind Mice."

Goodness me!
 Goodness me!
 Goodness me!

What do I see?
 What do I see?
 What do I see?

She touches the pumpkin; it's changing now;
 It's never a pumpkin no more I trow,
 But a wonderful glide coach, I vow,
 Goodness me! (Repeat twice)
 What do I see? (Repeat twice.)

Four black rats! (Repeat)
 Black as hats (Repeat)

She touches them too with her magic stick,
 They're growing—they're changing as quick as quick
 To four black horses that prance and kick.
 Goodness me! (Repeat)
 What do I see? (Repeat)

Six gray mice! (Repeat)
 Oh! how nice! (Repeat)

She touches them all, and—Oh, I say!
 I never saw anything quite so gay
 As coachman and footmen in gold and grey.
 Goodness me! (Repeat)

Enter Godmother.

Godmother: (Air, "Old Gre Bonnet".)

Well, my pretty little lady,
 Now your equipage is ready,
 And it only now remains
 To transform your rags and tatters
 Into very different matters,
 And for this I must take pains.

There is nought about it tragical,
 But only notion magical
 And cabalistic mystery and spell.
 While I make this final pass, oh,
 Disappears the kitchen lass, oh,
 And appears the ball-room belle.

So now cheer up, my beauty,
 For you look so rosy
 That you'll win the hearts of one and all.
 And by my contriving
 You shall go a-driving
 For to dance at the Prince's ball.

Scene II.

At the Prince's ball. Enter Prince and Cinderella, dancing.

Prince: (Air, "The Red, White and Blue")
 O fairest and loveliest maiden,
 The lily and rose of the day,

My heart with emotion is laden,
 So I hardly know what I can say.
 Oh smile on your servitor humble,
 Oh smile on your lover so true!
 All the kingdoms of earth may they crumble,
 So long as I'm dancing with you.

Chorus: So long as I'm dancing with you,
 So long as I'm dancing with you!
 All the kingdoms of earth may they crumble,
 So long as I'm dancing with you.

Cinderella:

Oh sir! this is really so sudden!
 Oh sir! This is really so strange!
 The world into glory is buddin',
 And I'm hardly prepared for the change.
 I would not seem forward or bold, sir,
 And yet I must answer you true:
 Oh, life no more rapture can hold, sir,
 So long as I'm dancing with you!

Chorus: So long as I'm dancing with you,
 So long as I'm dancing with you!
 Oh, life no more rapture can hold, sir,
 So long as I'm dancing with you.

(Pause. Enter Sisters.)

Sisters.

We've followed him all through the ball-room,
 We've ogled and fluttered our best,
 But we'd better have stayed in the hall-room,
 Ourselves, ay, and all of the rest.
 What's the use of our lace and our flounces?
 What's the use of our feathers and our fur?
 What's the use of our jumps and our bounces,
 So long as he's dancing with her?

Chorus: So long as he's dancing with her!
 So long as he's dancing with her!
 What's the use of our jumps and our bounces,
 So long as he's dancing with her?

SCENE III.

Nowhere in particular. Enter Prince, plunged in melancholy.
 (Air: "I've been Working on the Railroad".)

Prince: I've been dancing with a princess,
 Lovely as a flower;
 I've been dancing with a princess
 Till it chimed the midnight hour.
 Like a flash of light she left me,
 With a doleful cry;
 Of all joy she has bereft me,
 With grief I'm like to die.

(He sees the shoe, and picks it up.)
(Air: The Little Old Red Shawl)

Oh, this little crystal shoe!
This little crystal shoe!
This crystal see my Cinderella lost!
It is dainty, it is light,
I should think it must be tight,
And I really can't imagine what it cost!

Oh, this little crystal shoe!
This little crystal shoe!
This crystal shoe my Cinderella wore!
I will wear it on my heart,
And from it I'll never part,
Until I find my Cinderel once more..

SCENE IV.

(Same as scene I. Cinderella sitting by fire. Sisters prinking at mirror.)

(Air: "Our director")

Cinderella: Back here among the cinders,
Weary and lone,
Clothes torn to flinders,
Crystal slipper gone.
Though my joy is over,
My heart is true;
Oh princely lover,
Where, oh where are you?

Enter Prince.

Prince: Who has lost a slipper?
Who has lost a shoe?
Fairy-like tripper,
I am seeking you!
Broken-hearted felle,
Sadly I rove.
Oh, Cinderella,
Where are you, love?

First Sister: My little shoe, mehhinks, sir!

Second Sister: Mine, I declare!

Both: She is a minx, sir!
Miss, how do you dare?
Let us try it on, sir,
Thus shall we prove
Which happy maid, sir,
Is the one you love!

(They try on the slipper.)

First Sister: Ow! It fits me nicely!
Prince, do you see?

Second Sister: Well, not precisely!
 Ow! It does fit me!

Cinderella: Why all this pain and bother,
 Sisters so fine?
 Here is the other,
 And theyboth are mine!

Tableau. Cinderella and the Prince embrace.

FINALE.

(Air: "Camptown Races.")

Cinderella and Prince:

Oh, joy and bliss, and bliss and joy, -
 doodah! doodah!
 Lovely maiden, princely boy,
 doodah, doodah day!
 Off to the palace one and all,
 doodah! doodah!
 For now we'll have another ball!
 doodah, doodah day!

Bound to dance all night,
 And bound to dance all day!
 We're all in feather
 At Merryweather,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

PUSS IN BOOTS.

Scene I

(Miller's son Pat seated at table, brooding. Puss curled up on bench or floor.)

(Air: "The Lone Fish-ball.")

Pat: Of all the men that live and die,
Was ever one so sad as I?
My father was a miller bold;
He ground up corn, he laid up gold;
He died and left-'twas in his will-
To Tom the gold, to Jim the mill,
But to his youngest, me, poor Pat,
A stupid, yowling, useless cat.

Puss: Mi-a-ow!

Pat: Goodness me! Why, what was that?

Puss: Silent be! It was the cat!

Pat: (rises, amazed.) It was, it was the cat!

Puss: (rises and comes forward)

You're right. It was the cat.
Come cheer up, master, don't be sad!
A clever cat is not so bad.

Pat: Good gracious, Pussy, can you talk?

Puss: As easily as I can walk.

Pat: But how?

Puss: Nay, that I cannot say:
I seem to have been made that way.
As I was saying, be not sad!
Trust me, and you will soon be glad
That through this same disastrous will
You cannot sit like Tom and Bill,
To lead a narrow, humdrum life,
With some poor wolly for a wife,
But free and frolic, gaily can
Carve out your way and be a man.

(Sings. Air: "My Heart's in the Highlands")

Now this the thing-Hark!-is,
That must come to pass.
You shall be the Marquis
Of Carabas!
Sure you were made, sir,
A court to adorn:
You shall be a Marquis
As sure as you're born!

Pat: What! I be a Marquis,
The poor miller's son?

Puss: That's just where the lark is:
Oh, won't it be fun!
Twirl your moustache now,
And smile as in scorn!
You shall be a Marquis
As sure as you're born!

(They circle about with courtly gestures.)

Pat: If this is all, upon my word
It's not so hard to be a lord!
But how can I, in hodden gray,
Affect the noble, bold, and gay?

Puss: Leave that to me! All you have to do—
It should not be too hard for you—
Is, in some way, whatever suits,
To get for me a pair of boots.
(Air: "Magnet and Churn")

Pat: A pair of boots?

Puss: A pair of boots!
If you'd hear your name
Through the tramp of fame
Proclaimed in martial toots,
I will do the trick
If you get me quick
A pair, a pair of boots!

Scene II.

Pat: (Air: "Punderbeck")
Thus far along
With jest and song
We've taken our cheerful way:
But, Pussy-cat,
Me Marquisat'
Seems just as far away.

Puss: Cheer up, my friend,
And as we wend
Beside a river's brim,
Take my advice,
And in a trice
Go in and have a swim!

Pat: But how about
Yon royal rout
That come along the road?

Puss: The king, I wis,
Who goes to his
Imperial abode.
The banks are high,
No human eye

Can see you swimming there;
And for your clothes
In calm repose
Confide them to my care.

(Exeunt. A moment later, re-enter Puss with clothes. He hides them, and exit. Enter King, Queen, Princess, and courtiers)
(Air: "O Tannenbaum")

King: Oh pomperom, oh pomperom!
I am a mighty monarch! (bis)
This is my queen, and follows there
My lovely princess daughter fair.
Oh pomperom! oh pomperom!
I am a mighty monarch!

Courtiers: Oh pomperom! oh pomperom!
He is a mighty monarch! (bis)
We are his courtiers, who but we,
And rather fine, as you may see.
Oh pomperom! oh pomperom!
He is a mighty monarch!

(Cries outside. Enter Puss distractedly.)
(Air: "I am the Captain of the Pinafore.")

Puss: I serve the Marquis of Carabas,
A noble lord and high.
He's in the water there,
And I'm driven to despair,
For I fear he's like to die.

Chorus: He's in the water there,
And we're driven to despair,
For we fear he's like to die.

Puss: A thief has made away
With his garments so gay,
And 'tis therefore I make my moan,
For his modesty is such.
That he'd perish, rather much,
Than appear in his shirt alone.

Chorus: Oh horror!

Puss: Oh sorrow! (is)

All: Appear in his shirt alone!

Puss: Cry harrow, harrow, out and alas!
Come save the Marquis of Carabas!

Chorus: Cry harrow, harrow, out and alas!
Save the Marquis of Carabas!

King: You touch my heart, oh faithful cat,
For your story is sad to hear.
'Tis pathetic, on my life,
And my daughter and my wife,
They drop the silent tear.

Chorus: 'Tis pathetic, on his life,
And his daughter and his wife
They drop the silent tear!

King: We are traveling, you see,
And our costumes may not be
The very most superfine:
But unless your master's figger
Be noticeably bigger,
I will gladly lend a suit of mine.

Puss: Oh treasure!

King: Oh pleasure! (bis)

All: Thou'lt gladly lend a suit of thine!

Puss: Then harrow! harrow! out and alas!
Come save the Marquis of Carabas!

Chorus: Then harrow! harrow! out and alas!
Save the Marquis of Carabas!
(Puss and courtiers rush out.)
(All sing. Air: "Scotland's burning".)

Marquis drowning,
Marquis drowning!
Look out! Look out!
Pull him, pull him, pull him, pull him,
Out of water,
Out of water.

Presently enter Pat, in the King's suit. He kisses the hands of
the royal party. Business.
(Air: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again".)

Marquis: Oh noble King and Queen so bright-

Queen: (A knightly sight!)

Marquis: Oh lovely Princess, fairy-light!

Princess: (He's quite polite!)

Marquis: In gratitude and homage due,
I vow my life and sword to you,
As your servant true,
The Marquis of Carabas.

(All repeat last two lines.)

Queen: The gent that sen that splendid game?

Puss: The same! The same!

Princess: Partly wild and partly tame?

Puss: The same! The same!

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King: The king and queen and all the court
Have profited by your gallant sport,
And we all salute
The Marquis of Carabas!

Chorus: And we all salute the
Marquis of Carabas!

Puss: You're far, my liege, from your royal home,

King: (sadly) We roam, we roam!

Puss: No palace shows its gilded dome.

Queen: We roam! We roam!

Puss: My master's castle close at hand
Is open wide at your command,
And you'll be the guests of
The Marquis of Carabas!

All: And we'll be the guests of
The Marquis of Carabas.

Tableau. Marquis in despair, Puss triumphant, others
delighted.

Scene III.

(Before the giant's castle. Enter Puss.)

(Air: "The Spanish Cavalier".)

Puss: I am the cat
Who walks by himself,
All places are alike to me.
And yet I serve my master,
A simple human elf,
To the best of my poor ability.
Mi-a-ow etc.

Woe to the rat,
The bird or the bat,
And woe to the little squeaking mouse, sir.
A crouch and a bound see,
A leap and a pounce,
And then for my midnight carouse, sir.
Mi-a-ow etc.

I've got him clothes, I've got him friends,
But not with this my labor ends.
Now for my Marquis I must find
A dwelling that may suit my mind
And his; where he may spend his life
With me, and hush! a lovely wife:
For-else misfortune me betide,
Yon Princess fair shall be his bride.
What do I see? A palace rare!
Turrets and towers proud and fair.
This fits my fancy to a T;
Let's see who may the owner be.
What ho! The house! Within! within!

Giant (off) Who at my portal makes such din?
(Enter Giant. Air: "The Campbells are coming.")

Oh I am a giant, a giant am I,
I'm bold and defiant and eleven feet high.
I do as I will
Both for good and for ill,
But most I admire to slaughter and kill.

Oh ri fol liddity, fee fo fum!
I'm waiting for somebody tender to come;
I'm wanting my dinner,
As I am a sinner,
Oh ri fol liddity, fee fo fum!

Oh I am a giant, but that is not all!
I'm fully as pliant as I am tall.
My form I can change
Into anything strong;
From a flea to an elephant gaily I range.

Oh ri fol liddity etc.

(Puss meows.)

Giant: Goodness me! Why, what was that?

Silent be! It was the cat!

Giant: It was, it was the cat!

Puss: You're right; it was the cat.

Giant: Aha! A cat, right plump and fat.
You'll make my dinner, count on that.

Puss: A privilege, my noble lord!
But ere you serve me on your board,
May not my eyes be gladdened by
Some of the wondrous tricks you try?
Whose fame, proclaimed through distant lands,
The homage of the world commands?
'Tis said that you can change your shape
To bear or wolf or busy ape.
Can this be true?

Giant: Well, I should say so!
A very pretty trick to play so.
Just watch me, Pussy, while I try on
The shape, say of a roaring lion.
(He goes behind screen, and comes out a lion,
roaring. Puss simulates great terror and admiration.)

Puss: Oh wonderful, oh dreadful sight!
Oh! I shall surely die of fright!
Yet spare my life, sir, till I ask
If to an even harder task
Your wondrous powers you could rouse.--
But no! You could not be a mouse!

Giant: I couldn't? Just you wait and see!
 Count five, and lo! a mouse I'll be!
 (Goes behind. Mouse comes out. Puss leaps upon it and
 devours it.)

Puss: I am the Cat
 Who walks by himself,
 I think I managed that rather neatly!
 And now I have the castle
 And all the giant's pelf,
 Which will fill my master's bill quite completely.
 (Enter King, Queen, Marquis, etc.)
 (Air: "I Love a Lassie.")

Puss: Hail, noble master!
 You bade me travel faster,
 To bring all your wishes for to pass.
 And now all is ready
 For you and for your lady,
 In your castle of Carabas.

Marquis: Enter, I pray you!
 Refresh, repose and stay you,
 I could wish it were handsomer, alas!
 But yours from this minute
 With everything that's in it
 Is my castle of Carabas.

Grimes: Well, this is splendid!
 Our journey now is ended
 With a lark of the very highest class:
 So away, melancholy,
 And let us all be jolly
 In the castle of Carabas.

SUNDAY A perfect day; rather a contrast to the last Sunday a
Aug. 31
B. 29.34 year ago. Photographs occupied most of the morning,
T. 60'
Fair both before and after service. We can hardly wait to see
N.W.
them, but we suppose we must.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

COP ^K ER.	ABOL.	EBEN...	RIPO.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICLA.
T.L.	A.S.	G.E.A.	Aspinwall	J.R.A.	R.W.F.
Chapin	Dunnell	H.Parker	Holcombe	C.Thorn.	Corning
Dillon	G.Foss	Lowell	James	L.C.Z.	Houghton
Billings	G.F.Batch.	E.W.R.	A.Foss		

YAMMERSCHOONER.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	DANTASONE.	OUANANICHE.
J.G.W.	A.T.	G.F.F.	H.Davis	J.R.
Perkins	Brodrick	Hallowell	H.B.Davis	A.M.R.
Curtis	Dorr	Paine	Mulliken	Coats
				Cross
				Leland
				Thayer
				P.A.Thorn
				L.E.R.
				R.R.

We had three good games of Skowhegan, in the field where we usually play "Wolf". The boundaries were a little hard to fix, but the games were lively and close. No runs were made. The score card has been lost, but G.E.A.'s side won two games out of three, by rather narrow margins.

A good fire set everyone to making toast. In fact some had such fun toasting that they would hardly eat.

Oh what's the kind of picnic that the ladies like the most?

It's the kind when there's a fire, and the porcupine makes them toast.

No disrespect to other brothers who do it too, but the porcupine really does it more than most. He is a useful quadruped.

Many good songs round the fire, and when it was really time to think of starting, we had the "Merryweather Light, and then "Auld Lang Syne", standing in a circle round our cheerful blaze.

And perhaps it was just as well we had forgotten to bring

SUNDAY a lantern, for the wild absurdities and difficulties of
(Cont'd.)

the trip through the woods, with nothing but matches to light
our way, cheered us all up like anything. We stumbled, we tripped,
we shrieked; but no one was hurt, and if anyone swore, he did it
in silence.

The Ouananiche sang most of the way hom; great fun, but power-
ful exercise for the lungs.

As the start had been slow, we were late home, but Skipper
gave us a little extra time for hymns. We couldn't have all that
everybody wanted, but we had very beautiful ones.

Then came poems, and a story; and so ended a very lovely
Sunday..

MONDAY
Sept. 1
Fair
Calm
Warm

I think Jimmy made a weather report, but with four scouting games in one day the mind gets a little mixed. There are the main facts anyhow.

The day began with a departure. Charlie Fuller went off all by his little self. He hoped to get to Cornish sometime, but Labor Day and the Lewiston fair do queer things to the Maine Central, so he may have got lost along the road.

This morning we got our little salmon from the fish hatchery and we hope they will thrive.

At noon Mr. and Mrs. Millet left. Too bad he could not stay for the last scouting games, but he had to be in Boston tonight.

POSTPONED SCOUTING GAME.

When it is hot and still a game cannot be very rapid. This game did not come up to the old record, one Mouse killed, but it came pretty near it, with only three shots altogether. This left the Iroquois three up, with three to play.

LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions had not changed much since morning, for the light breeze that came up soon died away. The first game went to the Iroquois, making a tie for the season impossible. It was a slow game, because it couldn't be anything else, but it was a little livelier than the game in the morning.

The second and third games were won by the Algonquins, cutting the Iroquois lead down to two. The firing in the third game was heavier than that in any game of the day, though the playing was still pretty slow. Twenty-five men killed in all is very different from three.

There were some stray shots, which from the lack of wind were very deadly. Foster Batchelder, playing in the sweet fern, heard his name called on the shore. In any ordinary game he

Iroquois.

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Shots
J. R. A.	X	•	X		X	•
R. W. B.		•	X	•	✓	
L. C. Z.	✓			•	X	
G. E. A.	✓		✓			••••
Aspinwall.		•	X			•
Batchelder, C.	X		X		X	
Batchelder, P.	✓		X		X	•
Corning	✓		✓		✓	
Cross.	X		✓		X	•
Foss, A.	✓		✓		X	
Harris.		••••	X	•		•
Holcombe.	✓		✓		X	
James.	✓		✓		X	
Mulliken.	✓		X		X	••
Paine.	✓			•	X	
Pariser, H.	✓		X		X	
Perkins.	✓		✓		X	
Thayer.	X	•	X		X	
Thorncliffe, R. A.	✓		X		X	

Iroquois.

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Shots
J. R. A.	X	•	X		X	•
R. W. B.		•	X	•	✓	
L. C. Z.	✓			•	X	
G. E. A.	✓		✓			••••
Aspinwall.		•	X			•
Batchelder, C.	X		X		X	
Batchelder, P.	✓		X		X	•
Corning	✓		✓		✓	
Cross.	X		✓		X	•
Foss, A.	✓		✓		X	
Harris.		••••	X	•		•
Holcombe.	✓		✓		X	
James.	✓		✓		X	
Mulliken.	✓		X		X	••
Paine.	✓			•	X	
Pariser, H.	✓		X		X	
Perkins.	✓		✓		X	
Thayer.	X	•	X		X	
Thorncliffe, R. A.	✓		X		X	

POSTPONED GAME.

ALGONQUINS.

IROQUOIS.

	Killed	Shots	Turns.		Killed	Shots	Turns.
J. R.	X			J. R. A.	✓		
T. L.	✓			R. W. B.	✓		
J. G. W.	✓	•		L. C. Z.	✓		
A. T.	✓			G. E. A.	✓		
A. M. R.	✓			Aspinwall.	✓		
Brodriett.	✓			Batchelder, P.	✓		
Chapin.	✓			Batchelder, C.	X	•	
Billings.	✓			Corning.	✓		
Coats.	✓			Cross.	X		
Curtis.	✓			Foss, A.	✓		
Davis, H.	✓			Harris.	✓		
Davis, H. B.	✓			Holcombe.	✓		
Dillon.	✓			James.	✓		
Dorr.	✓			Mulliken.	✓		
Dunnell.	✓			Paine.	✓		
Foss, G.	✓			Parker, H.	✓		
Hallowell.	✓			Perkin, S.	✓		
Houghton.	✓			Thayer.	✓		
Hunt.	✓			Thorndike, R. A.	✓		
Leland, O.	✓						
Lowell.	✓						
Pariser, T. S.	✓						
Thorndike, C.		•					
Scott.							
A. S.	✓						
	1	2			2	1	

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MONDAY wouldn't have heard it at all. Several similar cases (Cont'd.) occurred, but we think this was the most striking.

Again the score card balanced without any corrections. We have done unusually well on reports this month.

It has been a good season, and though the Algonquins were beaten they caught up a good deal of a long lead, and ended with three victories in one day out of four games. So they do not repine, but congratulate their gallant foes heartily on their brilliant work through the season.

After supper there was digestion club for those who were not packing, and then games: "Chicken-me-Chicken-me" and the Voice Game.

The half-past niners finished "The Gift Horse", which had been left in the middle Sunday night, and had a story of O. Henry's. And then we ended with "The Feet of the Young Men", for our last word.

And so came "Taps", and table setting, and the last day was over; a splendid day, after a splendid summer. May the next summer bring as many of us as may be together again!

And I forgot to speak of what was perhaps the best thing in the whole day: the speeches and toasts at supper, and the awarding of the cups. We had speeches from Skipper, and from both chiefs, and then the Scouting Cup was filled and passed round, and we had many toasts.

The cups go as follows:

First Inspection Prize,	Chapin	Track and Field.
Second Inspection Prize,	Corning	Class A
Third Inspection Prize	H. Davis	H. Davis
Special One Month Prize,	Allen	Class B
		Chapin
Honorable Mention,		Class C
P. Batchelder, H. B. Davis		Smith

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GREGORY'S BEARD.

In bygone days a Camper note
Did sing the praise of Gregory's coat:
Now let my trembling accents weird
Proclaim the fame of Gregory's beard !

It curls around his glowing face,
A fitting frame for Beauty's grace;
It nestles 'neath his dimpled chin,
And heightens his disarming grin.

But when some slip from Virtue's path
Awakens the Gregorian wrath,
When gleam his eyes like burning coals,
When his dread voice in thunder rolls,

Oh! then the hush below, above,
Takes on the awfulness of Jove;
The Brothers scuttle out of sight,
The Faculty 'most die of fright,
And even Pukey in his bed
Uplifts his voice and howls with dread!

L.E.R.

(Further tributes requested!)

The Last Box.
 (Air: The Last Rose of Summer)

'Tis the last box of summer

Left sadly alone;

All its toothsome companions

Are gobbled and gone.

Marshmallows and gundrop,

Brown caramel dear,

They have come, they have gone,

like the mist on the mere.

We'll not leave thee, thou lone one,

To pine on the shelf,
 best

But each, as he may

Will replenish himself.

And we sigh, and we sing,

As thy depths we explore,

"Next summer, next summer,

Will bring us some more."

L.E.R.

TUESDAY "Fair is foul and foul is fair. How can a day be
 Sept. 2
 Fair really fair that takes away so many of our dear family?
 Hot

The sun may shine, to the outward eye, but what is that to us, when we are deprived of the light of Steve Brodie's smile?

Well, first went Bar Harbor, a gallant trio. Two Thornikes, at one fell swoop, with Archie Coats besides. The rest of us had a concert at breakfast, from Mayo and the boys. It was their own idea, and a very pleasant one.

And then came the wagons, and it was "All aboard". We sang personal remarks all the way over, and landed at the station half an hour before train time, with the cheerful certainty that the train would be late.

There was much eating of peculiar food from Williams's, and we tried to get Pelamon's clothes to look half-way decent; and every now and then a puff of smoke from the Oakland freight yard started the goodbyes.

Finally the real train came, alas, and they all piled in, with their gallant commander, Tyrus Herrman Rudolf Nussbaum Lynes, jumping on at the last minute. Good luck to him and his crew, and may the next summer bring as many of them as may be back to us again.

The survivors came home rather sadly in the hay-wagon, also in the hot sun. And when they got home they found that the first of the returning graduates had arrived, and was all ready to go to work at taking down the Mammoth Cave. Here is his signature, for the first time in several years.

René L. Hognet -

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TUESDAY The Cave came down, and then we went a-swimming, 'cause
(Cont'd.)
it was hot.

After dinner we all went out to Faculty Coffee, rather to
the scandal of Duke, and had our reading there.

There was picking up in the afternoon, and arranging of the
dormitory for the brethren; and before we knew it, they appeared,
ready for a swim. Five of them, with possibilities of a couple more
later.

Arthur Sweeney.

Philip W. Simons.

John H. Hall

E. Neville Bennett

Russell P. Rose

And they all had their bathing-suits with them, like careful
boys.

After supper we had reading, and then a wild "Boston". No
bones were broken, but Arthur did his best to crack his skull on
Chick's shoulder, and there must be many black and blue spots
heroically concealed.

Rad's moustache is triumphantly vindicated. He was mistaken
for René twice on the strength of it. So the scoffers may let it
alone.

Neville has not yet got over the shock of Roger's whiskers.
He had heard of them, but he had not realized their full beauty.
We think that he is secretly envious of their magnificent
proportions.

LIST OF HEIGHTS.

1913

Name.	Height.	Gain since 1912.
A. Foss	5'11 5/8 "	1 3/4"
Corning	5'10 3/8"	3 1/2"
C.F. Batchelder	5'10 1/8"	2 7/8"
Coats	5'9 7/8"	
Aspinwall	5'9 3/8"	1"
P.S. Parker	5'8 3/8"	3"
Billings	5'8 1/4"	2 3/4"
Frodrick	5'8 1/8"	1 1/4"
H. Davis	5'7 7/8"	1 1/8"
P. Batchelder	5'7 1/16"	
Perkins	5'7 1/16"	3 5/16"
H.B. Davis	5'5 15/16"	3 7/8"
Hallowell	5'6"	3 5/8"
C. Thorndike	5'5 15/16"	3 1/2"
Allen	5'5 1/2"	2 5/8"
Houghton	5'5"	
Lowell	5'4 5/8"	4 1/8"
Hun	5'4 1/2"	2 1/4"
G. Foss	5'4 3/8"	2 7/8"
Thayer	5'3 3/4"	
Cross	5'3 5/8"	2 5/8"
Harris	5'2 3/4"	2 3/4"
H. Parker	5'2 1/2"	3 1/8"
Chapin	5' 1/2"	3 1/8"
Jenckes	5'2"	
R.A. Thorndike	5'1 1/4"	1 3/4"
Paine	5' 3/4"	7/8"
Pillon	5' 3/8"	1 3/4"
Holcombe	5' 1/4"	
Howard	5' 1/8"	
Greenwood	4'11 1/8"	
Dorr	4'10 5/8"	3 1/8"
G. Cabot	4'10 1/2"	
James	4'10 1/4"	2 1/8"
F. Leland	4'9 7/8"	1 1/8"
Scott	4'9 7/8"	
O. Leland	4'9 1/4"	1 3/4"
Mulliken	4'7 1/2"	
P.W. Smith	4'7 1/16"	
Funell	4'6 15/16"	1 7/16"
Curtis	4'6 3/8"	

H.R.	5'11 1/2"
J.R.	5'10 1/2"
T.L.	5'10"
J.R.A.	5'11 1/4"
J.G.W.	5'7 1/8"
R.W.B.	5'9 7/8"
J.A.P.M.	5'9 5/8"
L.C.Z.	5'10 3/4"
G.F.A.	5'9 1/2"
A.T.	5'9 3/8"
C.F.F.	5'8 1/2"

TOTAL LENGTH,
91 yds., 2 ft. 6 11/16 in.
Greatest gain, Lowell, 4 1/8"

- SENIOR BASEBALL - 340

Batting and Fielding Averages

August 1913

	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	S.H.	A.V.E.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.V.E.	TOTAL A.V.E.	Ba.
G.E.A.	4	17	4	7	2	1	0	.412	15	22	3	.925	.406	
T.L.	3	13	2	5	0	0	0	.385	1	9	3	.769	.393	
Hallowell	4	13	1	5	1	0	0	.385	7	9	4	.800	.259	
C.F.F.	4	18	5	6	4	0	1	.333	32	6	0	1.000	.192	
R.W.B.	4	16	5	5	2	1	0	.313	3	6	2	.818	.267	
H.B. Davis	4	17	5	5	0	0	1	.294	4	1	2	.714	.258	
J.R.A.	4	15	3	4	1	0	2	.267	22	7	1	.967	.258	
Chapin	3	12	5	3	1	0	0	.250	2	0	2	.500	.313	
J.R.	4	17	1	4	0	0	0	.235	3	15	2	.900	.265	
P.S. Parker	4	18	2	4	1	0	0	.222	1	1	1	.667	.192	
A.T.	4	17	3	3	1	0	0	.177	23	5	1	.965	.152	
L.C.Z.	4	18	0	3	0	0	1	.167	26	2	6	.824	.148	
H. Davis	4	18	4	3	1	0	0	.167	11	6	4	.809	.161	
Aspinwall	3	12	1	2	1	0	0	.167	6	4	5	.667	.240	
Dillon	3	12	4	2	0	1	0	.167	0	7	4	.636	.095	
J.H.H.	2	9	0	1	0	0	1	.112	0	12	2	.857	.112	
A. Foss	4	12	1	1	1	0	1	.083	3	0	0	1.000	.059	
J.A.P.M.	4	15	1	1	0	0	0	.067	0	0	0	.000	.104	
C.F. Batchelder	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	.000	1	0	0	1.000	.000	
Allen	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	.133	
C. Thorndike	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000	2	0	0	1.000	.077	
R.P.C.	1	4	2	1	0	0	0	.250	6	1	4	.636	.250	
R.G.H.	1	4	2	1	0	0	0	.250	11	0	2	.846	.250	

- PITCHER'S RECORD -

	Games Played	Games Won	Games Lost	Hits	Base on Balls	Strike outs	Balks	Hits by Pitcher	Wild Pitches	Per game
J.H.H.	2	2	0	16	6	9	1	1	0	1.
T.L.	2	2	0	13	5	19	0	0	0	1.
Aspinwall	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	
R.W.B.	1	0	1	12	12	7	1	0	0	
J.R.	3	0	3	26	7	17	0	0	0	

Bar. 29.35

Weather Sept. 3rd

light south wind. clear, but smoky, by
[heck!]

to the immediate East of Camp, strange
rumbling noises, repeated regularly
all night. A brisk disturbance
in the south dormitory at 6.30 A.M.
accompanied by much pressure in
sundry parts.

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This handsome and
detailed weather report
covers the morning. It
was very hot, but later in
the day the clouds came
up, and we had showers all

the evening, with more or less tunder and lightning.

For morning reading we are having "With Kitchener to
Khartoum", and for afternoon and evening "The Cardinal's Rose".

This morning, just in time for swim, came our Wall St. man,

Bill Radd

He says he is nearly twenty-nine, but he looks very much the
same old Bill.

MAXIMUM LEAGUE GAME.

GREAT AU'S VS. PODOS.

Though a little short-handed, this was a great game. No one
know exactly what Chickweed was supposed to do. He had strained
his arm, so that he could not play regularly; and it was suggested
that he do various things out in the field. Every other inning
there was a discussion as to the exact nature of his duties and
privileges, till Skipper went off and left him to umpire.

Owing to the select nature of the outfield, hits to that
part of the field were limited to one base, otherwise we would
have a great many home runs to record. Simons heads the list, with
.666, and Chase follows with .625.

The fielding was extremely picturesque at times, but the
podos pulled off double plays, one in the third inning and one in
the fifth.

At the end of the eighth inning the podos were in the lead, as
they had been since their big merry-go-round in the third. But

WEDNESDAY

(cont'd.)

in the ninth the Great Auk proved that they were very far from extinct by making four runs, and winning the game.

And then the rain came down hard.

Shortly before this Skipper, hearing the sound of wheels on the bridge, had gone off in a great hurry "to see Millard". We wondered at his haste, and wondered still more when he didn't come back. But you see he knew who was with Millard, and he wanted to arrange the surprise. No one else knew that she was coming. She isn't here for long, but two nights is pretty fine.

Julia Ward Shaw

After supper we had our story for a while, and then played two good games of mythology. Tomorrow we ought to be getting the first letters.

Great Auk vs. Dodos of Sept. 3 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
3	4		1 Chase	4	◇	W 2-3	2-2		◇	1-3	◇	4-3	1				8	2	5	
1	0		2 V. Bennett	5	2-3	◇	◇		◇	◇	K		◇				6	2	4	
11	2		3 Shoudike	3	◇	◇	* 2-3		◇	◇	1-3		◇				7	2	4	
1	1		4 Dweeney	6	◇	K		1-3	2-2	◇	◇	◇	◇				7	2	3	
10	3		5 Ladd	2	2-5		◇	2-3	2-3	2-3		1-3	◇				7	2	2	
1	3		6 Richards	1	2-4		◇			◇	◇	◇	◇				7	1	3	
			7 Hoguet	7		1-3		2-3		◇	K	2-3	◇				6	1	1	
			8 G. E. A.	8																
			9																	
			10																	
			11																	
27	13		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												48	12	22	
			Hours..... Mins.....																	

Dodos vs. Great Auk of Sept 3 at 19

T. T.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.				
2	2		R. Bennett	5	K	2-3	◇				2-3	◇	1-3					7	1	3						
1	1		2 Stevens	4	K	2-3	◇			2-3	◇	2-3	◇					7	0	2						
1	0		P. Simmons	6		◇	◇	◇	◇	2-3	◇	◇	6-3					6	2	4						
0	6		4 Hall	1	2-2		◇	◇	2-5	◇	2-3	◇	4-3					5	1	1						
7	4		R. Abbott	2		◇	2-3	◇	2-4	K		K	2-3	◇				7	1	1						
12	0		6 Zahner	3		◇	◇	◇		1-3	2-3	◇	◇	2-3				7	4	4						
0	0		7 Wiggins	7		4-3	◇			K	1-4	◇	◇	4-3				7	2	2						
1	0		8 G. E. A.	8																						
			9																							
			10																							
			11																							
24	13		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	0	0	2	2	5	7	0	7	0	7	2	9	2	11	0	4					
			Hours..... Mins.....																			46	11	17		
lks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Double * 1-2-3.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.					
						1-b. on	+ 2-3.																			

THURSDAY

Sept. 4

P. 29.43

T. 67'

Fine day.

N.W.

Large

Simons

blowing

in from

the East.

The blowing in of the large Simons, as, recorded

in the weather report, went far to increasing the

fineness of the day. Why not Wagstaff?

John W. Simons

The first letters came this morning, to our great

joy; T.L., Aspinwall, Hallowell, and Curtis. Pelham's was

his first attempt at type-writing, and quite a good

job. Nicky reports that the salmon and the big pickerel died on the way, but the other fish came through in good shape.

T.L. allows that the journey was dum dry, and there was a hitch about the lunch, but they filled up on sandwiches at Portsmouth.

Great logging operations this morning, bringing the logs down from the north fence by boat.

After dinner there was great photographing, with interludes of stone-throwing and calling names.

POST-SEASON SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Owing to the small numbers, no guards were allowed, and the game was played on the eastern half of the field, from the path down.

The Algonquins won the first game. They made no runs, but ~~xxx~~ killed off all the Iroquois two minutes before the game ended.

In the second game the start was a fierce one, and there were some very early deaths. The last Algonquin was shot twelve minutes before time was called, and J.F.A. beat it back and forth at a great pace, scoring three runs, while E.K.B. scored ^{two}. But A.S.S. (so called for the sake of clearness; the man from Methuen) lay low in the sweet fren watching for R.P.C., who had been killed forty minutes before, and did not get up till he was surrounded by

THURSDAY the whole body of friends and enemies, who fired a large
(Cont'd.)
blank cartridge at him.

An unusual play was made by J.P.A. After stalking A.S. for
some time, he stood up, took a good look at him, shot him, and slid
away down the bank.

Iroquois

	I.			II.		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.A.	X				..	///
G.E.A.	X			X	.	-
E.N.B.	X				.	///
R.W.B.	X			X	.	-
W.F.L.	X	...		X	.	-
J.W.S.	X			X		
A.S.S.	X	.			..	
L.C.Z.	X	.		X		
	8	5		5	8	5

Algonquins

	I			II		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.	X	.		X	...	
R.P.C.	X	.		X		
J.H.H.	X	.		X		
R.E.H.				X		
P.W.S.	X	.		X		
A.S.	X	..		X	.	
A.T.				X		
J.G.W.		...		X	.	
	5	8		8	5	

THURSDAY SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

(Cont'd.)

1. Overture, "The Little Corporal".....A.M.R., A.S.S.
2. Song, "In the Morning by the Bright Light",...J.H.H.
3. Graduates' Song.....All of them.
4. Drum and Pipe Duet.....R.R., W.F.L., F.W.S.
5. Choruses; Camp Chantey, Pio, Carptown Races.
6. Song, "Australian Girls".....Double Quartette.
7. Stunt "Camp Itchfield".....J.P., A.S.
8. Charade, "Tyrant".....J.P., J.W.S., J.G.W.
9. The Succotash Story.....A.S.
10. Charade, "Yellow".....A.S.S., A.S.
11. Choruses, Water Rats, Merryweather Boys,

CAMP SONG.

Bather a programme, for twenty-two campers. Arthur and I haven't played the overture before since '07, but it is not of that deep and soulful nature that requires long study.

The graduates' song went splendidly, with so many to sing it. We have never had so many before.

It looks odd to have three people playing a duett, but only one drummer performed at a time.

The double quartette was in great form, and we wish they could have given us more.

"Camp Itchfield" was ably represented by two of the members of the original company, who sang their adventures with all their old force and fire.

"Tyrant" is a splendid charade. The second scene, with its examples of different styles of declamation, was beautiful and improving. J.W.S. put wild force and energy into "Is it a dagger" etc.; J.P. was subtle and thoughtful in his rendering of "To be

THURSDAY or not to be"; and J.G.W.'s impersonation of "Das Alte
(Cont'd.)
Crocodile" was positively saurian.

The second charade was less complicated, but full of life
and the joy that comes from surprises.

And so, with more singing, our sing-song came to an end. It
was a great success; and was helped to no small degree by the
noise services of the pop-corn committee.

And then we went on with "The Cardinal's Rose". May we all
choose our friends as wisely as the hero! A deaf-and-dumb professor
may come in handy at any time; and a servant who has--but we
anticipate. Greg is the only one who has read as far as that.

FRIDAY A day of sad departures. Gus Thorndike began the
Sept. 5

R. 29.38 thing, leaving for Bar Harbor on the early train.
T. 68'

Clear Then "Miss Julia" took the 9-19 for Groton.

Light air
from West.

The Old Man left in the middle of dinner, still
Clouds,
resembling bearded, wearing one of his oldest and funniest
matted shirts, and Captain John's soft felt hat. He was a
whiskers, lovely sight, and we hope Mr. Sturgis and the rest of
drying towards Pelgrade.
the party will appreciate him.

And just before supper departed Bill, to catch the express
for New York.

All these are sad events; but think how good it has been to
have had such nice folks here!

Letters from Mrs. Millet, Perkins, Harker, Chapin, and both
the Patcholders. Mr. Millet is at present on the Floating Hos-
pital, working horrid long hours. Foster Patch has had his tooth
mended, and everyone seems to have arrived in good shape.

SECOND MAXIMUM LEAGUE GAME.

A somewhat uneven game, with an undue number of errors, but
enlivened by flashes of brilliancy. At intervals the players all
changed positions, by way of making things amusing for the
scorer.

G.E.A. heads the batting list, with five hits out of six
times at bat; that is, .833. A.S.S. comes second, with .600.

P.W.F. did some very spectacular one ^{hand} fielding, and J.W.S.
made an assist to first while in the act of turning a double
back somersault. There was also one double play; P.W.S. to ^{J.H.M.} ~~to~~ to
G.E.A.

FRI DAY Bill had to leave before the game was over, to get
(Cont'd.)
a swim and pack, so J.R.A. caught for both teams. That is why he
was only at bat five times.

After supper we had music and dancing for a while, and finished
"The Cardinal's Rose".

We also played Consequences, and had several rounds of "Clothes-
pins". J.R.'s side won two games out of three, and then won a
double-header; that is, a game where the pins were passed down and
back.

There was also much mighty scrapping.

Balls vs. Bats of Sept. 5 - at 19																						
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.	
			1 R.W.B.	1									K				6	4	1			
			2 G.E.A.	3													6	5	5	1		
			3 P.W.S.	6					K		K						7	2	1			
			4 E.N.B.	5		K	K		K		K	K					7	2	2			
			5 J.H.H.	789													7	1	2			
			6 A.S.	4						K	K		K				7	0	2			
			7 J.R.A.	2			K										5	0	1			
			8																			
			9 J.H.H. plays																			
			10 4 runs, 2 S.																			
			11 789.																			
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.												44	14	14			
Hours..... Mins.....					* Double 6-4-3.																	
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.													3			

Bats vs. Balls of Sept 5 - at 1																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
			1 R. P. C.	4	W 2-3	R 1		E 1	K		D 3	R 3					5	1	0		
			2 L. C. Z.	3	K	K		* 6-3		P-3	D 3	K					6	1	2		
			3 W. F. L.	2	R 6		R 6	P-4		D 3	Had to leave.						4	1	1		
			4 J. W. S.	6		R 8	D 3	4-3		P 3	D 3		R 6				5	1	1		
			5 A. J. S.	5-		D 3	D 3		D 3	P 6	D 3		R 6				5	2	3		
			6 J. R. A.	1		D 3	R 4		P 3		K K		K				6	0	1		
			7 R. F. H.	789			3		K		R 3	2-3					5	0	1		
			8 J. R. A.	2																	
			9																		
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.												36	6	9		
Hours..... Mins.....					0 0 1 1 2 3 0 3 0 3 1 4 2 6 0 6 0 6																
Balks.	Hit by pitches.	Missed 3d strike	Wild pitches.	Base on balls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
						1-b. on errors.															

SATURDAY This morning Chasey and the Abbots left us. Bad and
 Sept. 6
 Fair Chick took the precaution to lock their trunks early,
 Cool

before their little friends could help them in packing,
 but their suit-cases were full of stones and other interesting
 things, Chick's trunk had a sneaker tied to each end of it, and
 Bad's suit-case was adorned with two old stocking's of some
 Lowell's.

Letters to-day from Robby Paine, Amory Thorndike, and Jake
 Burrell, and a long rhymed one from T.L., which we are going to
 put in whole.

ALL-DAY EXPEDITION
ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND
FUST.

OUANANICHE.

	H.R.	
J.W.S.	F.F.H.	late, as Per went down to the station to
A.S.S.	A.S.	
J.P.	J.H.H.	see the boys off before he came back
E.N.F.	P.W.P.	
P.W.S.	L.C.Z.	with the nail. In consequence, by the
L.T.P.		
A.M.R.		time we reached Rocky Mountain Brook,
R.F.		
L.V.P.		and the bacon began to sizzle in Abe's
<u>Grub</u>		

frying-pan, everyone was hungry. And that is where
 the "Fust" comes in. There were mighty eatings: bacon, beans,
 fritzies, besides bread and jam and other fixings went far to
 reduce some of our number to utter helplessness.

After dinner we lay round in Anglo-Saxon attitudes and
 had two stories, and then all but L.T.P. and A.M.R. climbed the
 mountain. It was a very warm crew that came back, and the
 suggestion of warming up the rest of the crew did not meet
 with favor. In fact some felt grave doubts as to what would be
 the outcome of various internal conflicts then going on.

SATURDAY But the boat was launched successfully, and the head
(Cont'd.)
wind which we had feared was only the lightest breath.

There was no hurry, so the trip home was taken easily. Just as we
got near Oak Island the wind sprang up strong from the south.
Evidently it had thought we were going to stay out to supper,
and was planning to catch us on Long Pond. But we had it fooled,
and got home at three minutes of six. And then the wind very soon
died down, which proves the malice of its intentions.

After supper we had a great deal of singing, with "Pinafore"
and the "Pirates of Penzance", and other old friends.

Then came "The Hurdy-gurdy Man" and "My Brother's Come Home
from China", till everyone was very wide awake. So, those games
did not come till after the stories. And then, being thoroughly
shook up, we played telegraph till it was time for "Taps". So
ends a splendid day.

A bunch of fellers up in Maine
 They boarded of a railroad train.
 They come from Merryweather camp,
 Upon sun water that is damp,
 Whichwater it is called a lake-
 This potery ain't no gol darn fake;
 I write it as I go along,
 Jest like the feller in the song-
 They clumb aboard at North Pelgrade.
 You should of heard the noise they made!
 For they was sorrowful and glad,
 And sun was happy, sun was sad.
 Sun of 'em was awful clean,
 They wore their Sunday cloes, I mean,
 And some of 'e was streaked with dirt,
 But good clean mud don't do no hurt.
 Some was big and some was small,
 And others had no size at all,
 From Spinwall down to Pelly Curtis,
 Who don't know wat a real clean shirt is.
 In all there was just thirty-one,
 Or I'm a gol darn son-of-a-gun.
 Now one young feller's name was pick.
 Well, suntimes he is purty slick.
 He has a fish-pool down ter hum,
 Between us, that is goin' some.
 He thought to take some fish along.
 He thought they'd live, but he were wrong.
 The fish he put into a pail,
 And soon the fish begun to fail.
 The salmon died off one by one,
 Until all three, at Lewiston,
 Were deader than yer finger-nail;
 And then the bass begun to ail.
 Now pick is quite a clever kid.
 What follers is just what he did.
 He stuck them poor hard-workin' fish
 Plumb in the stone hand-washin' dish,
 And pumped the drinkin' tank all dry.
 Says he, "Then fish is goin' ter die."
 I says to pick, "Are you gone mad?"
 "Not yet says pick, "I wish I had."
 And by the time we got to town
 Then gol darn fishes all was drowned.
 Says I to pick, to cheer him, like,
 "That hev yu left of all them pike?"
 And he says, "Gosh, I'm doin' well,
 I've got one bass an' a pickerel."
 We got to Portland after twelve
 'O clock, and fancied we could shelve
 A hearty luncheon, one for each,
 Provided it were in our reach.
 The lunch-moon guy was really there,
 With the luncheons debonair
 -Say, but that's a dum good rhyme!
 I'll make some more when I havetime-

But the dum ol' critter missed the train,
 And we all swore with might and main
 "If we could catch that feller now,
 He'd look sicker'n a five-legged cow."
 Well, anyway, we started off
 And not a lunch aboard—"Geploff!"
 -That last word is a Russian swear;
 I'd translate it, but I don't dare—
 So we telegraphed to Mouth of Port
 For sandwiches of any sort
 And there was two arlice, by gum!
 We et 'em, and we feltless glum.
 And purty soon we 'gan ter see
 Glimmerin's of the old countree.
 And then we pulled into the station,
 And parents cheered in exhalation;
 For how in thunder could they cheer
 Unless they breathed out air, my dear?
 Some folks what hail from ol' Kentucky
 They say that 13 is unlucky;
 But never a better year year, I ween,
 There was than hundred nine thirteen.
 We've had a fine ol' rousin' time;
 That summer it was sure sublime.

And if I be not crazy,
 At least I show the signs.
 When this you see,
 Remember me,
 As ever,

Twining Lynes.

SUNDAY A heavenly day. We had a lovely service, in spite of
 Sept. 7
 Fair our diminished numbers.
 S.W.

Just before we had dinner we had to send Arthur off, to the cheerful strain of "Oh how we hate Sweeney to-day!" He had his dinner early, and then started off for Oakland, Waterville, and Bar Harbor. Chickweed isn't the only frivolous man among the graduates.

After dinner we had coffee, reading, and select naps out in the Pine Parlor, and then an expedition to the Sand-slide. We went by land, as the slide is difficult to navigate.

The financiers, John Simons and René Hogue, had to leave before six to catch their night train, so we had an early picnic in the pine grove. It was horrid to have them go.

We sat round the fire till it got quite dark, and then came home by lantern and moonlight, to have good hymns and a story. We only have to set two joints of the table now, but we are still merry, and so is the weather.

MONDAY Morning very hot, so we had a long swim. J.E. tried to
 Sept. 8
 Cloudy walk out to Pickrel, and got a surprisingly long way.
 Slight
 rain Mor good letters. The brothers are being delightfully
 present this year.

In the afternoon there was packing, and a good deal of quiet work. Not a good day to go off, as it was threatening. Beside Captain Jack and Per left at quarter of six, to catch the night train.

This is the last day of this wonderful "graduate week". It has been beautiful; and we say, as we have said before, "Three cheers for Abe Stevens, who planned it and carried it through!"

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TUESDAY The day began early, for it was just five o'clock, and
Sept. 9
Fair Orion was still snowing, when E.T.M. left. Any later train
cool
N.W. made such horrid connections that it was really the best
thing to do.

After breakfast Abe and the Pannetts started. Six is a small
number, even when it is such a nice six.

EXPEDITION TO MT. BLUE.

Five of the six, to wit H.P., A.M.P., B.P., J.F., and L.C.Z.,
started before nine o'clock, in Alexander's automobile, to put
through the same trip that didn't quite get through last year.
We didn't want to leave L.T.M., but it would really have been too
long and too rough for her. As for Sukey, he nearly died, to see
so many of his remaining folks go off in an automobile at once.

We went through Smithfield, Mercer, New Sharon, Farmington Falls,
and West Farmington, and each place was prettier than the last one.
The roads were good, the car ran perfectly, and all was very gay.

The hills grew to mountains, and at last, after rounding a
huge ridge, we ran up a horrible hill, and came to the farm-house
near the foot of the mountain. Not abandoned this year, but full
of friendly people.

Such a place! You look down on the town of Phillips, which is
in a nest of big mountains, and up at Blue, which looks pretty big.

We ate dinner and basked, and then started up the trail. It
is a good trail, but not too broad nor too marked to be fun. Up and
up, through lovely woods, with here and there a glimpse out, to give
us an idea of how high we were getting.

At last we came out on the top! There are bare stretches

THESEAY of rock, with thick spruce trees in between, and you can (Gont'd.) look off in every direction. To the west lies Weld Pond, with mountains on three sides of it, and beyond the peaks and ridges are like waves of the sea, all the way back to Mt. Washington. North and east are more peaks, with Saddleback right in the foreground, and to the left of it a very steep mountain whose name we do not know. Why didn't we bring a map? 'Cause there aint' none. The government survey hasn't got round to it yet.

Well, we lay in the sun and looked, and our glory rejoiced. But soon we had to start down, and before we got to the bottom we all knew where our knees were. It was more tiring than going up.

The ride home was wonderful, though cool. The sun set, the moon brightened, and we scudded along as if we were flying.

Once a beast in a slow runabout refused to let us go by, and made us take all his dust; but when the road widened we passed him, and made him take all our dust.

The only hitch was when the gas-pipe that feeds the lights broke, but with the aid of a lantern and a friendly farmer our good driver found the trouble, and soon had it mended.

We got home at exactly 8-15; rather stiff in the legs, but very happy, and ready for all the good supper that was ready for us.

And then pillows and a story were grand! And after that bed was not to be despised. But we got there, friends, Romans and countrymen. And the sooner you can do likewise, the happier you will be.

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WEDNESDAY This morning our "Last rose of summer", Louis,
Sept. 10 "the King of the Zookeepers", left us. Good luck to him
and
K.W. through the coming year, for he certainly deserves the best
there is.

We ruttered round in the morning, and in the afternoon we
did some elaborate foresting, setting out the little trees that
K.W. had brought back from Mt. Blue.

About three came our expected guests, by automobile. It is
the first time they have been here, and we hope the weather
will continue to smile as it has done to-day.

*Catherine P. L. Hearlop -
Phyll M. Hearlop
A. H. Hearlop*

After supper we walked round to the lagoon on the beach,
and then had a story!

THURSDAY Our hopes of good weather were rather dashed this
Sept. 11 morning, but we were very comfortable by the fire, and
and
K.W. did a good deal of work, besides having some good reading.

In the afternoon the rain held us, and we got out in the
Ouaneiche, for the last time this year. We were short-handed, of
course, but we went round Otter Island in good style.

Then we had a good walk, so we were ready for supper when
six o'clock came.

(This ends my trick at the Log, as I now have to go back
to town. Almost all the camping trips are in, and we have an
unusually large number of dramatic works, to say nothing of
J.G.W.'s pictures, many poems; and the Splash Motiv!

It has been a wonderful summer, and I feel as Reef says he
does; "patiently waiting for next July".)

A.M.F.

THE FAREWELL SHANTY.

(Air: "Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!")

Farewell and adieu to you, Merryweather!

Farewell and adieu to you, mountain and mere!

The summer is past that we've laughed through together,

But hail to the next that shall welcome us here!

Farewell and adieu to you, Merryweather!

Farewell and adieu to you, woodland and hill!

Where'er we go wandering, hither and thither,

Our heart and our fancy shall turn to you still.

Farewell and adieu to you, merry campers!

Farewell and adieu to you, comrades so true!

Oh, fishers and swimmers and scouts and trappers,

There'll be yet merry meetings for me and for you.

We'll shout and we'll sing like true Merryweathers;

We'll shout and we'll sing where'er we may roam;

We'll work and we'll play to the end of our tether,

And then Merryweather shall welcome us home.

L.F.F.

MARY'S SONG.

Wow!wow!what can the matter be?
 Wow!wow!what can the matter be?
 Yow!yow!what can the matter be?

Family all gone away!

They jumped in a motor and rode off so merrily,
 'Tain would I hobble along with them cheerily;
 'Stead of that,here I have had to stay wearily,
 All through the tiresome day.

Wow!wow!what can the matter be?
 Wow!wow!what can the matter be?
 Yow!yow!what can the matter be?

Nobody loves me at all!

Men all a-working,and no one to play with me,
 Missus goes calling,and no one to stay with me;
 Not e'en the kitten to wander and stray with me;
 Life is a wilderness all!

(Put into words by L.E.B.)

Friday 12th

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WEDNESDAY SEPT. 10TH.

Cool, windy;
cloudy to clearing.

The post-castral editor apologizes for using a different machine, but the regular one is not available.

As for the departure of the editor and J.R., it was on this wise. Pete Houlahan's motor was to here at one o'clock to take them in to Gardiner; then, and also the yellow kitten if she would go; the last time somebody tried to take her (it was for

Simons,) she wouldn't. So they were all ready, and we had dinner sharp

on time, that they might have time to eat it. So one o'clock came, but

no car. Two o'clock came too, and three following it; but still no

sign of Pete. This, to be sure, gave Captain John time to find his

tobacco pouch (that is another story, and you might ask him about it

when you see him!) but in other respects it was inconvenient for him. Finally we sent Rhodes out to telephone and find out what had happened.

While he was gone, arrived by another and vastly finer car,

Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Vaughan, Miss Otis.

We welcomed them joyfully; and then Rhodes came back; Pete had broken

down on the road; no other car available (in Gardiner) till five

o'clock; Alexander and his car off somewhere. What to do??

Enter the Goddess in the Machine; the vastly finer car was going

back, with Mrs. Vaughan and Miss Otis; they would take our would-be

travellers; did in fact take them, and all their bags and parcels, but not the yellow kitten. Again she would not, and departed at the

first attempt to capture her. We who remained had some chapters of

"Drowning Valley", and then a walk; and in the evening more D.V., and

thereafter the Smelling Game, new to our guests.

In the afternoon came also

G. H. Richards

W. H. H.

W. H. H.

250

Saturday, Sept. 13th.

RAIN.

It should think so! it poured and poured, a perfect deluge, most of the morning. This gave opportunity for all kinds of rainy day chores. We took down and burned the bulrushes and the hemlock boughs, (with tender memories of the Brotherly hands that had put them up, two weeks ago today!) the pine is to be left till the last, as it is still fresh and beautiful. The books were sent up to the rat-trap, the infirmaries, closets set to rights; Skipper and Captain Heaslop raged mightily in the shop, taking account of stock, etc, etc. At dinner time came a final deluge, with thunder and lightning; and then, as we were finishing "Drowning Valley", (and almost feeling as if we were in it!) lo! the clouds broke and rolled away, and the sun came out. Most of the party went out rowing and paddling.

At 4.15, Miss Hall's motor-boat arrived, to take us to Jamaica Point for afternoon tea. Another thunder-storm was coming up, but it looked rather as if it might go off southward; anyhow, we thought we would start, and run for luck; so we did, three of us. We went fast, but the storm went faster, and before we arrived the "doings" were extremely lively, thank you!! The rain was coming down in sheets, thunder and lightning roaring and crackling all about us; but we got under cover before the hail began! Miss Hall was most kind and hospitable, and we were very merry. When the storm was over, the wind began to rise, northwest; we got off as soon as we could, and-- well, we got home all right; but we will not do that again. Anything in a canoe, with a good man at the paddle; but a motor-boat---no, thank you!! The wind rose steadily, and a furious gale roared all night. We, cosy by the fireside, thought of Drowning Valley; we also began the "Lost World." Also, our good Hampton boys gave us a final concert, very delightful, and greatly enjoyed by all. And so at last we were roared and hustled and blown to our beds.

Sunday, Sept. 14th.
Clear, cold, windy.

"Windy" is a mild term for it!! canoe-test weather if ever we saw it, and no one to take the test. Too bad!! and cold, cold, COLD; the poor Cousins almost frozen in their beds last night. Most of the party took a brisk walk in the morning. As dinner time approached, we watched the pond for a

sign of the motor-boat which was to bring Miss Hall and her nephew, Mr Meyer, too

dine with us. We did not really think that Mr Stone would take his boat out; and when, at 11:10, nothing was in sight, we sat down to dinner, --- and ten minutes later they appeared by automobile, having gone first to Pine Beach. They were very pleasant, and stayed till after three; then came another walk, with much cutting of sticks on the part of Skipper and Capt. Heaslop. After supper, the "Lost World", and then a thrilling bout of Compendium, as we have named T. L.'s game..

MONDAY, Sept. 15th..
Clear, calm..

A wonderful and beautiful day. The "Jolly Roger" had been ordered at 9 o'clock to take us to Philip Mountain. After waiting till 11, we gave him up, and were preparing to go fishing, when--he came!! All went except Skipper and Mate, and had a fine trip, coming back for 2.30 dinner. In the afternoon, M^{rs} M^{rs} Vaughan and Bailey departed by motor. The Heaslopes and G.H.R. went fishing, with no concrete result. Full moon in the evening, and a row over to Gleason's for some of the party; then, Compendium and corn-popping till bed-time.

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Packing goes on, meanwhile.. All tents are down save the three occupied; the Ouananiche is snugly tucked up for her long sleep; most of the "eggs" are in; the books have gone up to the rat-trap; etc, etc.. Nobody likes this work, but it has to be done..

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TUESDAY, Sept. 16th

Clear, calm.

Thermo: 46.

Mighty packings in the morning, and little else.

In the afternoon, R.R., and the Cousins went a-fishing, over to Ellis:

And, they did, and didn't get back till 7.30. They reported a good time, and

~~waxxxx~~ brought back one bass and one enormous EEL!! R.R. caught the latter with one enormous WORM. Mrs Gleason gave it to her, and said "That will catch you an eel!!" and it did!!

While they were gone, more tents came down; and then, in the later afternoon, came the great event of the day; to wit, a telegram which read,

"HAMILTON RICHARDS WAS BORN LAST NIGHT. ALL WELL..

DICK."

This was joyful news indeed. We put down his name on the Camp List, and hail him as a Merryweather in good and regular standing. Good luck and long life to him!!

Wed. Sept. 17th.

Wind south;

Cloudy to clearing.

Thermo:

We had the bass and the eel for breakfast, and they were good.

And now, this record must be closed, because Skipper wants to pack the

typewriter. Tomorrow, Thursday, I, L.E.R., go in, with Miss and Mrs Heaslop; Capt. H., S

Skipper, R.R., follow on Saturday.

Goodbye, friendly Hog, till next year!!

Put out the lights!

TO THE GRADUATES.

To Honest Abe, the Manager,
 To Joe, and Eddie too,
 And all the friends who helped to make
 The fairy-tale come true,
 Who gave to us the lasting joy
 Of that good, golden week,
 We folk together at Merryweather
 Our loving thanks do speak.

 You all, are fullgrown men, dear friends,
 Your chins proclaim the beard;
 Through strenuous days you carve your ways,
 Not one of you afear'd.
 In the world's fight for truth and right,
 No doubt you'll make a noise;
 But here the years don't count, my dears;
 To us, you're still the Boys!

 Though Rene, Bill, and Johnny Si
 Tell in the marts of gold;
 Though office walls shut in Harrieff,
 And eke our Bennetts bold;
 Though Abram Stevens in his weavin's
 A thousand men employs,
 Out here with us, there's no such fuss;
 You see, you're just the Boys!

 And this boy is a docter-man,
 And fights with death and life;
 And this one has a cotton mill,
 And that one has a wife;
 Though This one has scarce a penny-piece,
 A fortune that enjoys;
 But still today, where'er they stray,
 At heart, they're still the Boys.

 Hark to the wind across the lake! ~~'tis whispering low and sweet;~~
 'Tis whispering low and sweet;
 The little ripples, blue and gold,
 Are breaking at our feet.
 "Good luck alway!" they seem to say.
 "All hopes, and loves, and joys,
 And Merry Weather altogether,
 To all our friends the Boys!

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